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January 1954

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# Picture OF THE MONTH IN CINEMASCOPE

The most important news of the month—M-G-M's first production in CinemaScope! Even without CinemaScope, M-G-M's "Knights of the Round Table," filmed in glorious color, would be a romance without any rival. With CinemaScope, there is a splendid bigness about it that overwhelms. Now it may be said truly that the new era of entertainment has begun!



M-G-M's "Knights of the Round Table" was made by the producer and director of "Ivanhoe," with their noted flair for huge, on-the-scene filmings. And this special experience in recreating the Age of Chivalry and Splendor surely served them well in painting and peopling the much vaster, more vibrant canvas of this story.

For the result is the ultimate in pageantry and adventure... actually and spectacularly filmed on the storied site in England where "every overlord held rule in his own tower, and fought with fire and sword against his fellows." Here are those two noble warrior friends, King Arthur and Sir Lancelot, come with Might and Right in their mailed fists—the and the fabled face of the same lovely princess, Guinevere, in their hearts.

Truthfully, Robert Taylor's feats and fights and all-round performance as Lancelot excited us even more than his fabulous exploits as Sir Wilfred of Ivanhoe. Ava Gardner is infinitely bewitching and sensitive, Guinevere to the life. And "perfect" is the perfect word for Mel Ferrer's superb portrayal of King Arthur.

Exactly as set down for the ages in the pages of Sir Thomas Malory's immortal *Le Morte d'Arthur*, we meet again all those legendary personages: Merlin the Wizard, the sensual temptress Morgan Le Fay, the evil Sir Modred, the brigand Agravaine! All are here—and thousands more!

Imagine, in vivid color, rose-strewn, blood-stained Camelot Castle and its coronation splendors... the King's dragoons storming moat, crag and moor... fierce tournaments with clashing lances and the dreaded mace... the black clouds of arrows loosed in thousands... the massing of armies at the Ring of Stones... the mighty battle of the Knights!

Imagine all this—and you moving amid it through the magic of CinemaScope—and you'll know why we welcome not only the New Year—but the New Era in motion picture magnificence!

\* \* \*

M-G-M presents in CinemaScope "KNIGHTS OF THE ROUND TABLE," in Color, starring ROBERT TAYLOR, AVA GARDNER and MEL FERRER with Anne Crawford and Stanley Baker. Screen play by Talbot Jennings, Jan Lustig and Noel Langley. Based on Sir Thomas Malory's "Le Morte d'Arthur." Directed by Richard Thorpe. Produced by Pandro S. Berman.

# McCall's

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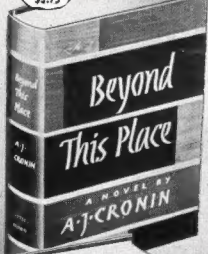


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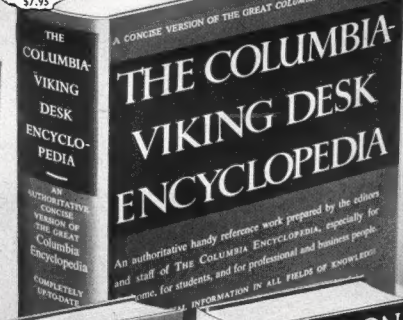


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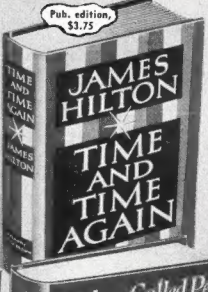
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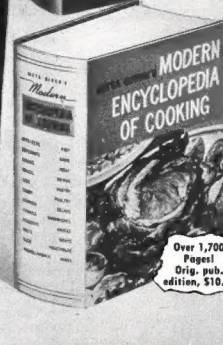
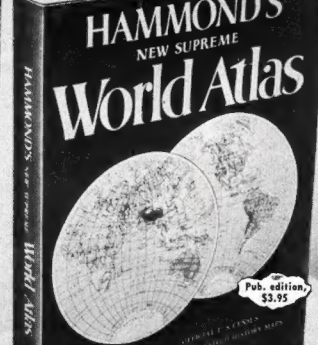
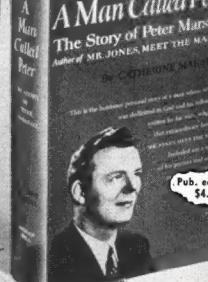
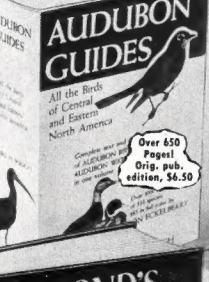
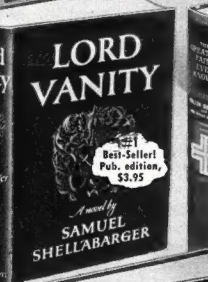
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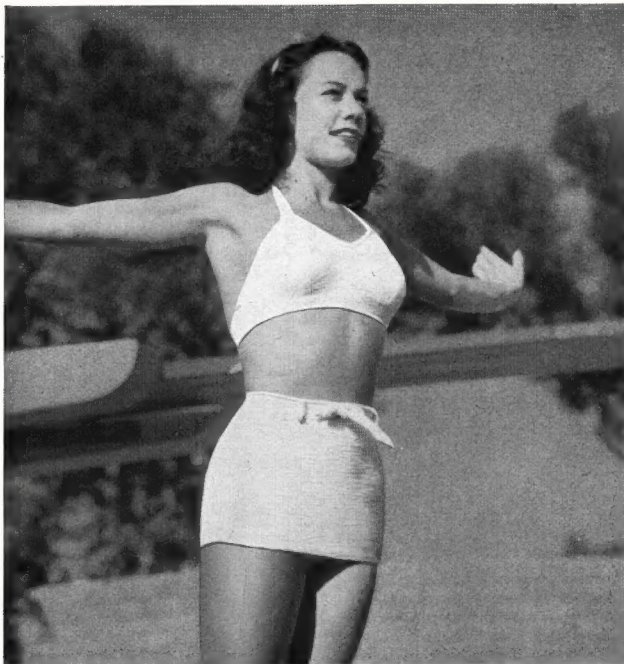
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## Women's Club Notes From All Over

*by Christine Sadler*

A central post office for West Mifflin, Pennsylvania, is the aim of Lebanon Woman's Club. Turned down last year, Mrs. Henry J. Schultz, president, says there'll be no giving up. "Our project is necessary to unite a divided community, and if we have to use our claws I feel certain we can hold our own."

One hundred young wives in the Women's Club of Westmont at Pomona, California, built their winter program around the problems of modern marriage, will lead a panel discussion on the subject for the Los Angeles District Federation of Clubs in the spring.

Teachers are appreciated in Roanoke, Virginia, where women's clubs take the lead in a big welcome that continues throughout the school year.

Railroad crossings may not fascinate you, but the League of Women Voters in Salem, Oregon, spent two years studying them to find out why their city had so many in-town accidents and twelve deaths at more than its share of track "traps." Forty women put 3,000 hours of work into the project, came up with a research job that will help find the solution.

Has the Congressman you voted for lived up to your hopes? *Significant Roll Calls*, covering three months of Congressional activity, is a quick way to find out. It costs 10 cents per copy at League of Women Voters of U. S., 1026 Seventeenth Street, N.W., Washington 6, D.C.

January, as well as June, is flower and vegetable time in Phoenix, Arizona, where 33 garden clubs built their own clubhouse in Encanto Park, give continuous flower shows and garden demonstrations.

Television courses will count for university credit in Epsilon Sigma Omicron, adult education group started by the Indiana Federation of Women's Clubs in 1928 to encourage systematic reading and study among clubwomen. Write Mrs. W. D. Keenan, 966 North Campbell Avenue, Indianapolis, Indiana, if your group wants to start a chapter.

The Twentieth Century Club of Twin Falls, Idaho, saw to it that polio patients did not lose out on learning, paid the salary of a teacher for them.

Ideas for homemaking chairmen are plentiful in *Finishing Touches*, supplied free to organized groups by National Paint, Varnish and Lacquer Association, 1500 Rhode Island Avenue, N.W., Washington 5, D.C.

A medical checkup for all club members is a major 1954 aim of the General Federation of Women's Clubs. Mrs. Samuel Levy of Natchitoches, Louisiana, chairman of health and welfare, says: "The quickest way to arouse interest in health is to start with the mothers."

*continued on page 6*





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(ALL THE GREASE-CUTTING POWER YOU CAN GET FOR DISHWASHING)

*...and yet Dreft is so SAFE for my hands!*

(A MIRACLE DETERGENT MORE NEUTRAL THAN THE MILDEST COMPLEXION SOAP)



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Yet with all its efficiency, Dreft pampers soft skin. So you get *both*: speedy dishwashing *and* safety for hands.

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Yet remember—Dreft cuts grease the fastest way ever. So you get *both*: safety for hands *and* speedy dishwashing.

**GET DREFT AND GET BOTH**

**dreft** —for cleaner dishes without wiping

**dreft** —for the safe care of your hands



## GOOD HINTS FOR WINTER HEALTH

### The Forecast

Continued cold today and tomorrow. Possibility of more snow or sleet later in the week.



During the next three months cold weather, like the forecast above, may be with us. While winter holds sway, millions of Americans will have their annual bouts with the common cold. Others will suffer from more serious respiratory conditions ranging from laryngitis to pneumonia.

Despite the increased chances for respiratory illness during the winter, there are many things you can do to help ward this off—or if it does occur, to prevent complications and hasten recovery. Here are some good hints for winter health which all members of your family may wisely follow.

**1. Build up your resistance.** Respiratory infections are most likely to strike when a person is "run down" or "tired out." So, it is wise to get plenty of rest and sleep, take some exercise, and dress warmly to avoid becoming chilled. It is important to keep living quarters moderately heated with moistened air.

**2. Do not be careless about colds.** If you get a cold, and have a fever, it is usually advisable to stay at home for a day or two. Rest in bed if you can, preferably in a room by yourself so as to prevent spreading the cold to others in the family. Keep warm and eat lightly. If fever persists or is unduly high, call the doctor without delay.

**3. Give yourself plenty of time to recover.** Medicines which the doctor prescribes may send the fever down rather quickly and make you feel much better, but this should not be a signal to get up immediately.

You may run the risk of weakening your body's ability to continue the fight against the invading "germs" if you get up too soon. All too often this results in a relapse which may be more serious than your original trouble.

If you are unfortunate enough to contract pneumonia, influenza, or other severe respiratory infections, follow your doctor's advice faithfully.

**4. Have a physical examination.** If you have "one cold after another," suffer from repeated sore throats, or are bothered by a chronic sinus condition, it would be wise to see your doctor for a thorough health examination. He may find conditions that can be easily corrected—or he may suggest measures that can help you go through the winter in much better health than ever before.

Metropolitan offers a booklet called "Respiratory Diseases" which contains various suggestions to help you "weather the winter" in the best of health. It also discusses the more common ailments of the season. Use the handy coupon for your free copy.

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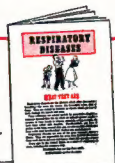
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Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_



## Women's club notes continued from page 4



The Black Hills of South Dakota look prettier since the state Federation of Women's Clubs declared war on highway "litterbugs." The women did more than talk. They added trash and garbage cans, stirred up interest in picnic tables and benches.

**MEN-WILL-HELP-YOU-BUILD DEPARTMENT:** (1) From bazaars, clambakes and such, Hood Canal Women's Club out in Washington had \$5,000 for a clubhouse that would double as community center. Five husbands went on the men's advisory committee, got busy with blueprints while the ladies sought donations of building materials. Other men came in, when it was clear the club meant business. They donated the sweat of their brows, did the bulldozing, put on the roof, plumbed and wired until the job was done.

(2) "Show us some 'first money,'" the men of Eastland, Texas, said when women of the Civic League and Garden Club turned to them with hopes for a 22-bed hospital. The women put \$1,000 on the line, started beating the bushes with "galloping coffees," horse shows, movies and what have you to prove the town was interested. When citizens agreed to add an extra dollar a month to their water bills for three years, the \$150,000 hospital was in sight—because half of the sum was donated in materials and labor. Night workings, at which women served coffee and sandwiches, became high style.

(3) The Veterans' Wives Club of Atkinson, Nebraska, started a drive for a 14-bed hospital without any money of its own. It learned that the American Legion had \$10,000 for community improvement, sold the men on letting this be the first hospital pledge. With this to go on, the Wives—14 women, with 28 babies—set to money-raising in earnest, had \$25,000 in six months. The hospital was ready in two years, complete with an auxiliary, which will see to its continuing needs.

**How many clothes does a woman need to see her through a convention?** McCall's fashion editor Estelle Lane Brent surveyed the subject at the General Federation of Women's Clubs biennial meeting. See page 44 for "Clubwomen Elect."

Members of the National Story League are dedicated to the art of storytelling, give their services to hospitals, prisons, churches or wherever good stories are welcome. Mrs. Dovie Yeatts Insall, 5835 Martel Avenue, Dallas, Texas, will tell you how to start a chapter.



**Will women's groups work as hard in this year's elections, when no President is being elected, as they did in 1952?**

Harder, says the League of Women Voters in Georgia, where all candidates will be asked to sign the League's tolerance statement promising that neither race nor religious prejudice will be used in their campaigns.

Typical of the recent-year upsurge of political interest among Georgia women is the job done by the Screven County League to clarify voters' minds on 45 bewilderingly worded amendments proposed for the state constitution. Realizing that its advance work might well go down the drain when voters confronted such a ballot, the League bought newspaper space, ran the long ballot with explanations, and is credited with influencing results all over the state.

McCall's *How To Plan a Club Program* is a basic text for every program chairman. It will help you plan speaker meetings, lecture and panel forums, buzz sessions and discussion meetings for your own organization. Send 25¢ in stamps to Modern Homemaker, McCall's, Dayton 1, Ohio. In Canada write to 133 Simcoe Street, Toronto 1, Ontario.



# THIS EXQUISITE 6-PIECE PASTRY FORK SETTING

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**MAILED TO YOU DIRECT  
FROM SHEFFIELD, ENGLAND  
POSTPAID, DUTY FREE  
AS A NEW MEMBER OF THE**

# Around-the-World Shoppers Club



## READ WHAT MEMBERS SAY!

(Original letters on file in our office)

"... beautiful gifts . . . we are very proud of them all, and it certainly is thrilling to receive these beautiful gifts from faraway countries."  
—Mr. & Mrs. C. R. B., Culpeper, Va.

"It is very exciting to receive such delightful surprises! Why did nobody ever organize such a club before? I shall continue my membership so long as the gifts continue to be of such interesting and useful character."  
—Mrs. F. M. D., Chicago, Ill.

"It is of great interest to realize you are able to possess something from another country with so little personal effort."  
—Mrs. G. B. H., Detroit, Mich.

"I received my first gift from Paris and my first purchase from England yesterday. They are lovely and I am very proud of them . . . they are far beyond my expectations. I look forward to receiving my next package with keen pleasure."  
—Mr. J. W., Montgomery, Ala.

"It has been a pleasure to be a member of the 'Around-the-World Shoppers Club' . . . it is exciting wondering what will be in the packages, and the gifts . . . have been very lovely."  
—Mrs. D. M., Erie, Pa.

"I have just received my first surprise package from England and I am thrilled with it. It couldn't be nicer. I would like to continue my membership in this wonderful club."  
—Mrs. A. S., Grapeville, Pa.

"I can't tell you how happy I am with my first package . . . you certainly stirred up a lot of commotion at my office. So many people haunted me for your address that at last I posted it on the bulletin board. Oh, I am so very pleased. Breathlessly waiting for next month."  
—F. A. C., Cleveland, Ohio

"I think you are doing a wonderful job in selecting gifts which are both different and unusual."  
—E. R. P., Havana, Cuba

"I am perfectly delighted . . . I shall want to renew at the end of the 6 months. The members of your organization have exquisite taste."  
—Mrs. F. D. B., New York, N. Y.

"... to say I am pleased is putting it mildly!"  
—Mrs. C. L. B., Pittsburgh, Pa.

"... thus far I have received two articles from the Club and I am still speechless with surprised pleasure."  
—Mrs. J. S. S., Winston-Salem, N. C.



TO demonstrate the quality and uniqueness of the Around-the-World Shoppers Club selections sent to members every month from abroad, we want to send you this beautiful 6-piece silver plated Pastry Set FREE if you join the club now.

This set is the famous LOXLEY, one of the most honored products of Sheffield, England, and if obtainable here would probably be priced as high as \$5.00 retail. It is typical of the values and quality of the gifts our members receive every month for only \$2.00 each, postpaid, duty free.

### The Thrill of the Treasure Hunter!

Imagine yourself shopping in the tiny villages and the big cities of Europe, Asia, Africa, South America, the Near East and the Far East. Imagine yourself examining the hundreds of unusual articles peculiar to each foreign land, many of them hand-made — then selecting the very choicest in interest, usefulness, beauty and value, and having them sent to you for only \$2.00 each!

That is the pleasure of Around-the-World Shoppers Club membership. Each month you will look forward to the arrival of your foreign shipment with eager anticipation. Each month you will experience the crowning thrill of the treasure-hunter when you open your colorfully-stamped package to see what delightful surprise it has brought!

### Conversation Pieces From Abroad

Our representatives abroad are constantly searching for the best items and the biggest bargains available. They not only attend the great international fairs and exhibitions, but they travel the highways and byways of foreign lands to discover the unique, the unusual, the beautiful articles destined to become conversation pieces in America. With each package will come the fascinating story of the



origin and significance of the article you receive—adding even more glamour to each shipment.

How, you ask, can members receive such valuable gifts for just \$2.00 each? Foreign nations are in urgent need of American dollars to support native industry. They are glad to offer tremendous merchandise values in exchange. Thus you get more for your money — and at the same time you are doing your bit to improve world conditions by lending a helping hand to our world neighbors.

### You Pay Nothing Extra For Membership

It costs nothing to join the club and there are no dues or fees. You pay only for the regular monthly selections on any of these plans:

3 consecutive shipments.....	\$ 6.00
6 consecutive shipments.....	11.50
12 consecutive shipments.....	22.00

(Note: the U. S. Post Office charges a fee of 15¢ for delivering foreign packages, which is collected by your postman and cannot be prepaid.)



### You Can Cancel Membership At Any Time

You may cancel membership when you wish and the unused portion of your payment will be refunded in full. Even better, if you are not delighted upon receiving your first regular monthly selection, you may keep it free of charge along with your LOXLEY Pastry Fork Setting and receive a full refund of the total amount paid.

### YOURS FREE For Joining Now!

Why not start your Around-the-World Shoppers Club membership *right now*, while you can have this exquisite 6-piece pastry fork setting FREE as an EXTRA GIFT sent to you direct from Sheffield! Use the coupon or write, enclosing remittance for the membership term desired.

**GIVE A MEMBERSHIP TO SOMEONE SPECIAL!** What gift could be more intriguing than an Around-the-World Shoppers Club membership? Month after month your friends are reminded of your thoughtfulness. Enclose names and addresses of your recipients; a handsome card will announce your gift immediately.



**Around-the-World Shoppers Club, Dept. 301  
71 Concord St., Newark 5, N. J.**

Please enroll me as a Member and send me the Loxley Pastry Fork Setting direct from Sheffield, England FREE for joining. Start regular monthly shipments of the Club's selection of foreign merchandise direct to me from countries of origin and continue through the following term of membership:

<input type="checkbox"/> 3 Months.....	\$ 6.00	I enclose
<input type="checkbox"/> 6 Months.....	11.50	
<input type="checkbox"/> 12 Months.....	22.00	remittance for

Name.....

Address.....

City & Zone.....

State.....

(NOTE: All shipments come to you postpaid, and duty-free. However, The U. S. Post Office Dept. charges a service fee of 15¢ for delivering foreign packages, which is collected by your postman and cannot be prepaid.)

IN CANADA, add 55¢ per month to above prices, which will include postage, duty and delivery to your home. Address: 432 W. Ontario St., Montreal 2, Que.

(Please use additional sheet for gift subscriptions)

☐ Check here if this is a renewal or reinstatement of your membership in order to avoid duplication of previous gifts sent to you.

**AROUND-THE-WORLD SHOPPERS CLUB**  
71 Concord Street, Newark 5, N. J.





## Top Award

*Hellen Tullis of WMAR-TV, Baltimore, proved through her example that we should not pity the handicapped. Blind herself, she showed, on "As You Can See," that others like her can lead normal lives when public illusions about them are dispelled*

# seven women in radio and TV

**H**ERE are the seven winners of McCall's third annual public-service awards for American women in radio and television. These seven have survived the closest competition with hundreds of other entries, many of a remarkably high caliber. For our five judges the selection of the winners required hours of careful reading and listening and thoughtful discussion.

The McCall's Mike is awarded each January for the best public-service programs in three categories: programs of general interest to the community, programs of interest primarily to women, programs of interest primarily to youth. In addition, a top award is made to the woman whose work, in the opinion of the judges, was the year's most valuable.

Hellen Tullis of Baltimore's Station WMAR-TV won this year's top award for the remarkable work she has done to help the handicapped on her program "As You Can See." Totally blind herself

## Executives

MICHAEL DENNING

LOUISVILLE COURIER-JOURNAL

MAURICE SEYMOUR



*Service to the community in general: Dolly Banks of Station WHAT, Philadelphia, successfully brought about a better understanding of the Negro problem in her community*



*Service primarily for women: Marion Gifford of WHAS-TV, Louisville, brought badly needed information to expectant mothers in a series on her program, "Good Living"*



*Service primarily for youth: Judith Waller of NBC proved the value to preschool children and their parents of a simple educational television show called "Ding Dong School"*



## THE JUDGES

MRS. OSCAR AHLGREN

President, General Federation of Women's Clubs

MRS. HAROLD S. BURDETT

President, American Legion Auxiliary

MRS. OVETA CULP HOBBY

Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare

MRS. ANNE HOLLAND

Top winner 1952 McCall's Mike Awards,

Representing American Women in Radio and Television

OTIS LEE WIESE

Editor and Publisher of McCall's

# win the **McCall's Mike**

since the age of fourteen, Hellen Tullis is a college graduate, a happily married woman and a source of inspiration to thousands of unhandicapped as well as handicapped admirers.

Using her own everyday activities as background, and with the aid of special studio guests, Mrs. Tullis, on "As You Can See," tries to present the major problems of the handicapped and to dispel public illusions about them.

"It seems to me that your basic concept is one so reasonable and simple," a mental hygiene director wrote her recently, "that it is all too often overlooked by the 'experts'—namely, that associated with every physical or mental defect there is a human being more like other human beings than different from them."

Sometimes her TV audience sees Mrs. Tullis marketing or buying a dress, accompanied only by her "Leader" collie dog, Prince. Sometimes she cooks from a Braille recipe or sews or types. On every

program she talks with other handicapped people. Together they discuss the best ways to get an education, bring up children, find a place for themselves in the community.

Often, Mrs. Tullis points out, it is the handicapped person who must put the unhandicapped at ease. The public is likely to think of a disabled person as someone in a state of constant shock about his handicap. This, of course, is far from true. But even the most helpful organizations sometimes fail to bring this point home to the average person. Hellen Tullis brings the point home through her own natural, cheerful philosophy and through presenting handicapped people directly to a large unhandicapped audience.

Educators, hygienists and psychiatrists constantly commend Hellen Tullis for her unique success. But the tribute that touches her most is the countless messages from unhandicapped people who see her program and feel, as one woman put (Continued on page 58)

## Broadcasters



*Service to the community in general: Bea Johnson of KMBC, Kansas City, Missouri, achieved miracles on her "Happy Home" program with a campaign against auto accidents*



*Service primarily for women: Beulah Donohue of WTMJ-TV, Milwaukee, presented specialists to her "Woman's World" audience, with good advice on difficult medical problems*



*Service primarily for youth: Jean Sullivan of KMTV, Omaha, used her program, "Woman's View," to bring into being a special school for mentally handicapped children in Omaha*



# BE A LADY PEPPERELL LADY !



You just can't buy thriftier sheets in color!

*Luxury colors at budget-pampering prices!* Lovely Lady Pepperells come in the dreamiest, most flattering colors ever. Yet these beauties with all the extra glamor of color cost only pennies more than white sheets!

**SNUG FIT\* Top and Bottom Sheets in six heavenly colors, too—**pink, blue, maize, rose, Spring green, and orchid! What's more, corners in both top and bottom SNUG FIT Sheets are  $\frac{1}{2}$  stronger than those in ordinary fitted sheets. And, of course, wonderful Lady Pepperell SNUG FIT Sheets give you the sweetest sleeping, the easiest bedmaking ever!

**Blanket news! Pepperell Caress®!** It's amazing at its low price! Made by an entirely new process, it's a wonderful rayon-and-nylon blend, exquisitely soft, luxuriously textured. Look for Pepperell Caress in nine superb colors to mix or match with your Lady Pepperell Sheets.

See Pepperell's fabulous new fitted sheets in NYLON!

## LADY PEPPERELL

### Sheets and Blankets

\*REGISTERED—PEPPERELL MANUFACTURING COMPANY, BOSTON, MASS.



JOHN SWOFF



After their mother has read them a story Judy and Kelly Stewart, age 2½, "read" the story back to each other, complete with gestures

## JIMMY STEWART SHOWS OFF HIS **TWINS**

They're happy because they do things  
on schedule—and always together



Twins' efforts to rearrange books by colors of bindings amuse Jimmy and Gloria. Jimmy's newest film is Universal's *The Glenn Miller Story*



The Stewart twins always want to do the same things at the same time, only in opposite directions. Jimmy uses his long arms to retrieve them  
*continued on page 12*



**"You never had it so clean!"**



Never before **Tide**  
was it possible to get  
your family wash so clean!

**NEVER BEFORE  
SUCH CLEANING POWER!**

When science brought you Tide, it gave you the greatest cleaning power the washday world had ever known . . . a cleaning power that got clothes **CLEANER** than any other washing product you had ever used. Till Tide came along, *you never had it so clean!*

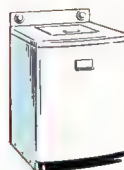
**SO MILD! SO SAFE!**

And now Tide combines its terrific cleaning power with wonderful *mildness*. Tide is so kind to hands . . . more so than any other detergent known. And Tide is so *safe* for all your bright wash colors. Colors *love* Tide's gentle suds!

**DAZZLING WHITE CLOTHES!  
NO BLEACHING! NO BLUING!**

Except for stubborn stains, no need to bleach! No need to blue! All by itself, Tide gets shirts, towels, sheets so dazzling **WHITE**, you'll be amazed! Try Tide next washday—see for yourself!

**America's favorite for  
Automatic Washers!**



No wonder so many leading manufacturers recommend Tide for automatic washers! No wonder more women *use* Tide—in automatic washers and every other kind—than any other washing product. Tide gets clothes dazzling clean!

No washday soap—no other detergent known—

**NOTHING ELSE  
WILL WASH AS CLEAN  
AS Tide  
—yet is so mild!**





From Maker to You at new low prices



**ARTHUR  
GODFREY**  
Says: "Beautiful and  
they save you work  
and money, too!"

In Thousands of Homes  
**godell's CURTAINS**  
are the Main Attraction

**FIBERGLAS** \*  
CURTAINS and DRAPES \*Reg.



**5 YEAR GUARANTEE** Certificate with each purchase. **NO IRONING!** No stretching, hang dry in 7 minutes. Can't burn or shrink. Sheds dirt, unharmed by mildew, rain, radiator heat.

**NEW IMPROVED FIBERGLAS IN LOVELY IVORY-WHITE COLOR**

There is long-lasting loveliness in Godell's curtains made of newer, finer, sheerer miracle Fiberglas. 3 Styles . . . 30 Sizes to fit any window . . . And you save up to \$13 per pair. Order now for immediate delivery.

**RUFFLED** 6" baby headed, dainty edged, permanently stitched ruffles. All sizes wide enough to criss-cross (as shown) or hang Priscilla style.

Width to pair	Length Usually	NOW
84"	36"	\$ 6.98 \$ 4.39
84"	45"	7.98 4.98
84"	54"	8.98 5.59
84"	63"	9.98 5.98
84"	72"	10.98 6.59
84"	81"	11.98 7.39
84"	90"	12.98 7.98
84"	99"	13.98 8.59
174"	(Double Width) 72"	19.98 12.98
174"	(Double Width) 81"	21.98 13.98
174"	(Double Width) 90"	23.98 14.98
174"	(Double Width) 99"	25.98 15.98
250"	(Triple Width) 72"	29.98 20.98
250"	(Triple Width) 81"	31.98 21.98
250"	(Triple Width) 90"	33.98 22.98
250"	(Triple Width) 99"	35.98 23.98
324"	(Quadruple Width) 90"	45.98 32.98

**TAILORED** Distinguish any room. Double stitched 1 1/2" side hems. Ample bottom hems, beautifully stitched.

Length Usually	NOW
36"	\$ 4.59 \$ 2.98
45"	4.98 3.29
54"	5.59 3.69
63"	6.39 4.29
72"	6.69 4.69
81"	7.39 5.29
90"	7.98 5.69
99"	8.39 6.29
108"	8.98 6.69

**TIERS** Add that elegant "decorator" look to a room. Use singly or tier on tier (illustration shows two pairs).

Length Usually	NOW
30"	\$ 4.29 \$ 2.69
36"	4.69 2.89
40"	4.89 3.09
45"	5.29 3.39

**NEW FIBERGLAS DRAPES**  
In 7 COLORS

Lovely textured fabric. Ideal for modern or traditional rooms. Each beautiful pair washable and sun-resistant. Generous 4" pleats. Size: 86" wide pinch pleated to cover windows up to 46". For wider windows use 2 or more pair and connect with our Empire Hooks to Draw As One. (Hooks Furnished on Request.)

Length	Usually	Now
36"	\$ 8.98	\$ 4.98
45"	9.98	5.89
54"	10.98	6.69
63"	11.98	7.59
72"	12.98	8.39
81"	13.98	9.19
90"	14.98	9.98
99"	15.98	10.98
108"	16.98	11.69

Colors: Champagne, Rose-Pink, Celadon Green, Grey, Gold, Cocoa, White.

**MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE WITHIN 30 DAYS**  
IF NOT 100% SATISFIED

**GODELL'S (TM)**  
31 West 27th St.,  
New York 1, N. Y.

**MAILING CHARGES:**  
To prepay add 30¢  
for first pair; 10¢ each  
additional pair.

Please Send Fiberglas Items Indicated:

DRAPES ☐ CURTAINS ☐

Ruffled ☐ Tailored ☐ Tiers ☐

Item	Quantity	Size	Color	Price	Check
					M. O. <input type="checkbox"/>
					C. O. D. <input type="checkbox"/>

Name.....I enclose \$.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

**Jimmy Stewart twins** continued from page 10



Angelic-looking Judy actually is the mischievous one and natural leader of the pair, whereas . . .

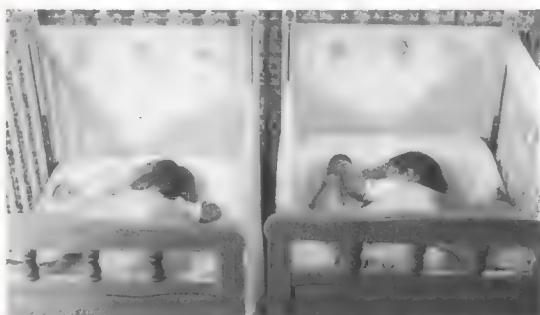
Kelly has the impish appearance, but is more the dreamy type and the quieter of the Stewart twins



At meals, which are strictly on schedule, Kelly, though smaller, eats more than Judy, who usually likes to give some food to her sister



"Pretzel Puss" and "Needle Nose" (Gloria's pet names for them) bathe together at 5:00 every evening and take turns scrubbing each other



Both go to sleep quietly if they're put to bed at the same time. For their parents, children's hour becomes adults' hour none too soon



# TIMEX

*"A REMARKABLE NEW  
WATCH THAT MEETS THE NEEDS  
OF ACTIVE WOMEN"*



*Only \$11<sup>95</sup>*

**TIMEX SPORTSTER**

Sweep-second hand,  
radiolite dial, chrome  
case, stainless steel back,  
all leather band

PLUS 10% FEDERAL TAX

Says *Barbara Ann Scott* Olympic Skating Champion

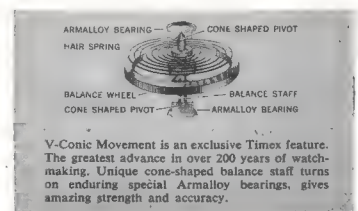


**WATERPROOF\* • SHOCK RESISTANT • DUSTPROOF\***

When she isn't entrancing the public with her artistry on skates, Barbara Ann Scott loves to keep house at her home in Toronto, Canada. At home or on the ice, the remarkable Timex Sportster is the watch suited to Barbara Ann's needs . . . it takes use and abuse . . . and ticks on faithfully. It's the fashionable, practical watch for today's active woman. And it's styled with the new casual fashions . . . mates beautifully with all your daytime wear.

\*Stays waterproof and dustproof as long as crystal, crown and back are intact and, if removed, expertly replaced.

**ONE YEAR GUARANTEE**



TIMEX, PRODUCT OF THE WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURER OF WRIST WATCHES • 500 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 36



Now! **FRENCH'S**  
Worcestershire Sauce in a  
**NON-DRIP**  
**BOTTLE!**

**New Inner Top  
prevents dripping,  
spilling!**



**Women preferred  
the new top  
9 to 1  
in recent national tests!\***

**No More Stained Tablecloths!**  
French's amazing new bottle, with special inner top, won't drip or spill out—even when lying on its side!

**No More Splashed, Spotted Clothes!** French's new improved bottle won't spurt or gush! You control the flow by a flick of your wrist. When you want to pour out large quantities, simply remove the inner top.

**No More Over-Seasoned Foods, Spoiled Recipes! Now** for the first time—you get *just* the amount of Worcestershire Sauce you want to flavor foods. And there's no finer Worcestershire Sauce than French's!

\*Conducted by Home Makers  
Guild of America.

## Highest Quality—Costs Less!

I never saw  
a fat woman  
in Bali

**L**AST spring at the request of the World Health Organization I joined a group of international medical scientists in a two-month visit to Indonesia. Six nationalities and ten branches of science were represented in our group, with myself as nutritionist.

While Bali is only one of the 3,000-plus islands that make up Indonesia, it is the one that most outsiders (and insiders) associate with Indonesia, the one that the team visited and the one where I participated in some nutritional studies. I actually visited with each of Bali's 11 physicians, who, by the way, take care of a population of 2 million.

Since nutrition is my business, I was especially interested in the women of Bali because I never once saw a fat Balinese woman. In fact, the few overweight females I saw were invariably Chinese or Dutch. Never Balinese! While a generous amount of exercise is undoubtedly a factor in their leanness, another important factor is the Balinese custom of frequent nibbling, rather than eating three meals a day as we do in America. Breakfast is a cup of coffee with a good deal of sugar at 6:00 or so in the morning. An hour later the Balinese will take a mouthful (note, I said a *mouthful*) of cold boiled rice packaged in a banana leaf. In another hour they will eat a banana or a piece of tropical fruit. Next, in all probability, a glass of sweetened, colored water. Not necessarily every hour on the hour, but frequently throughout the day, the Balinese nibble on such foods as fermented soybean cake, beans, a piece of fish, coconut meat, cassava, more rice, more pink water or orange crush. Any solid food is always wrapped

in a banana leaf in portions of from one to two tablespoons (very small quantities, you see). Sometimes the worker brings his own food from home, but mostly it is bought from food vendors, who picturesquely carry their wares on both ends of long bamboo sticks, which they balance on one shoulder.

This custom of eating several small meals a day and not becoming overweight supports some findings and a theory recently developed in our laboratory by Dr. Jean Mayer. We call it the "glucostatic theory of the regulation of food intake." What it means is that the level of sugar in the blood is an important mechanism in regulating those specific cells in the lower part of the brain that regulate appetite and hence food intake. These cells have been termed the "appetat" by Dr. Norman Jolliffe, head of the Bureau of Nutrition of the New York City Health Department. When the sugar in the blood is below a certain critical level, the appetat is "turned on," you are hungry and you eat something if you have the opportunity to do so. As soon as the blood sugar rises above this critical level, your appetat "shuts off" and you are not hungry. By their several small meals, or frequent nibbling, the Balinese keep their blood sugar at a level that minimizes the desire for eating very much. My guess is that by this means they consume less total calories in 24 hours than they would by eating three American-type meals a day.

**A**N IMPORTANT nutritional point is that many of the “nibbles” the Balinese enjoy are highly nutritious foods such as fish, soybeans, fruits, rice. Balinese—not only the women





Balinese women keep  
their lovely, graceful figures  
by frequent nibbling.  
You can too!

By Fredrick J. Stare, M.D.

DEPARTMENT OF NUTRITION  
HARVARD SCHOOL OF PUBLIC HEALTH

and men but the children as well—are better nourished than the teeming millions on the neighboring island of Java, because there is an abundant rice supply, and they use beans, other vegetables, fruit, fish, and even meat, generously.

If a woman in this country were to adopt the Balinese eating pattern her day's food might be spaced something like this:

On rising	½ grapefruit
9:00 A.M.	Egg 1 slice buttered toast Coffee
Noon	Tomato and cottage cheese salad Two crackers Glass milk
3:00 P.M.	1 apple
6:00 P.M.	Broiled beef patty Baked potato (medium) Broccoli Raw carrot and celery strips Tea or coffee
8:30 or bedtime	Small dish ice cream or sherbet Glass milk

The above foods supply approximately 1,500 calories and 67 grams of protein—adequate quantities for the healthy, normal, adult woman. The calorie level is one at which many women find it possible to lose weight. Women who are concerned with maintaining their present weight or adding weight would, of course, want to eat more. For them, the thin folks, nibbling is out, or at least it must be timed differently, since it tends to dull the appetite. Women who are underweight and who wish to add a few pounds might try hav-

ing three substantial meals and a good bedtime snack each day.

If you happen to be overweight don't think you will begin to slim down by increasing your nibbling and continuing to eat three big meals a day. But you might try three moderate meals a day, with emphasis on the breakfast, and make the nibbles part of what you otherwise would eat at lunch or dinner. You will notice in the menu pattern we've given that each meal's dessert has been saved for a between-meal nibble. Thus, extra meals, or nibbles, are possible without adding more calories.

WOMEN who are serious about this business of losing weight, and who really ought to lose weight, should not underestimate the power of exercise. In recent years many derogatory remarks have been made about exercise, and far too many women have been convinced that it is an ineffective way to lose weight. That is just not so! When we exercise, whether it be formal setting-up exercises, housework, dancing or walking, we are moving our bodies and burning calories. If these calories are not replaced by the consumption of extra foods weight is lost. Strenuous exercise once in a great while is not the answer; a small but regular amount of exercise each day is. Here too we might take a cue from Balinese women. I doubt that they have ever heard of classes in exercise for weight reduction. They do not need them. Their pattern of living is such that they get a regular amount of exercise each day. You can do the same thing simply by substituting your feet for some of the activities of your car on daily errands and visits.

THE END



They'll call you a wonderful cook!

DIFFERENT  
DELICIOUS

# Ham Steak!

FRENCH'S pure yellow Mustard  
flavors the glaze!

It's ham steak—but what a difference! Flavored through with French's pure yellow Mustard, brown sugar and cloves. Extra savory, rich and juicy. French's Mustard has a rich, mellow flavor that doesn't fade out in cooking. Blends better, too, because it's smoother, creamier. Good cooks prefer French's!

## HAM STEAK

2½ lb. ham slice (1½" thick)  
French's Whole Cloves  
¼ cup French's Prepared Mustard  
2 tablespoons brown sugar

Slash edge of ham; insert cloves. Combine mustard and sugar. Spread both sides of ham slice with mustard mixture. Place steak in baking dish. Pour into pan ¼ cup water containing 3 French's Whole Cloves. Bake one hour at 325° F. Baste often. Cut in steak slices. Serves 6.



NEW RECIPE BOOKLET! GET YOUR COPY!

The R. T. French Co.  
1918 Mustard St., Rochester 9, N. Y.

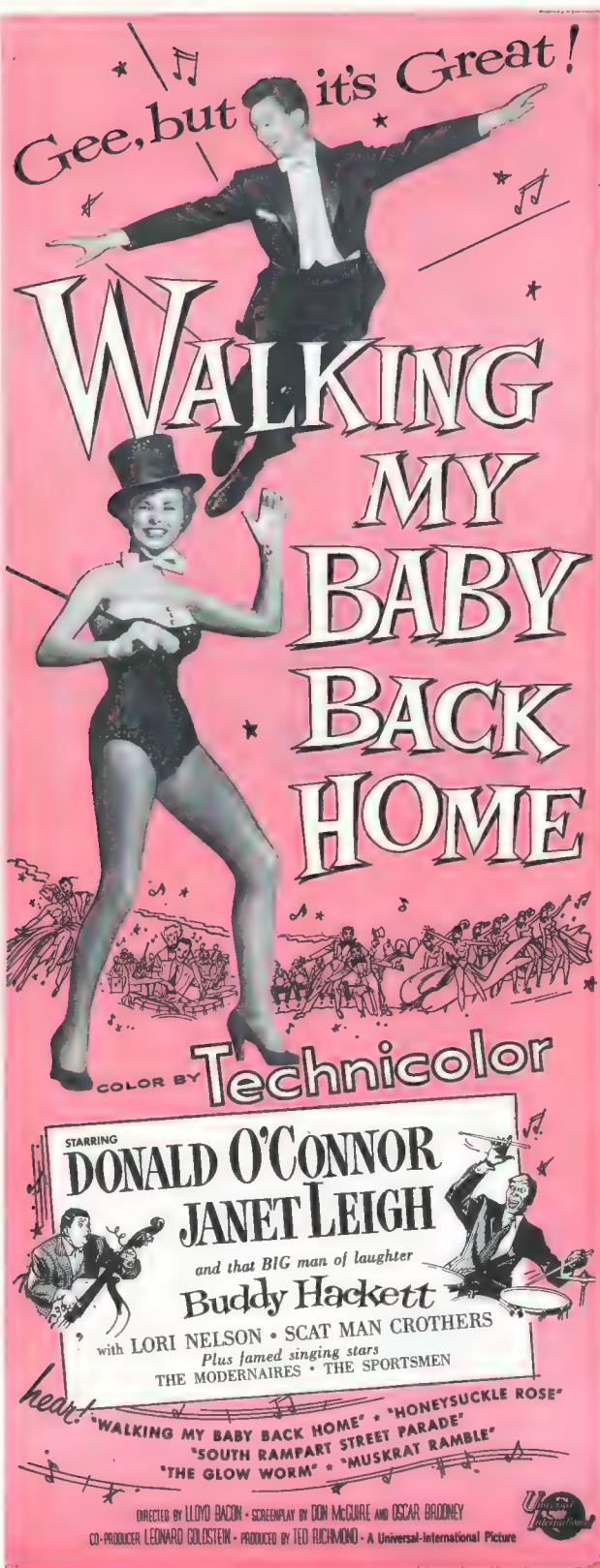
Enclosed is 10¢ in coin. Please send me "Seasoning Makes the Difference!"—your new, 32-page, color-illustrated booklet.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_





"I told you those wouldn't fit," the youngster on the left is smugly telling his friend. But the next overshoes he tries on fit perfectly

## Galosh exchange

● For years the parents of fast-growing youngsters in Salt Lake City haphazardly disposed of outgrown rubbers and overshoes and bought new ones every winter. The procedure was annoying and expensive, but necessary and unavoidable, until one of the mothers got an idea. Why not have the children bring their last year's overshoes to school and trade them for pairs that fit? The Galosh Exchange became an immediate success. Parents understood they wouldn't always get a pair in return, but more often than not they did. And gear that was left over was packed up and sent to underprivileged children in Korea.

JOERN GERDTS



Galosh Exchange Day isn't the wild grab bag one might expect. Only ten or so fit on the boots at one time, and they try to help one another to find the right pair. Members of the P. T. A. are on hand to assist

continued on page 18



THERE'S  
**COLD**  
CREAM  
NOW IN  
**CAMAY**

HER  
PETAL-SOFT  
SKIN GOES  
STRAIGHT TO  
HIS HEART!



**Pamper your beauty with new Camay!**  
**Wonderful for complexion and bath!**

Here's the most exciting thing that's ever happened to complexion care! Now Camay contains fine cold cream. And Camay *alone* among leading beauty soaps brings you this luxury ingredient.

**More delightful than ever before!** Whether your skin is dry or oily, new Camay leaves it feeling exquisitely cleansed, wonderfully fresh. And Camay with cold cream brings new luxury to your daily Beauty Bath, too!

**You still get everything** that's always made Camay a treasure . . . the softer complexion that's yours when you change to regular care and Camay, that velvety lather, famous Camay mildness, and delicate Camay fragrance.

**LOOK FOR NEW CAMAY IN THE SAME FAMILIAR WRAPPER.**  
It's at your store *now*—at no extra cost. And there's no finer beauty soap in all the world!

NOW MORE THAN EVER . . . THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN



**sleeping in a draft tonight  
may mean a**

**COLD**

**tomorrow !**



**at the first sign of a cold—  
take 2 Bayer Aspirin tablets  
with a full glass of water  
and feel better—**

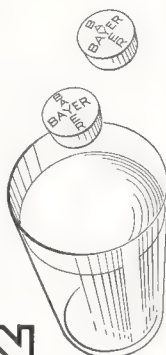
**FAST**

Fast—*stopwatch* fast! That's Bayer Aspirin! A tablet starts disintegrating almost the instant you take it—therefore is ready to go to work with amazing speed.

That's one reason why Bayer Aspirin brings such quick relief from that headachy, feverish feeling... those muscular aches and pains.

So to feel better fast, keep Bayer Aspirin handy. And for soothing relief of sore throat due to a cold, gargle three times daily with 3 Bayer Aspirin tablets dissolved in one-third of a glass of water.

**BAYER  
ASPIRIN**



Left on their own, youngsters like Johnny would settle for boots that are too small or too large, so a parent or teacher checks on every pair. But children are never forced to take a pair they don't like



Johnny carefully inspects one of the boots to insure that the lining, the tread and the seams are perfect. He knows the kind of wear his overshoes will get, and he wants to be sure they will really hold up



The inspection completed, John is convinced. Feeling like a man who has just made a wonderful bargain, he holds up his catch for the school principal to see. But his friends are still having a little trouble



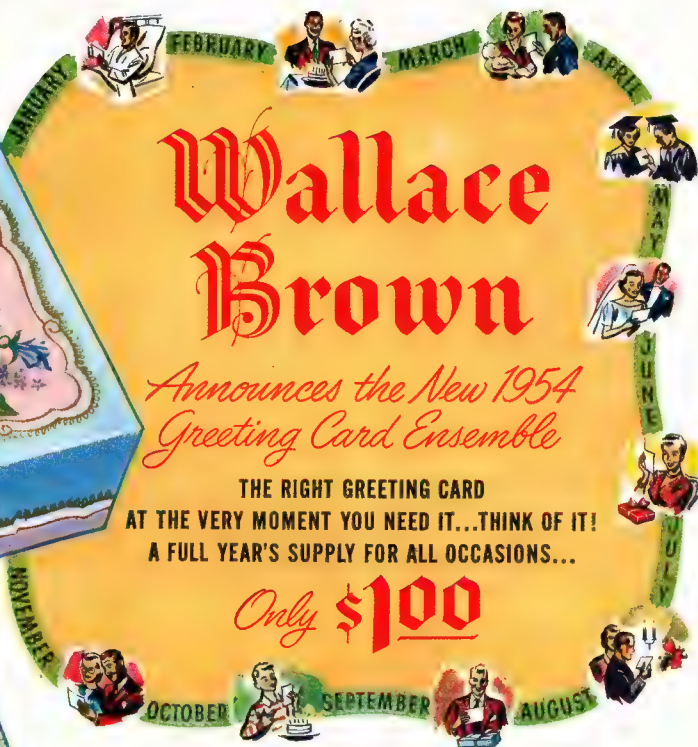


# Wallace Brown

*Announces the New 1954 Greeting Card Ensemble*

THE RIGHT GREETING CARD  
AT THE VERY MOMENT YOU NEED IT...THINK OF IT!  
A FULL YEAR'S SUPPLY FOR ALL OCCASIONS...

*Only \$1.00*



**ABOVE** "Feature" All-Occasion Assortment—a year's supply of lovely Everyday Greeting Cards for an average family . . . only \$1.00.

**BELOW** Here you see a few more of the 40 other Greeting Card Assortments; also Gift Wrappings, Stationery, Imported Napkins, Children's Books, and Easter greeting cards. (Easter is April 18.)

How happy you'll be to have this convenient assortment of greeting cards in your home! This ensemble contains a host of beautiful, high-quality greeting cards for every occasion . . . for Birthdays, Anniversaries, Get-Well, and many more . . . each card more beautiful than the next, with exclusive designs carefully selected and matched with perfect greetings. Yes . . . high quality cards that cost so little in this complete assortment . . . a whole year's supply for an average family that you'd pay more than \$2.00 for, if you bought them one card at a time. You'll love this wonderfully convenient way to have on hand always the just-right card for every occasion when it pops up, no matter how suddenly. ASK THE WALLACE BROWN REPRESENTATIVE TO SHOW YOU ACTUAL SAMPLES!



**We Invite You to MAKE EXTRA MONEY**  
IN YOUR SPARE TIME—IT'S EASY—IT'S FUN!

**Just Showing This Famous Line of Exclusive, Exciting Greeting Cards**

This is the easiest and most pleasant way in the world to make all the extra money you want! Simply show these lovely, exclusive, nationally-advertised assortments of Wallace Brown Greeting Cards and 40 other popular, low-priced, high quality items to your friends, neighbors, and co-workers. They'll be delighted to order from you when they see the beautiful samples we send you entirely on approval, and on each box you sell you make up to 50¢ profit for yourself. Without a bit of experience you can make a surprising sum of money . . . as much as \$10.00 to \$50.00 in a week . . . week

after week and all year 'round. It's easy and it's fun, and you'll be proud of your achievement. Just paste the coupon at the right on a postcard or mail it in an envelope. Soon you'll receive two of our most popular assortments *entirely on approval* and the next day your profits can start rolling in! Send no money—but act today.

**ORGANIZATIONS**—Show your club, church, veteran's auxiliary, school, lodge, or charity how easy it is to fill your treasury with cash through the sale of Wallace Brown Greeting Cards and Gift Items. Just check the coupon.

**WALLACE BROWN, INC., 225 FIFTH AVE., DEPT. K-6, NEW YORK 10, N.Y.**

**MAIL THIS COUPON SEND NO MONEY!**

Paste this coupon on postcard or mail in envelope for 2 actual assortments on approval

WALLACE BROWN, INC. Dept. K-6,  
225 Fifth Ave., New York 10, N. Y.

I want to make extra money. Please rush on approval the "Feature" All-Occasion and the "All-In-Fun" Greeting Card Assortments, plus FREE illustrated catalog of greeting cards, stationery, wrappings, and gift items.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City & Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

( ) CHECK HERE for Organization Fund-Raising Plan



**cheer** IS NEW

**cheer** IS BLUE!

The only suds with **BLUE MAGIC WHITENER!**

...washes clothes  
so clean, so white

**YOU DON'T  
NEED BLUING  
OR BLEACH**



**First and only washday detergent of its kind!**

**Exclusive!** There's nothing quite like CHEER for washing clothes white and bright. New blue CHEER—and *only* CHEER—brings you amazing, exclusive, new *Blue Magic* whitener!

And what is *Blue Magic* whitener? It's a scientific discovery that whitens and brightens your wash—all your wash—in the newest, safest, most modern way!

**No need to blue!** New CHEER alone... with nothing added... washes your whites so glowing white, so lively bright, you'll

never need bluing again!

**No need to bleach!** See for yourself. Except when you have problem stains, you don't even need to bleach! New CHEER has everything you need, in a single box, for everything you wash!

**Do this now:** Get new blue CHEER—the one and *only* suds with *Blue Magic* whitener—and next washday, hang out a wash that really will make you proud—a wash that's radiantly clean and sparkling bright! And with no need for bluing or bleach!



**Works like blue magic for dishes, too!**

(Always buy an extra box for the kitchen)

CHEER's instant, pure-white suds get dishes, glassware *twinkle* clean in a flash! No need to wipe. And CHEER is really m-i-l-d on your hands!



Great for  
both automatic  
and conventional  
washers



Procter & Gamble's  
**cheer**

The one and only  
**BLUE MAGIC SUDS**

© 1953, THE PROCTER & GAMBLE COMPANY. CHEER IS THE TRADE-MARK OF A SPECIAL ALL-PURPOSE DETERGENT MADE BY PROCTER & GAMBLE.



# if you ask me

ROSENTHAL/PIX



Continuing a custom she has followed for several years, Eleanor Roosevelt chats with a group of foreign students invited to spend the day with her at Val Kill Farm in Hyde Park, New York

Eleanor Roosevelt

**Q** What do you think should be done with American prisoners of war who have come home converted to Communism?

Expose them to as much freedom and democracy as it is possible for them to encounter in the community in which they live, and try to give them proof that they have been made to believe lies.

**Q** I would like to know what answer you made to the Indian students who asked you what constituted an un-American activity?

I said that anything which was harmful to the U. S. was an un-American activity.

**Q** In some public schools they are making it compulsory for children to learn a foreign language in the early grades. How do you feel about this?

I am delighted to hear that this is being done. The earlier children learn a foreign language the easier it is. In the earlier years children learn almost everything by memory and by ear, and not by reasoning. Arithmetic, which calls for reasoning, is difficult for small children. Languages, if learned while children are young, are learned largely by ear, and not by grammar, and children get an accent better and find the language easier than if they wait until they

are older. It is most important for our young people to learn languages now, since they are likely to work and be in countries all over the world. Making friends in foreign countries is easier if you know the language of the people you are with.

**Q** Did you once say that even Nazi countries should be admitted to the U.N.? What do you mean by this?

I do not think I ever said that Nazi countries should be admitted to the U.N. As I remember it, what I said was that I felt Italy, Germany and Japan as well — all our former enemies — should one day be admitted to the U.N. Because I believe that in the future we should try to have within the U.N. all nations.

**Q** Are you aware that the guards in your former home at Hyde Park are incredibly rude to tourists? When I was there recently we were ordered about like a herd of cattle. And when some children asked for pamphlets the guard said in my hearing, "What do they want one for? They can't read, and probably their parents can't either."

I cannot understand your criticism of the guards at Hyde Park. It may, however, have been a day with tremendous crowds, and some of the guards may have become weary, but as

a rule they follow out their training and are most courteous to everyone. I have always heard many reports of their courtesy and kindness, and I have never heard a criticism such as yours. I must state, however, that even if this were true there is absolutely nothing I could do about it, because neither my family nor I have anything to do with the running of the estate. It belongs to the government, and the National Park Service is exclusively responsible for the guards.

**Q** How do you feel about some of the Republican Senators' proposals to drop the atom bomb if our negotiations do not achieve peace in the Far East?

I have very little hope that dropping the atom bomb will achieve peace, and I am afraid it would bring us the dislike of other nations and create a fear which would not be beneficial to peaceful relations.

**Q** I have to make a speech at school about the meaning of the flag, and I would like to know what the flag means to you.

The flag symbolizes for me the nation which we all love. When we pledge allegiance to the flag we pledge allegiance not only to our country but to the freedoms and principles which have built this nation.

**Q** Why do you have so many pictures taken of yourself?

I haven't gone to a studio and had a photograph taken of myself for many years, but, unfortunately, I have no control over the Press Photographers Association.

**Q** Could you tell me how your uncle Theodore Roosevelt got rid of his asthma? I have tried all kinds of medicine for fifteen years without results.

He outgrew it, I always understood.

Address letters to Mrs. Roosevelt in care of McCall's magazine, 230 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.



DEAR

KATE

a complete novel

by Louise Baker

Best-selling author of *Party Line*,

*Out on a Limb* and—soon to be released by MGM—

*Her Twelve Men*, starring Greer Garson



Most of Somerset loved Kate—  
but there were a few who feared her...  
She knew far too much about them

MISS KATE ARNOLD propped open her kitchen door with a brick covered in black velvet and embroidered with the lazy-daisy pattern. Then she turned to her three cats. "I've set out your lunch, kitties. I'm going now," she announced — unnecessarily, for even the cats of Somerset, Ohio, knew her incorruptible schedule.

As she latched her garden gate, the big grandfather's clock in her living room softly sounded its ancient chimes. It was inexorable. Kate Arnold, the postmistress, was off for work and it was, therefore, time for all well-regulated clocks to strike eight.

As Kate made her way to town, patiently waiting dogs ran out to wag their tails and vigilant children popped their heads out of green-shuttered windows to wave. "Hello, Kate!" "Here she comes. Here comes Miss Kate!" "Good morning, Miss Postmistress." In such a manner the time was announced each morning except the Sabbath in Somerset.

Exactly fifteen minutes later Kate arrived at the Holmes Reliable Pharmacy. She bent down and extracted a key from under the worn rubber doormat, unlocked the drugstore's double doors and walked in. She set the magazine rack out on the sidewalk, dusted the metal confectionery tables and chairs and lit the gas

jet under the big coffee urn at the soda fountain. Now her voluntary, friendly duties to Mr. Holmes were accomplished; he would arrive at nine to take over the drugstore trade. With proper pride she unlocked the door of the dignified, mailbox-encrusted cubical in the right rear corner of the shop. Kate was free now to be herself — the postmistress of Somerset.

Miss Kate ran the post office with a divided allegiance — to the Postmaster General and to God. Whenever possible, she relied on the Postmaster General and his printed instructions describing Proper Procedure for Fourth Class United States Post Offices. But when emergencies arose she turned to God — who lived nearer than Washington, D. C., and apparently was not quite so busy as the Postmaster General.

For a small town, the frequency of emergencies in Somerset was way out of proportion to the population. Kate often appealed by letter to the Postmaster General for advice. It seemed obligatory occasionally to misuse mildly the United States mails, and she felt that since this was a felony, it was only forthright to announce in writing such proposed digressions from regulations.

The Postmaster General never answered her letters — and even if he had, it's probable that his counsel wouldn't have arrived

(Continued on page 100)



by Sue Kaufman

# Three don't make a marriage

AT TEN minutes to seven he stood in front of a red door that bore George Parker's name engraved on a little brass plate. It was one of three doors on the third floor of a new elevator building, a place with a disdainful doorman, elegant lobby and carpeted hallways. As he waited for someone to answer the bell, he couldn't help looking enviously at his surroundings, comparing them with the cheap little West Side hotel where he'd rented a room two weeks ago, a room filled with his still-unpacked trunk and suitcases covered with peeling foreign labels. It would be a long time before he could take the steps upward to something like this. Years and years — if ever.

Suddenly the door cracked open and George put out his dark, homely face. His shirt was unbuttoned and there was a glob of shaving lather still on his chin. "You're ten minutes early," he said almost irately, "and with us that's disastrous! You'll just have to make yourself a drink while we finish dressing."

"I walked over, and thought it would take me longer," said Jim apologetically, following George in, giving him his coat.

George waved at a shiny bar. "Make some of those crazy vodka things you used to make. Pat loves vodka and I never could remember what the formula is." He grinned shyly at the mention of his wife's name and

*(Continued on page 69)*

*Their first kiss  
was their last...  
and should have happened  
long ago...*

ILLUSTRATED  
BY STAN KLIMLEY



*"Jim, you're wonderful!" Pat cried with delight.*

*"You just can't imagine how dull  
our lives were till you came along"*





# THE POWER OF NORMAN VINCENT PEALE

by Arthur Gordon



*Although they're two of the world's busiest people, Dr. and Mrs. Peale spend as much time as possible at their farm near Pawling, New York, with John, Elizabeth (who's in bed with a cold) and Margaret*



THERE was once a little boy in Greenville, Ohio, who found himself facing one of life's worst ordeals—his first public speech. As he tottered to the platform in the school auditorium his glance fell upon a bright-eyed little girl in the fifth row. She seemed to be regarding him with interest, and so in the awful hush that preceded his first words he looked straight at her in a mute and anguished appeal for sympathy and understanding. "Gosh," she responded in a whisper audible for half a mile, "look at his knees shake!"

The result was one that millions of Americans have reason to be thankful for. Stung to a fine preadolescent fury, Norman Vincent Peale delivered an oration. He has been improving on his technique ever since.

When you look at the record it seems safe to say that no American clergyman of whatever persuasion has ever reached such an enormous audience as this sandy-haired, energetic Protestant minister. His syndicated newspaper column, "Confident Living," is read by millions. His weekly radio sermon, "The Art of Living," is broadcast over more than a hundred stations. Each week ninety-nine cities view him, with Mrs. Peale, on a television program called "What's Your Trouble?" Mail from these radio and TV activities alone runs between 5,000 and 6,000 letters a week, indicating a number of unseen listeners that borders on the astronomical.

In addition Dr. Peale directs the activities of Sermon Publications, Inc., which last year mailed over 5 million pieces of religious and inspirational literature—mostly reprints of his sermons—to people who requested it. He edits *Guideposts*, a monthly periodical, which he describes as "a sort of spiritual Horatio Alger magazine," with a circulation of 600,000, all subscriptions. He lectures some seventy-five times a year to audiences of all sorts and sizes (once down in Dallas he spoke to 50,000 people assembled in the Cotton Bowl) and has to turn down fifty speaking invitations a month. During the winter he preaches regularly to the 4,000 members of the Marble Collegiate Church in New York City. He also writes for major magazines.

And then there are his books. Of these the two most popular are *A Guide to Confident Living* and *The Power of Positive Thinking*. The former, published in 1948, is still selling several hundred copies each week, with a total of some 400,000 in print. The latter, published in (Continued on page 66)



*"If God be for us, who can be against us?"*

Our secret, say Dr. and Mrs. Norman Vincent Peale,

is as simple as these words of St. Paul's





But we won the prize,  
Honey and melody,  
and the special treasure  
that goes with it.

The background of the page is a vibrant, painterly illustration of a tropical night scene. In the foreground, the dark, silhouetted fronds of palm trees frame the top and sides of the page. Below them, a thatched-roof hut is visible, and a string of warm white lights hangs from its eaves. In the lower right corner, a man and a woman are depicted in formal evening wear, standing near the hut. The overall atmosphere is romantic and exotic, with a deep blue night sky and hints of distant lights.

by Elizabeth Stowe

# A man and his money

What would you have done  
about a man like Charles—  
who had a dollar sign for a heart?

● Haggerty, the Washington publicity man for Tradewinds Airlines, joined her at the airport. "Well, here you are, Marcia." He gave her that sardonic grin of his—and a big brown envelope. "Permit me to introduce Charles K. Summit, the man who won our two tickets and tried to sell them. If ever a publicity contest backfired—"

"Haggerty!" She had the envelope open. She was looking at the glossy print with wide eyes.

"Pretty, ain't he?" Haggerty said.

"He's—he's bringing his wife, of course."

"Wife?" Haggerty said. "He hasn't even got a friend. He sold his other ticket."

She cocked her head at the picture. A man without a wife hadn't appeared before on the Seven-Day Luxurious Sky Club Cruise to Gay, Exotic Havana, Fascinating Puerto Rico and the Lovely Virgin Islands. Women without husbands, yes; never a man without a wife. "Do tell me more, Haggerty."

Haggerty cast her a shrewd glance. "He's executive director of the Shraeder Research Foundation."

She smiled at the picture. "How dignified!"

"Seventeen grand per." (Continued on page 89)



*"Listen, kid," Leon said heartily,  
"come to Chicago with me—  
Why, I'll even buy you a car"*



# Son, this is your father

*She had never been able to say,  
"Your father is a liar and a cheat."  
She could not say it now...*

DINNER was almost ready when Virginia heard Scott's sneaker-clad feet land with a thud on the back-porch step. "Mom. Hey, Mom!" He stopped in the doorway, his smudged face flushed, his eyes sparking excitement. "She runs! My 'Filly,' she runs! Come quick!" He turned and was gone as suddenly as he had appeared. Virginia turned off the burner on the stove and went swiftly after him.

Scott was tall for sixteen, with broad, straight shoulders; but he had grown fast and was thin, his cheeks hollow below the high, strong formation of cheekbones and brow. Virginia was tall, too, and spare. They were quite a lot alike, mother and son; they had the same fair hair, the same well-molded nose and firm chin. She was not a pretty woman, Virginia Dickerson, but the good construction of her face and the friendliness and humor in her eyes gave her a certain marked attractiveness.

She crossed the back yard to the garage. Half out the door was Scott's "Filly"—the jalopy he'd been working on every possible moment for the past five months.

"She came out on her own power," Scott exulted.

Virginia laughed. "Not very far."

He eased off a little and grinned at his mother. "She was going okay, but I turned her off. You have to have the first ride in her."

Virginia stepped over the rolled metal that formed a door and sat on the low leather seat. Scott hurried around to the other side and got in (Continued on page 93)





PICNICK THREE LIONS



*A fine Sunday afternoon always brings a demand for a picnic, and one of our favorite places is Trim, with its lovely thirteenth-century ruins. My husband, who is particularly interested in Irish archaeology, instructs Willy and Maria. Sean relies on Nurse Josie Dowd (right) for his information. Martha will rely on no one concerning Trim. She was stung by nettles and has retired to the car*

*The long windows of our embassy residence at Phoenix Park, in Dublin, open onto the south lawn, which is fine for parties, Irish weather permitting. Our son Will uses it for American football, Irish hurling and English cricket*

*McCall's Personal Story*

# The TAFTS in Ireland

by Mrs. William Howard Taft III

*Life for the family of our Ambassador to Eire differs from life in New Haven. But for Barbara and Bill Taft it has an intriguing quality that makes you want to share it with them*

WHEN my husband was appointed Ambassador to Ireland the entire family was delighted. We had lived happily in Dublin for three years when Bill was working with the Marshall Plan, so we were returning to many friends in Dublin and other parts of Ireland. Our three older children—Maria, 10; Willy, 8; and Martha, 7—began school originally in Ireland, and although they had greatly enjoyed their two school years in New Haven, Connecticut, all of them slipped into their Irish schools again without much trouble. Sean, our younger boy, was born in Dublin only three years ago, and consequently was somewhat less impressed than the rest of us with our return to the country of his birth.

Living in an embassy is, of course, very different from living on a quiet street in New Haven. And it is also different from living in a pleasant house in a Dublin suburb, as we did from 1948 to 1951. The embassy residence must be one of the loveliest houses in Ireland, and the grounds around it give the family more room to play in than we could ever have hoped for. But if the embassy is different for us, six Tafts are also (Continued on next page)



Maria, 10, and Martha, 7, finish their breakfast in a very gay mood. It is half-term holiday at Park House School, and Daddy and Willy have left for work. For Sean, who was born in Ireland in 1950, every day is a holiday



The Dublin zoo is less than a mile from our house, so we visit it often. The older children love Sarah, the elephant. But Sean, less interested, has wandered off



Martha's sixth-and-a-half birthday party (we celebrate in the summer rather than on the birthday, which is Christmas) was a terrific success, with Irish pipers and Maria's jig





*Will, who is our 8-year-old, is currently the musical member of the family, and is studying the violin. He recently suggested he might also take up Irish pipes, if our friend Mr. Rowsome, the piper, "will take me on"*

## *the* **TAFTS** *in Ireland* continued



different for the embassy. It has been many years since the United States has sent Ireland a Chief of Mission with any young children — which may partly explain the great enthusiasm of our youngsters for Ireland. We are not able to spend quite as much time with our closest friends as we used to, because of the more formal nature of much of our entertaining. Then too there are many occasions when we must attend official functions given by others. We usually manage to get to breakfast more or less together. But the embassy is several miles from central Dublin and nearly two miles from a bus line, so the school group rides into the city with Bill, and after he is left at his office the girls are dropped at their school by 9:15 and Willy at his by 9:30.

I usually put in some time before dinner checking over the children's homework. This is getting complicated much sooner than it would have at home, as Martha has French, Willy has French and Latin, and Maria has French, Latin and Gaelic, as well as what she calls "the most ghastly mathematics — all in pounds, shillings and pence."

We have not yet been in Ireland a year this time, but our whole family is agreed to a man — or a child — that our stay promises to be an extremely happy and a very fine one indeed.

*Team sports are emphasized at a very early age in Ireland, and Will has already learned to play cricket, rugby and Irish football. When he can't find enough boys to make up a "scratch team" Willy enthusiastically drafts the girls*

PICKOW / THREE LIONS



*Willy attends St. Stephen's School for boys. Until they're seven, Irish boys and girls have classes together. He takes nature study, French, Latin, history, math, geography and English*



*Although most of our ordering is telephone for delivery, several days a week I make shopping rounds for a few favorite things from small specialty shops. The morning before my dinner party will find me at Magill's, where I buy French bread and cheeses to serve with salad*



*Checking the table arrangements and putting place cards about are my last tasks before any official dinner (above right). Formal official dinners are as complicated in their way as children's parties, and we have eight different types of glasses engraved with the United States seal*



*Young Sean is as interested as Mary, our Irish cook, in my demonstration of how I want the salad oil mixed. The Irish people don't serve salad as a separate course, but we try to have our dinners reasonably American*



*Bill says that having his picture taken is one aspect of his job he was never warned about. Here he is in his office, with photos of his father and grandfather, whose jobs involved having pictures taken too*





## 31 danger spots in your home

**1** Medicines and poisons that aren't locked up are a dangerous temptation to youngsters.

**2** Smoking in bed when you're drowsy can cause hard-to-put-out mattress fires.

**3** Frayed electric cords, exposed wires start smoldering fires, will give you a serious shock.

**4** Heating pad left on when not in use may cause a fire, is especially dangerous when wet.

**5** Scatter rugs on polished floors can mean a dislocated back or a broken limb.

**6** Trailing wires are responsible for cuts, concussions and unnecessary black-and-blue marks.

**7** Touching electric switches while you're wet can result in swift electrocution.

**8** Razors, scissors and knives have an attraction for children that can be fatal.

**9** Carelessly placed bathroom heaters can be as effective as matches for starting fires.

**10** Pools of water or soap on the bathroom floor are invitations to a painful fall.

**11** Doors ajar and drawers left open cause bruises and hard-to-explain black eyes.

**12** A top-heavy or weakly built high chair is an easily preventable hazard.

**13** Toys that have sharp edges, are inflammable or made with pins, can hurt your child.

**14** Paints and crayons made with poisons are dangerous if children put them in their mouths.

**15** The sides of a crib should never be left down when an active child is inside.

**16** Open windows unprotected by bars or screens invite youngsters to explore.

**17** A loose or makeshift cord may break when someone is sitting under a picture.

**18** A fire in a fireplace unguarded by a screen will throw live sparks on your rug.

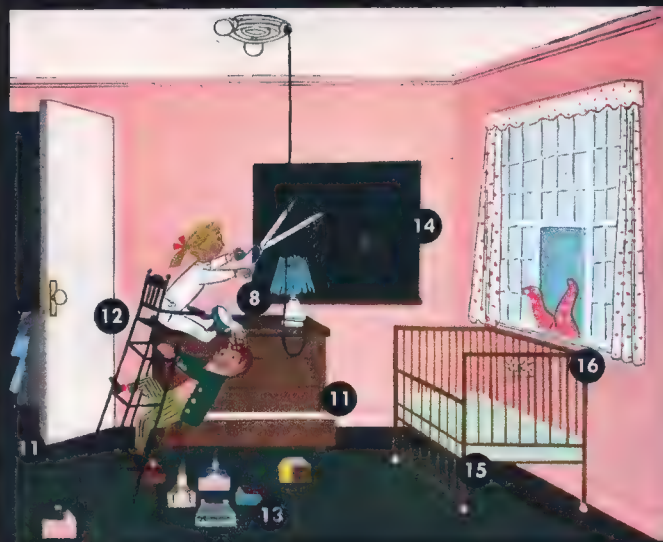
**19** Loose matches become toys in the hands of a child who doesn't know how to use them.

**20** Cigarette ashes dumped into a wastebasket can start a raging fire in a few minutes.

**21** Rickety, unsafe furniture can be a direct cause of broken bones.

**22** Mops, brooms and packages left on the stairs often cause nasty falls.

**23** Shaky banisters, loose or worn-out stair carpets are traps for the unwary.



JAN BALEY

## there is a way to stop **THE KILLER** **IN YOUR HOME**

Your children can be  
“immunized” against accidents,  
just as they are against disease,  
if you work at it together

Home accidents have reached the stage of an epidemic. They kill 30,000 parents and children a year. They cripple another 100,000. They injure 5 million more, seriously enough to result in lost time from work, school or play. The cost in dollars for hospital bills, loss of pay and other expenses is staggering—600 million dollars a year. And yet these figures are small compared to the cost in pain, impaired development of growing children and the emotional suffering and guilt of the families involved.

All this is tragically unnecessary. As a doctor and a parent, I am constantly faced with the question, “What can we do to stop this number-one killer and disabler in our homes?” The answer is not a simple one, *but there is an answer*. We can stop the killer if four groups of people will work together to do so: (1) mothers, (2) fathers, (3) family doctors, (4) community leaders. These four groups, I am convinced, can reduce the great epidemic of accidents to a fraction of its present size. If the advice that follows seems too demanding or too extreme I ask you to remember only that it works.

**The role of the mother:** Your job is to give your family an education in safety. You know your child intuitively as nobody else does. And you are the only one who can protect him against certain kinds of accidents by teaching him how to avoid them. A mother knows the rate at which her child is beginning (*Continued on page 62*)

*by Dr. Benjamin F. Miller*

LECTURER ON MEDICINE, HARVARD MEDICAL SCHOOL

**24** Repairing light fixtures without removing the fuse is the best way to get a shock.

**25** Carrying heavy loads up and down stairs is dangerous, especially if the light is poor.

**26** Crates, stools and slippery furniture are hazardous substitutes for firm stepladders.

**27** Irons start fires if left on the board while you tend the stove or answer the door.

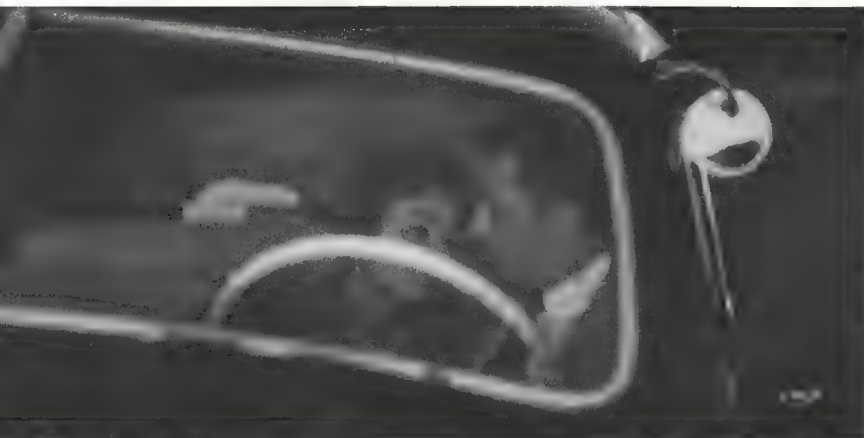
**28** Pot handles on the stove, unless turned toward the wall, can lead to a painful scalding.

**29** Curtains near the stove catch fire if the wind blows them over lighted gas jets.

**30** Spilled grease or soapy water on the kitchen floor will make you slip and hurt yourself.

**31** Poisonous or inflammable paints and cleaning fluids are safest away from children.





ROBERT FRANK

IN  
(having

## why marriages fail

**Fourth in a series** *Prepared in collaboration with Family Service Association*

### **In future issues:**

The way the money's handled

Unsatisfactory sex relations

Trouble between generations

Different kinds of family backgrounds

### **The master symptom of marriage failure.**

A wise and learned divorce court judge once told me, "I don't salvage marriages, as many people think. I am simply a public undertaker, engaged in burying dead marriages. The deadest of all are those broken by infidelity." By the time the complainants have entered his court, he said, their marriage bonds have long since been psychologically severed, the symbols of their unity destroyed. His divorce procedures have become primarily burial ceremonies, openly held, to let the public know that the parties are legally single again.

Infidelity is the one symptom of marriage failure most likely to be publicly recognized as grounds for divorce. And of all the steps in the progressive alienation leading toward divorce the most humiliating, and hence the one most apt to be final, is the discovery of infidelity. It is the master symptom of personal failure in marriage.

The types of infidelities which come to marriage counselors are, by and large, extra-marital relationships which have not been sufficiently discreet and now threaten to break up the marriage. Usually the

offender wants to stay married. The offended one feels duty bound to break off the relationship because of the repercussions on his or her reputation or ego. Professional counseling can do a great deal to re-establish the equilibrium of such a marriage.

The two couples whose experiences are detailed here asked for help just in time. The Kirks' marriage was still a fragile one. From David's standpoint his sexual affairs were unimportant. But few women can achieve even physical satisfaction from short, surreptitious affairs. Sooner or later one of his girls would surely have demanded a more permanent relationship, and the strain on the marriage would have been greater. The Foleys had been married longer, and had children to consider. But without help they too probably wouldn't have been able to get at the root of their growing estrangement. Fortunately in each case a counselor was able to illuminate for them how their infidelity was related to the basic needs they expected their marriages to fulfill.

REUBEN HILL

*Research Professor in Family Life  
University of North Carolina*

# FIDELITY

to prove that you're popular)

THE two couples, the Kirks and the Foleys, lived in the same medium-sized city. They didn't happen to know each other, yet for a while last year they turned up separately, but at fairly regular intervals, in the same simply furnished office in a local family service agency. And for the same reason. Neither couple wanted a divorce. Yet all four individuals realized that without some kind of help their respective marriages were very apt to smash up. At the start they were all convinced that their unhappiness was due to only one factor, infidelity.

In the Kirks' case it was David who'd been unfaithful, chronically and almost from the start of their marriage three years before. It was an utterly unimportant type of infidelity; David informed the counselor airily, just casual encounters that didn't mean a thing as far as marriage was concerned. He happened to be "one of those guys who couldn't get along without a lot of women."

Betsey Kirk, who'd paid the initial visit to the agency, felt she was unhappy mostly because she couldn't make any sense out of her reactions to David's infidelity. She'd known about it from the start. It hadn't bothered her deeply for a while, for she was an up-to-date girl who'd studied the statistics on the Kinsey report and had accepted (a bit regretfully) the light they seemed to cast on her own particular American male. She and David liked the same things and the same people—with some obvious exceptions—and since they got along just as well in bed as out of it she'd felt she had reason to hope he'd find other girls less interesting after a while.

Then one day a friend she was lunching with asked bluntly why she let David get away with so much. His affairs were engrossing the attention of the whole town. To her own surprise Betsey's up-to-date outlook turned into a horse-and-buggy, or even a Stone Age, one on the spot. She felt ill. She felt angry. And the next time David told her winsomely that sleeping around merely provided an outlet for his physiological tensions she even felt murderous.

From then on she didn't especially want to have intercourse with David. He sulked when she advised him to find his physiological outlets somewhere else. She raged at him when he took her advice.

"But I still keep wondering," Betsey told the counselor unhappily, "if a woman has any right to expect her husband to be faithful in this day and age." She looked greatly relieved when the counselor remarked temperately that any woman has a legitimate right to feel unsatisfied if she isn't getting what she really needs from her marriage.

The Foleys were ten years older than the Kirks—in their middle thirties—and a lot more prosperous. Ben Foley's business, which he'd built up from scratch, had done extremely well in recent years. Since Ben had been forced by circumstances to work his way through school and college, and later to support his mother until she died, he felt he was justified in being elated, even a bit smug, about his success. The

only hitch, he told the counselor to whom he'd been sent by his family doctor, was that since he'd struck it rich he and Rae had gradually stopped being a couple and had turned into two people living uneasily alone in the same house.

Actually they were far from alone in that house. During the daytime there were the two kids, ages 8 and 10, rampaging around. Later an assortment of guests whom Ben described sadly as "those arty bums" turned up. The majority of these guests were masculine, and on at least one occasion, when Ben had stamped off to his office in the evening to put in what was actually some unnecessary overtime, he was pretty sure his wife had had intercourse with the bum who currently rated tops with Rae.

Rae Foley admitted to the counselor, some time later, that this was true. "But in this day and age an awful lot of women are unfaithful to their husbands," she said. "In my case it didn't mean a thing as far as our marriage is concerned. Ben and I just happen to have an entirely different set of intellectual interests."

Most people who commit adultery manage to convince themselves, as did David Kirk and Rae Foley, that their affairs aren't important as far as their marriages are concerned. And a great many victims of infidelity wonder, like Betsey Kirk, if they're not a little crazy to expect their partners to be faithful. Those who look at marriage from the outside—doctors, lawyers, sociologists—feel that both of these viewpoints are lopsided. Yet they point out that they're extremely easily arrived at "in this day and age."

Theoretically nobody at all is in favor of adultery. In this country, as in most others, people who get married are supposed to remain faithful to each other the rest of their lives. Our legal system backs up this theory to the hilt. Adultery is grounds for divorce in all forty-eight states, and all but four states provide for fines and/or imprisonment for the guilty party (but seldom invoke them except as a weapon against prostitution). Juries, reflecting popular opinion, rarely convict a man who has shot his wife's lover. No church condones adultery, and several of them demand excommunication for those found guilty of it. People in general feel so strongly about infidelity that the members of a family will hide any evidence of it after it has been discovered.

Yet in spite of this universal taboo infidelity is widespread in the United States, and most people know it, even without the assistance of a battery of tabulating machines. It has been pretty well established that more men are unfaithful to their mates than are women, although the exact number of either is still a matter of some debate.

Naturally enough, anybody who can qualify as an expert on almost anything has come forward with an explanation for this paradoxical state of affairs. Some commentators blame (Continued on page 52)







# LET'S COOK CHINESE TONIGHT

by Helen McCully

The Chinese do the most wonderful and imaginative things with food. Completely different from American cookery but so delicious and refreshing that even dyed-in-the-wool, steak-and-apple-pie Americans fall straight in love. If you'd like to delve into the mysteries of Chinese cooking, here are six excellent and tested recipes with which to try your hand successfully.

## SWEET-AND-SOUR SHRIMP

2 lb shrimp	1 green pepper
3 tablespoons butter, margarine or salad oil	½ cup vinegar
2½ cups (No. 2 can) pineapple chunks	½ cup sugar
2 tablespoons sliced crystallized ginger	Pinch salt
	1 tablespoon soy sauce
	2½ tablespoons cornstarch

Make sure shrimp are shelled and cleaned. Heat butter, margarine or salad oil in a saucepan, toss in the shrimp and cook about 5 minutes. Stir occasionally. Now pour in pineapple and pineapple juice, add sliced ginger, pepper cut in strips, vinegar, sugar, salt and soy sauce. Cook over a low heat for 2 minutes. Spoon out a little of the liquid and mix with the cornstarch until you have a smooth paste. Pour back into shrimp mixture and cook slowly, stirring constantly, until the liquid is transparent and slightly thick. Serve with fluffy, piping-hot rice to 6.

More recipes on page 51

- 1 Sweet-and-sour Shrimp
- 2 Egg Foo Yong
- 3 Rice With Vegetables
- 4 Beef With Chinese Cabbage
- 5 Chinese Spareribs
- 6 Egg Rolls







*Smith Island, with its atmosphere of isolated calm, gives the impression of pleasant, easy living. But for Dr. Barbara Hunt, walking her rounds with her granddaughter, Barbie, life is so busy and full that not even tragedy can upset its course*

**BY JOHN KOBLER**

*It's an hour and a half across Chesapeake Bay to the mainland (two boats a day). When Dr. Hunt needs medical supplies she tells the skipper, rather than risk the island's inadequate phone system*



# ISLAND DOCTOR

**The amazing personal history  
of Barbara Hunt, M.D., has culminated  
in her strangest assignment,  
in one of America's strangest communities**

ON SMITH ISLAND, a remote patch of salt marsh in Chesapeake Bay, Dr. Barbara Hunt sets out upon her evening rounds, lugging two heavy black bags. She is a spare, stooped woman of sixty-nine, with sky-blue eyes and short-cropped hair as white as sea foam. She peers myopically into the gathering dusk through rimless eyeglasses. The fingers of both her hands are twisted by arthritis. But when she smiles, as she often does, the effect is one of youthfulness and gaiety, with, at times, a hint of mockery.

Summer is advanced, and as she trudges across the island in the suffocating heat swarms of mosquitoes and stinging flies attack her face and ankles, forcing her, every few steps, to put down her bags and slap at them. The oystershell-paved paths are harsh to her

feet. She chides herself for not having handed the bags to the Middleton boy to carry for her. But he had come and gone in haste. "Pa's mighty poorly," he had said, his speech low and draggy, almost languid, in the way of the islanders.

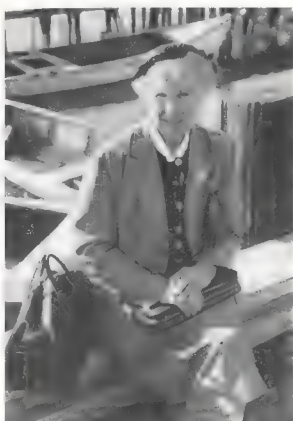
It is Captain Charlie Middleton's time to die. The old oysterman is worked out, his heart used up. His people know this, know the doctor can't help him, beyond easing his pain a little. What they want from her now, as they await the end, is the comfort of her presence, the calm authority, the inspiring words. And so she will sit with them a while around the sofa in the front room, where Captain Charlie lies. He refuses to take to his bed.

The islanders recognize her at a distance by her foam-white hair that glints in the setting sun, and call to her from behind their neat picket fences. Rose Tyler, a young woman holding a girl of ten by the hand, runs out to meet her. "That bite of John's is still festerin', Doc," she says. "Will you be stoppin' by later?"

Infected crab-bite is an occupational hazard of the Smith Islanders, whose sole means of livelihood is crabbing and oystering. The doctor nods. "You tell him be sure to keep the bandage moist."

The doctor is far more concerned about the child, with her pallor and rickety legs—signs that she is not (Continued on page 76)

*Courage, simplicity, strength  
—these words tell what  
Dr. Hunt means to Smith Islanders.  
"They make me feel wanted  
and really needed," she says*



*The island doctor finds a rare moment of relaxation  
in Roosevelt (named for Theodore) Evans' general store.*

*Since there are no movies or bars  
on the island, talking is the chief recreation*



GENEVIEVE NAYLOR



*Infected crab-bite, an occupational hazard  
of Smith Islanders, can be treated evenings in Dr. Hunt's  
basement office. She spends most of her time  
making house calls throughout the island on foot*



# clubwomen elect...



Committee of three to cope with nearly any situation . . . a printed silk-linen dress, a print-trimmed, solid-color jacket, a matching skirt. By Lipman Brothers. About \$45 for the three pieces. At Stix Baer & Fuller, St. Louis; Mabley & Carew Co., Cincinnati

a convention wardrobe that's interchangeable, packable and comfortable in any climate. We talked to women from all over the United States and from their suggestions assembled the smartest, prettiest possible clothes to meet their requirements

ACCESSORIES ARE IMPORTANT TOO.  
TURN TO PAGE 102





by Estelle Lane Brent

Arriving at your hotel . . . on the air for a television show . . . at the speaker's table . . . this all-wool suit with a trim 4-gore skirt looks wonderful and at ease. By Handmacher. About \$65. At Harzfeld's, Kansas City; Mabley & Carew Co., Cincinnati



Over-all planning . . . a brilliant coat of Orlon fleece that has great warmth, little weight. It will go over everything but a long dress. By Leeds. About \$60. At John Gerber Co., Memphis; Frederick & Nelson, Seattle



LESLIE GILL

Receiving line for admiring eyes . . . a handsome bareback dress of lace that packs like a dream. Silk chiffon, intricately draped, covers the shoulders. By Frank Starr. About \$60. At Harzfeld's, Kansas City; Mabley & Carew Co., Cincinnati

ALL CLOTHES ON THESE TWO PAGES MAY BE SEEN  
IN SIZES UP TO 20 AT THE FOLLOWING STORES:

B. ALTMAN & CO., NEW YORK  
CARSON PIRIE SCOTT & CO., CHICAGO  
DENVER DRY GOODS COMPANY, DENVER  
HUTZLER BROTHERS CO., BALTIMORE  
KAUFMAN'S, PITTSBURGH  
H. LIEBES, SAN FRANCISCO  
MAYER ISRAEL, NEW ORLEANS  
RICH'S, INC., ATLANTA  
SCHUNEMAN'S, ST. PAUL  
JOHN WANAMAKER, PHILADELPHIA



# RED, WHITE AND YOU



1 Red cabbage roses look almost three dimensional printed on shiny drapery chintz. Skirt is stiffened with bands of stitching. By Loomtogs. In misses and junior sizes. About \$18. At Famous-Barr Co., St. Louis; A. Harris & Co., Dallas

2 Vivid red embroidery scrolls the cotton broadcloth shirt, matches skirt of crease-resistant cotton poplin. By Toni Owen. In misses and junior sizes. About \$13 each. At The J. L. Hudson Company, Detroit; Ransohoff's, San Francisco

3 Red-and-white-striped cotton makes a full skirt and blouse piped with piqué. By Nelly de Grab. In misses and junior sizes. Skirt about \$11, blouse about \$7, belt about \$2. At Denver Dry Goods Co., Denver; Kreeger's, New Orleans

4 Red broadcloth lines the removable flange on this piqué skirt. Fasten it to a lower row of buttons for evening. By Jacques Heim for Korday. Skirt about \$15, blouse about \$4. At J. W. Robinson, Los Angeles; Davison-Paxon, Atlanta

5 A fine red line of satin piping outlines the neckline, cut V in front and square in back, and the pocket flaps of this white wool jersey dress. By Nantucket Naturals. About \$35. At Altman's, New York; The Dayton Company, Minneapolis

JEWELRY BY CORO  
PHOTOGRAPHS BY TED CRONER

1

*Red and white, eye-stopping colors  
for a winter vacation, forecast the clothes  
you'll be wearing next summer*

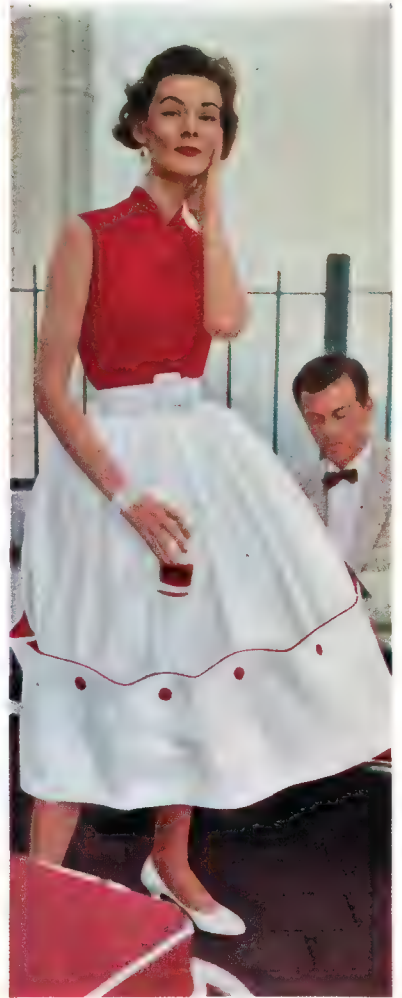


2



3

*by Nancy Wiener*



4



5



# If he's younger than she

*Fear of "robbing the cradle"  
is keeping many girls single  
when they could be happily married*

**I**F YOU were a woman over twenty-five and still single, would you marry a man younger than yourself? What do you think your friends and your family would say about the match? Do you feel there are especially serious problems connected with such a marriage? These are a few of the questions I asked recently in a poll of students at Fairmont College, in West Virginia. The leading question for the men students was: Would you consider marrying a girl several years older than yourself?

The women's answers to these questions were surprisingly different from the men's. More than 70 per cent of the women said no, they would not consider marrying a man younger than they were. And even some who said yes specified that the man would have to "look older and act older than myself." On the other hand, 70 per cent of the men wrote an unqualified *yes* to the question about older wives. Why are the women so opposed to having younger husbands? Largely, I think, because of prejudice and a fear of what other people will say.

"I know two marriages in which the wife is from two to five years older than the husband," one girl wrote. "Both of these marriages are as successful and as happy as other marriages these days. If problems do arise they're not because of age differences. However, I have always felt that I want a man several years older than myself. I don't know where this feeling came from, but I even hate to have a date with a boy who is younger—even only a month younger—than I."

Others said: "I would not have any respect for the opinions of a boy who was not as old as I," "I have always heard that a woman should be half her husband's age plus seven, because in that way she would be sure of marrying a man who was old enough to take care of her," "People would say I couldn't find a man my own age," "They'd say I was robbing the cradle."

Behind these opinions there is, of course, the understandable feminine desire for a husband who is mature and wise, a man who will be protective and responsible. "If he is older he must surely be wiser and more experienced than I," these girls seemed to be saying. But how wrong they can be! As anyone knows who has studied maturity and age, one man at twenty may be twice as mature and responsible as another at fifty.

I remember a student of mine who brought his fiancée to my office to discuss this very problem. He was twenty-three, a Korean War veteran, responsible, ambitious and really mature. She was twenty-seven, and in a state of panic because she had just discovered the real difference in their ages.

"Has anything changed me since you learned about that four-year difference?" he asked her. "I'm still the same guy, with the same plans about us."

She shook her head miserably. Such a marriage seemed "abnormal" to her. Everybody knew that a woman should marry a man older than herself. It wouldn't work. In a few years he would admit that he had made a mistake.

Listening to them, my thoughts went back to Germany just after the war, to another young man of twenty-three and another young woman of twenty-seven who argued the same way. She was the librarian in a broadcasting station, and he was assistant to the script supervisor there. Before she knew who he was she was interested in him because of his signature, which resembled that of an older man she admired. He fell in love with her simply because she was herself. Like the young woman in my office, she was dismayed to learn his age. Like the young man, he had no such sensitivity, and asked her to marry him. Fortunately it did not take her too long to overcome her prejudice. That boy was myself, and the girl was Margret, my wife. We have been happily married for six years.

Since then I have become acquainted with many other marriages in which the husband was the younger. Some have lasted many years; some, more recent, give every promise of enduring. Thus I could honestly say to my student's fiancée, "Such marriages are neither strange nor doomed, as I know from my own experience. You are engaged to an adult man, not a date on a birth certificate. Perhaps you are the one who is not grown-up."

I could also point out to this couple that 4,750,000 women in America are married to younger men, and that the percentage of divorces in this group is actually not as great as in the other group. One can also cite many famous marriages in which the traditional age difference is reversed. Nina Bing is five years older than her husband Rudolf, the talented manager of the Metropolitan Opera. Walter Hoving, department-store executive, is several years younger than Mrs. Hoving. The former Mrs. Georgia Neese Clark, fifty-three, until recently Treasurer of the United States, is married to Andrew J. Gray, forty. And, as their admirers know, actresses Bette Davis, Ruth Gordon, Eve Arden, Lynn Fontanne, and many others, are from four to seventeen years older than their husbands.

No matter what arguments or examples you offer in defense of the younger-husband-older-wife combination, the average woman has certain unshakable objections. Among the most common are these: (1) Women mature earlier (Continued on page 56)

# Greet wintry weather with cheering HOT SOUP!

Here are 3 easy suggestions  
for tempting family meals



by ANNE MARSHALL  
Director Home Economics  
Campbell Soup Company

THE wonderful part is this. Delicious meals for *them* really can be *jiffy* meals for *you*! For soup is so appetizing, so satisfying, that whatever you serve with it tastes better than ever. And remember—soup takes only 4 minutes to fix. Here are some suggestions for planning meals around good bowls of soup.

**1** Put slices of beef with barbecue sauce on toasted buns. Serve with bowls of Cream of Celery Soup—so smooth and delicate with its diced celery, crisp from the garden.

**2** Make a salad of apricots and pears (you can open small cans), and prunes stuffed with cream cheese. Pretty sight, on a bed of greens. And delicious with Chicken with Rice Soup. Tender chicken . . . fluffy rice . . . wonderful chicken broth.

**3** Have smoked tongue on rye bread, with pickles alongside. And serve with tempting Green Pea Soup—that velvet-smooth purée of green peas, creamery butter and expert seasonings.

JANUARY SUGGESTIONS FOR USING

*Campbell's* SOUPS



Good cooks keep a full soup shelf



CAMPBELL'S CREAM OF CELERY SOUP



CAMPBELL'S CHICKEN WITH RICE SOUP



CAMPBELL'S GREEN PEA SOUP



**New!** a shampoo that  
**Silken**  
*your hair!*

Sheer heaven . . . the way your hair will shine . . .  
so silky soft, so silky smooth, so silky bright . . . with  
new Drene. Breath-taking . . . that shimmering silkiness!

**New Magic Formula . . . Milder than Castile!**

*Silkening* magic! That's what you'll find in Drene's new  
formula! It lathers like lightning, rinses out like  
lightning—it's milder than castile! Magic, sheer magic,  
the way this new Drene silken your hair. Leaves it bright  
as silk, soft as silk, smooth as silk—and so obedient!



**Lathers like lightning—**

*no other lather is so thick, yet so quick.*

**Milder than castile—**

*so mild you could use this new formula every day.*



**This is a**  
***New***  
**Drene!**

A PRODUCT OF PROCTER & GAMBLE

## Let's cook Chinese

Continued from page 41

### EGG FOO YONG

1 cup cooked ham, pork, chicken, shrimp or lobster	6 water chestnuts (optional)
No. 2 can (2½ cups) bean sprouts	3-oz can sliced mushrooms
2 tablespoons flour	½ teaspoon salt
3 green onions	Dash pepper
	5 eggs
	Salad oil for frying

Chop the meat very fine. Drain bean sprouts and toss them around in the flour. Now slice the green onions and water chestnuts. Drain mushrooms. Mix vegetables with meat.

Add salt and pepper to eggs and beat slightly. Stir into meat mixture. Heat salad oil in a skillet and fry one ladleful of the mixture at a time over a medium heat. Fry each side 3 to 4 minutes or until golden. Keep warm in a low oven until all are fried. Serve to 4 with this good Chinese Sauce:

Make a smooth paste of 2 tablespoons cornstarch and 1 cup water. Add ¼ teaspoon monosodium glutamate and 1 tablespoon soy sauce. Cook, stirring constantly, until thick and clear.

### RICE WITH VEGETABLES

2 cups mixed vegetables (spinach, carrots, tomatoes, peas, string beans, Chinese cabbage)	1½ cups water, bouillon or consommé
1 medium sweet potato	1 cup rice
	1½ teaspoons salt
	Dash pepper
	1 teaspoon monosodium glutamate

Chop up all the vegetables; peel and cube sweet potato. Pour water, bouillon or consommé in a saucepan. Cook until it boils, then sprinkle in rice and cook slowly for 20 minutes. Add the chopped vegetables, salt, pepper and monosodium glutamate. Mix well and cook slowly for 25 to 30 minutes. If mixture looks dry at this point, add a little more liquid. Makes enough for 4 and tastes good with this lovely Chinese Plum Sauce:

Drain juice off a No. 2½ can (3½ cups) of green gage plums. Work fruit through a sieve, food mill or electric blender until puréed. Put plum purée in a saucepan, add 1 clove crushed garlic, 1 cup sugar and 2 tablespoons vinegar. Cook slowly for about 30 minutes, then cool.

### RICE, CHINESE STYLE

Get out a tall, deep pan, one with a heavy bottom and a tight-fitting lid. Wash 2 cups of long-grain rice in several baths of cold water (use your hand for more effective washing) until rinse water is clear. Drain off final rinse water and add enough fresh cold water to measure 1 inch above rice level—about 3 cups. Cover pan tightly and bring to a boil. When steam escapes, cook rice 3 minutes, then turn heat to medium and cook 2 minutes. Finally turn heat low as possible and cook rice 15 minutes longer. Rice is now tender, fluffy and ready to serve to 6.

### BEEF WITH CHINESE CABBAGE

1 lb round steak or chuck	½ lb fresh or 8-oz can mushrooms
3 tablespoons salad oil	4 cups Chinese cab- bage (about 1 medium head)
1 cup water	½ teaspoon salt
1 clove garlic	
1 large onion	

Cut beef into strips. Heat oil in a large skillet or Dutch oven, toss in beef and brown on all sides. Pour in ½ cup water, cover tightly and cook slowly for 30 to 45 minutes until meat is almost tender.

Meanwhile, chop garlic fine, slice onion and mushrooms, cut cabbage into slices about 1½" wide. Add vegetables to beef along with remaining ½ cup water and salt. Cover and cook 15 minutes longer. Don't overcook the vegetables.

While vegetables cook, mix up 1 tablespoon soy sauce with 2 teaspoons cornstarch, ½ teaspoon sugar and 1½ tablespoons brandy or whisky. Pour this sauce over the cooked meat-vegetable mixture and cook until slightly thick, about 5 minutes. Serve with rice to 4.

### CHINESE SPARERIBS

4 cloves garlic	¼ cup tomato purée or catsup
2 teaspoons salt	4 lb pork spareribs, all in one piece
¼ cup honey	1 tablespoon corn- starch
¼ cup soy sauce	Water
1 cup chicken stock or consommé	

Mash or grind garlic to a fine pulp and mix with salt. Now mix garlic, honey, soy sauce, chicken stock or consommé and tomato purée or catsup together. Soak or marinate spareribs in this mixture for several hours—better yet, overnight. Turn the ribs several times so all surfaces soak up the flavors.

Start oven at 450F or hot. Put spareribs and marinade in roasting pan. Bake 10 minutes. Reduce oven heat to 325F or moderate and bake 1 hour and 20 minutes longer or until ribs are tender when tested with a fork. Baste occasionally.

Put ribs on a serving platter and keep warm in the oven while you mix up this sauce: Add enough water to liquid in roasting pan to make 1 cup. Make a paste of cornstarch and a little water. Stir into the stock, cook several minutes until clear and slightly thick. Serve with spareribs to 4.

### EGG ROLLS

#### FILLING:

½ lb cooked lean pork  
1 large onion  
½ lb fresh or 8-oz can  
mushrooms  
1 cup (½ lb) cooked  
shrimp  
No. 2 can (2½ cups)  
bean sprouts  
2 teaspoons salad oil  
2 teaspoons sesame  
seeds  
1 teaspoon monosodium glutamate

#### WRAPPERS:

6 eggs  
1½ cups sifted all-  
purpose flour  
1½ teaspoons salt  
2½ cups water  
½ teaspoon  
salad oil  
Shortening or  
salad oil for  
deep frying

**Make up the filling first:** Grind pork, onion and mushrooms through your food chopper. Then chop shrimp into little chunks; drain and chop bean sprouts. Heat oil in a saucepan, pour in sesame seeds and cook until brown and toasted. Now mix all filling ingredients together.

**To make the wrappers:** Beat eggs with a rotary beater until light. Add flour and salt and beat until smooth. Now stir in the water. Heat oil in a little skillet 6" in diameter. Spoon about 2 tablespoons of batter into skillet and tilt pan so batter covers entire bottom. Fry over low heat until the edges begin to curl away from skillet. Fry one side only, then lift from pan and store on a tray until all batter, with the exception of ¼ cup, is used.

**To fill:** On the fried side of the wrapper put a heaping tablespoon of filling in the middle. Fold in two ends of wrapper. Brush edges with remaining batter to seal, then roll up other two edges to shape a little roll. Heat shortening or salad oil until a cube of bread turns brown in 1 minute (360F on thermometer) and fry egg rolls until pale gold. Makes about 30. Reheat in oven before serving. Tastes authentic with this Hot Mustard Sauce:

Make a smooth paste of ½ cup dry mustard and 3 tablespoons water. Remember, this sauce is as hot as the very blazes, so you'd better take care!

THE END



Serve this **Jell-O Salad** tonight!



**CABBAGE AND APPLE SALAD.** Dissolve 1 package Lemon Jell-O in 1 cup hot water. Add 1 cup cold water, 4 teaspoons vinegar, and ½ teaspoon salt. Chill until slightly thickened, then fold in ½ cup shredded cabbage, 1 cup diced apples, and ¼ cup chopped walnut meats. Turn into molds. Chill. Unmold. Makes 6 servings.

NOTE: Different Jell-O Salad recipes on other Lemon and Lime packages.

It'll be a snap to make



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• FLOWERS express man's hope for everlasting peace. Their delicate beauty and fragrance shut out doubt and darkness by symbolizing the love we hold for those we've lost.

And, because we love, we grieve. But, because we have faith, we look forward to immortality. To our soul's unspoken question on these solemn occasions, flowers whisper comfortingly, "Hope!"

Because... like life... flowers flourish and fade. But there is something in their vital beauty that cannot wholly perish.

When you can't be there with those who grieve, Flowers-By-Wire carry your sympathy across the miles.



LOOK FOR THE FAMOUS F.T.D.  
MERCURY EMBLEM. IT IDENTIFIES  
THE RIGHT SHOPS!

FLORISTS' TELEGRAPH DELIVERY ASSOCIATION, Headquarters: Detroit, Michigan

## Infidelity

Continued from page 39

the widespread condoning of infidelity on "cultural attitudes," and especially on what they describe as an "upper-class outlook"—i.e., that adultery is all right as long as it's committed discreetly. Other theoreticians conclude, as David Kirk did, that most men, and maybe some women, just aren't naturally monogamous. Still others (among them a lot of fiction writers) go on the assumption that marriage begins to look drab to the majority of people after they've been married a while and they think a liaison will be the cure for this condition. Psychoanalysts for the most part are of the not too popular opinion that infidelity, especially when it reaches the point of promiscuity, may be closely related to homosexuality, in both men and women. Every sociological study of infidelity has shown it to be detrimental to marriage and almost always related to inadequacies and dissatisfactions of one or both partners. Practically any of these authorities might be right.

Until the time when someone comes up with the answers, the people most directly concerned with infidelity (their marriages are apparently cracking up because of it) have evolved some practical, rule-of-thumb conclusions. They've discovered that if a husband and wife want to stay married, and if they are willing to work together on the problem, a divorce growing out of infidelity can be avoided. They can't do this by ignoring infidelity when it exists. And the one who is unfaithful has to be willing to admit that something is wrong with himself or with his partner, rather than with this day and age, and he must undergo the experience of finding out just what this is.

AT FIRST glance David Kirk didn't seem like the kind of man who had to keep proving to himself that he was popular, that people wouldn't forget about him five minutes after he was out of their sight. He was good-looking, an amusing talker, and he had the kind of easygoing good manners which made men as well as women like him on first acquaintance.

David's family, who'd been well off, had sent him to a series of boarding schools and camps, where he'd always had a lot of friends. But, he realized now, he'd always shifted friendships as easily as he made them, had never been particularly close to anyone but Betsey. He was afraid, although it was hard to figure out why, that if he tried to be too close to a person he'd be "found out" and cast aside.

Maybe all those schools and camps had something to do with it. His parents hadn't sent him, as was the case with some boys, to get rid of him, but at times he'd wondered if this wasn't so. When he was home on vacations, he admitted, his mother had spoiled him outrageously. He supposed he'd been expecting Betsey to carry on this tra-

dition, letting him do whatever he wanted. And he could see now that it wasn't fair to her, especially since she wasn't any too sure of herself. She'd grown up in the shadow of a sister who was a knockout, and Betsey underestimated her own attractiveness to an almost irritating degree.

Eventually David admitted, although a bit hesitantly, that he guessed all those affairs hadn't been a sign of extreme manliness, as he'd assumed, but exactly the reverse. And that he'd probably be a good deal more popular with himself, as well as with others, if he substituted one grown-up relationship for a number of very adolescent ones. Especially since he'd come to realize that he'd be lost if Betsey walked out on him.

Rae Foley reached about the same conclusion, in a far shorter time, quite possibly because she was willing to admit at the very start that she'd never really wanted those arty bums in her house and, on occasion, in her bed. Their appearance had coincided with a bad time in her life — when the kids first ceased being a constant care and went off to school, when Ben's business started booming and he no longer needed her to help him with the book-keeping as she'd done at first, and when for no special reason she suddenly felt thoroughly unattractive and unwanted.

Ben, who bore down much too heavily on this business of being a self-made man and a rough diamond, seemed to think Rae was looking down her nose at him when she tried to get him interested in music or books.

Her new friends liked the same things she did. But they didn't, as she'd hoped, make Ben more interested in her. They didn't erase her doubts about her own attractiveness. And they didn't satisfy her sexually, as Ben had just been beginning to do when everything went wrong. In short, about all they did was to up the liquor bills and make the Foleys thoroughly unhappy — something, as Rae remarked, that any high-school girl ought to have been bright enough to figure out for herself.

"I guess I was just a little bit retarded," she said to the counselor. "And now that Ben has come around to the point where he admits that even a rough diamond can enjoy a good show once in a while, I'm pretty sure things will work out all right."

THE counselor was pretty sure too.

Less so when she thought of the Kirks. A card she received from them recently reported that they were having a rapturous second honeymoon in a little cabin on a lake in northern Wisconsin. But there aren't many temptations in northern Wisconsin, and she couldn't help wondering if when David returned he'd keep on remembering that he'd finally grown up. THE END

The Family Service Association of America, through its 256 agencies in 225 cities, provides professional counseling services on personal and family problems.

a very personal story about

**EDWARD R. MURROW**

America's most human radio-TV personality

IN YOUR FEBRUARY McCALL'S



"I used to hate the way my skin looked!—peppered with coarse, dark pores—and so dull!"



"What a heavenly change! My skin actually looks clear... so much finer, I can hardly believe it!"

# You can almost make your skin over!

The simplest, easiest, *surest* of daily treatments can make an amazing change in *your skin*—*this very week!*

For the fact is—your skin is an incredibly sensitive thing. You know how quickly it reacts to heat and cold, sun and wind. In the same way, it reacts to the *kind of daily care* you give it.

The unsuspected cause of most "poor" complexions is *hidden dirt*. Not ordinary surface dirt. But dirt that goes deep into pore-openings, where it hardens and sticks—making your skin look dull, pore-y, coarse. Pond's Cold Cream is specifically designed to get right down to this deeper dirt that ordinary and less effective cleansings simply skim over.

## Refines by clearing deeper

Because of its unique oil and moisture formula, a Pond's Cold Creaming actually softens and *floats out* embedded, *water-resistant* dirt... makes your skin *fastidiously clean*. Your skin looks "alive" once more—clearer, finer in color and texture.

## Replenishes oils and moisture that keep skin looking young

Every day—skin-softening oils and moisture are stolen from your skin by dry indoor heat, outdoor exposure—

even by normal tensions and fatigue. A velvety Pond's Cold Creaming *gives back* to your skin softening oils and moisture. Use it daily, and your skin will reward you with a smooth, supple softness.



## This way of using Pond's Cold Cream is especially beneficial to facial contour

**1.** Every night, circle fluffy fingerfuls of Pond's Cold Cream briskly from base of throat up to forehead. This Pond's circle-cleansing releases embedded dirt. It speeds up lazy circulation. It smooths the fine lines of daily fatigue. Tissue off this first creaming well.



**2.** Now, a snowy, beautifying "rinse" with fresh fingerfuls of Pond's Cold Cream. This time, tissue off *lightly*. The invisible traces of Pond's left on your skin are wonderfully helpful for overnight softening, daytime protection.

*The Marchioness of Queensberry* says: "I've found the surest way to a smooth, fresh skin is a good Pond's Cold Creaming every day." And *Mrs. Archibald Roosevelt, Jr.* says: "I consider cream cleansing a *must* for my face—and I wouldn't use anything but Pond's Cold Cream."

*Start tonight* to give your skin this world-famous beauty care—a Pond's Cold Creaming. Remember, use it *every night*—and see a fascinating change come over your skin. Get Pond's Cold Cream in the *large jar*... nicer to dip into, and compared with the smaller jars, you average a *third more cream* for your money!





Cranberry Orange

# **REAL GOOD WINTER PIES**

*by Helen Flynn*

Pear Almond

Peach Banana



Apple Sauce Lemon

**A**S SOPHIE KERR writes in her and June Platt's delightful new book, *The Best I Ever Ate*, "the pie is America's own." For this very real contribution to the joy of eating we should all tip our bonnets to the American housewife, for it was she who first filled a fluted pie shell with fruit. Here we give you six recipes that seem to us to be winter fruit pies at their very best.

#### CRANBERRY-ORANGE PIE

Pastry for 9" one-crust pie	Grated rind of $\frac{1}{2}$ orange
2 large apples	$1\frac{3}{4}$ cups sugar
2 cups ( $\frac{1}{2}$ lb) fresh cranberries	1 tablespoon butter or margarine
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup orange juice (about $1\frac{1}{2}$ oranges)	$2\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons quick-cooking tapioca

Make up the pastry from a mix, from frozen pastry or your own recipe and line a 9" pan. Chill until ready to use. Start your oven at 450F or hot.

Wash apples, cut in half and remove cores. Wash cranberries. Now chop apples and cranberries fine or grind them through a food chopper. Mix ground fruit with orange juice and rind, sugar, melted butter or margarine and tapioca thoroughly. Pile fruit mixture into unbaked pastry shell and bake 10 minutes. Then reduce oven heat to 350F or moderate and bake 20 to 25 minutes longer.

Served cool with sweetened whipped cream or vanilla ice cream, you have a delicious, fresh-tasting winter pie.

*More winter pie recipes on page 56*



Apricot Chiffon



Raisin Walnut

ANTON BRUEHL



## If he's younger than she

Continued from page 48

than men; therefore a man should be several years older than his wife—a widely held belief; (2) women show their age sooner, and when they do their husbands will leave them; (3) only a boy with a mother complex would marry a woman older than himself.

I should like to say from my own observations as a sociologist that none of these objections is really sound. In the first place, *women do not mature earlier than men*. This is a distortion of a scientific observation that the teen-age girl reaches maturity sooner than the teen-age boy. Once out of adolescence there need be no difference in maturity.

I also feel very strongly that *women do not show their age as soon as men*. In all the reversed-age marriages I know the wife looks the younger. In general women take better care of their figures, their complexions and their hair than men do—and, unlike their husbands, they are ably assisted by cosmeticians and fashion designers.

The average woman of forty looks fresher and trimmer than the man of forty. Biologically women have it all over men for longevity, as life-insurance statistics prove. They outlive men by years. And, as for deserting an older wife, the kind of husband who seeks extramarital adventures will do so whether his wife is older, younger or the same age as himself.

Does the man who marries an older woman have a mother complex? No doubt many of them do, particularly those who marry women very much older than themselves, just as women who seek husbands many years their senior may have a father fixation. But Professor Lewis M. Terman of Stanford University, studying the problem of marital happiness a few years ago, refuted the notion that the younger husband is a mama's boy, who has transferred his dependency to a motherly wife. The most significant aspect of the reversed-age marriage, he says, is "the lack of evidence that the husband who marries an older wife does so because of excessive attachment to the mother." Only 4 per cent of the younger husbands in his poll rated their mothers "exceptionally attractive."

It'd like to add that, far from being a dependent sort of person, the man who marries a woman a few years older than himself is usually a more mature, more independent individual, who is not afraid to do his own thinking and depart from a powerful tradition.

**A**RE there no risks involved when a woman marries a man several years younger than herself? There certainly are, some of them very serious, but they are specific risks determined by the make-up and background of the individuals involved, not general risks to be applied to *all* such marriages.

One of the biggest problems lies not so much with the couple as with their meddling families and friends. And unless both the husband and the wife are strong enough to sever certain relationships, if necessary, they will have a very difficult time.

For one thing, the customary jealousy of the boy's mother toward a daughter-in-law reaches its peak in this situation, because the bride who is older evokes in her the special kind of hostility reserved for a rival.

I know how deadly that antagonism can be. My own mother was sick with jealousy when I married. I was her only son, and emotionally she relied heavily on me. She warned me that my wife would be old and useless, that she would hinder my career. For a few months after our wedding my mother became so difficult that I feared she and my wife might never get along. It was only after our daughter was born that my mother softened in her attitude, and later she became a good friend.

Even more serious than friends and relatives who cannot accept the unconventional age difference is a wife

herself who secretly broods about it and tries to hide it. I know several women in this tragic position.

One such woman, eight years older than her musician husband, is not willing even to seem his own age but constantly tries to appear *younger* than he is. As a result she simply will not permit herself to recall anything that happened more than fifteen years ago. Her husband's memory goes back twenty or more years. Naturally her conversation is filled with holes, and she is always on guard. Of late she has begun running around with other men in order to impress her husband with her desirability.

## Real good winter pies

Continued from page 55

### PEAR-ALMOND PIE

Pastry for 9"	Dash cinnamon
2-crust pie	Dash salt
½ cup unblanched almonds	½ cup heavy cream
3 eggs	No. 2 can pears*
½ cup sugar	

Make up the pastry from a mix, from frozen pastry or your own recipe and line a 9" pan. Chill until ready to use. Start your oven at 400F or moderately hot.

Grind or grate almonds first. Then beat the eggs slightly and stir in sugar, cinnamon, salt, cream and ground almonds. Arrange drained pears in bottom of unbaked pie crust and pour egg mixture over the top. Decorate with pastry cutouts and bake 30 to 40 minutes or until pastry is golden.

\*Dried pears can be used too. If you want to try them drop 1 pound dried pears (about 8 to 10 halves) in 1 cup boiling water and cook for 2 minutes. Turn off heat and let pears stand in the water for 1 hour. Then drain the pears, remove cores and follow the above recipe.

### PEACH-BANANA PIE

Pastry for 9" 2-crust pie	2 eggs
½ lb dried peaches (2 cups)	½ cup sugar
1 cup boiling water	½ banana

Make pastry from a mix, from frozen pastry or your own recipe. Line piepan and chill until ready to use. Cook peaches in boiling water for 5 minutes and let stand in the water for 1 hour. Drain.

Start your oven at 325F or moderate. Grind softened peaches in food chopper. Beat eggs until fluffy, then gradually add the sugar and beat 10 minutes longer. Stir in mashed banana and ground peaches. Pour into unbaked pie shell and arrange pastry latticework over the top. Bake 40 to 50 minutes. Perfectly delicious.

### RAISIN-WALNUT PIE

Pastry for 9"	¾ cup sugar
2-crust pie	1 egg
1 cup walnuts	1 teaspoon vanilla extract
1 cup seedless raisins	2 tablespoons dry bread or cracker crumbs
Grated rind and juice of 1 lemon	
1 tablespoon water	
1 tablespoon butter or margarine	

Make pastry from a mix, from frozen pastry or your own recipe. Fit half the rolled pastry into piepan, save remaining half for top of pie. Chill until filling is prepared. Now chop walnuts and raisins fine; grate lemon rind and extract the juice;

heat water and butter or margarine in a saucepan until fat melts. Mix in the walnuts, raisins, sugar, lemon rind and juice thoroughly.

Start your oven at 450F or hot.

Now beat the egg slightly and stir it in with the nut-raisin mixture, along with vanilla extract and bread or cracker crumbs. Pour into unbaked pie shell, cover with top crust (slash top so steam can escape) and pinch pie edges together securely. Bake 20 to 25 minutes. Lovely served warm.

### APRICOT CHIFFON PIE

14 to 15 graham crackers	2 cups (11-oz pkg) dried apricots
¼ cup butter or margarine	1 pt heavy cream
¼ cup sugar	6 tablespoons sugar
	1 teaspoon almond extract

Start your oven at 350F or moderate. Make the crust like this: Roll graham crackers fine. Then work or cream butter or margarine until soft. Add sugar gradually and work it in until the mixture feels smooth. Now stir or mix in the crumbs thoroughly. Pat mixture onto bottom and sides of a 9" piepan evenly and tightly, saving about 2 tablespoons of the mixture to use later on. Bake 10 minutes or until light brown in color. Cool.

Put apricots in a saucepan with enough water to cover and cook until tender when tested with a fork. Now work fruit and juice through a sieve or food mill. Whip the cream until it stands in peaks and mix in the sieved apricots, sugar and almond extract, sprinkle remaining crumb mixture over the top and chill until time to serve. Strictly wonderful!

### APPLESAUCE-LEMON PIE

Pastry for 9"	4 tablespoons butter or margarine
2-crust pie	1 cup sugar
3 lb apples*	Rind of 2 lemons

Make pastry from a mix, from frozen pastry or your own recipe. Fit half the rolled pastry into piepan, save remaining half for pie top. Chill until ready to use.

Start your oven at 425F or hot. Then peel, core and slice apples. Melt butter or margarine in a large skillet. Dump in apples, cover tightly and cook over a medium heat for about 15 minutes or until apples are soft. Stir occasionally. Mash with potato masher if apples look lumpy, then stir in sugar and grated lemon rind. Pour into unbaked pie shell. Roll out remaining pastry and slash to allow steam to escape. Cover pie and seal edges securely. Bake 20 to 25 minutes. Real good.

\*Or 2 No. 2 cans applesauce can be used most satisfactorily. When you do, omit the sugar, stir into applesauce melted butter or margarine, lemon rind and a paste made with 2 tablespoons cornstarch and 2 tablespoons water.

THE END

And then there is always the older wife who agonizes over each new wrinkle, and spends a fortune on beauty treatments and hair dyes.

I cannot help but contrast unhappy women like this with a particularly happy friend of mine who at forty-seven is four and a half years older than her husband. She is always taken for the younger of the two, but when she corrects that impression it is without emphasis or self-consciousness, as though someone said, "Your eyes are gray, aren't they?" and she replied, "No, they are blue."

Actually in this case it was my friend's mother who was opposed to the marriage and the man's mother who encouraged them to marry. "Men age so much faster than women in their ways and thoughts," this woman pointed out. "that the only way you can be sure you won't have to sit at home and read the paper night after night is to marry a man younger than yourself!"

Their marriage is one of the best I have ever observed. They live in a comfortable, unstylish house filled with books and records. Their likes are similar and simple. In the first years after their marriage she taught school so that he could continue his study of law.

Once I asked this woman whether she had ever felt any anxiety about being the older.

"Never," she replied. "I have always leaned on his judgment. His decision is always very valuable to me. Age has never presented any special problems to me, since it has never been a factor in our relationships with people. Some of our friends are in their early twenties, some are nearly seventy. But if we had been different kinds of people I doubt we'd have stayed married this long."

**W**HAT "kind of people" must you be? Not very unconventional, necessarily. I would say, rather, that you have to be sufficiently strong and self-confident not to mind remarks of the "robbing the cradle" variety. You have to trust your own convictions rather than other people's prejudices.

Though the intellectual occupations have the highest percentage of reversed-age marriages (classrooms, editorial offices of all kinds and the artistic professions seem to be breeding grounds for such marriages), the women who have married younger men come from every avenue of life. They are nurses, teachers, saleswomen, housewives. Some are women who have been married previously. Some are women who were establishing themselves in careers in their early twenties and remained unmarried until their early thirties. But all of those I have met seem to have one quality in common. They know how to think for themselves.

I asked all of those I know the same question: What advice would you give to a young woman who is contemplating marriage to a younger man? This is what they told me:

"Do the same as you would do no matter what the age of your intended husband. Get to know him well. There are many men who are not marriageable at any age. Find out the man's relationship to his mother, because that will be reflected in his general attitude toward you. Know his and your reasons for the marriage, and don't get married unless you approve of them. If you are going to stress age, then you'd better think twice about marrying a younger man. There is this to remember about the difference in ages: If it is a good marriage the two ages converge after a while. It all depends on the people involved."

THE END

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extra-tender kernels in DEL MONTE Corn

You could husk a thousand ears of fresh, sweet corn  
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in delicious natural sweetness and thin-skinned tender-  
ness. DEL MONTE's the brand. And your grocer has it.

### ALL-IN-ONE HAMBURGER CASSEROLE

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| 1 cup packaged rice (type<br>pre-cooked by manufacturer) | 1 lb. ground beef                                    |
| 3 tablespoons flour                                      | 2 tablespoons finely<br>chopped onion                |
| 1 teaspoon chili powder                                  | 1 No. 2 can DEL MONTE<br>Tomatoes                    |
| 1½ teaspoons salt  | 1 can (12 oz.) DEL MONTE<br>Golden Whole Kernel Corn |
| ¼ teaspoon pepper  |  |
| 2 tablespoons butter or margarine                        |  |

Grease a 2-qt. casserole. Measure rice from package and spread  
in even layer on bottom. Mix flour, chili powder, salt and pepper.  
Sprinkle ½ mixture over rice; dot with ½ tablespoon butter.  
Next, mix ground beef with onion and spread over rice. Repeat  
flour mixture and butter as above. Make a layer of the tomatoes,  
including liquid; repeat flour mixture and butter. Spread corn  
on top and dot with remaining butter. Cover and bake in moder-  
ate oven (350°F.) 45-50 minutes. Serves 6.

Try all 3 styles: Golden Cream Style, Golden Whole Kernel, White Cream Style



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your sweetest buy in corn

THE BRAND YOU KNOW PUTS FLAVOR FIRST



## McCall's Mike

Continued from page 9

it, "that the handicapped are not to be pitied, protected or isolated but to be loved for the very humanness of their problems."

**Executive, service to the community in general:** Dolly Banks has a mission in life—to wipe out racial discrimination—and she will allow no obstacle to stand in the path of its achievement. Philadelphia's Station WHAT, which she operates with her brother William, is the strong right arm of her campaign. Her tools are a series of radio programs aimed directly at solving specific problems of Philadelphia's 375,000 Negroes. Three of the judges voted this the top entry in its category.

Miss Banks has been in show business a good part of her life. She has been connected with WHAT for nine years and is now station manager.

Running in the opposite direction from the pack is the way Miss Banks operates. When she learned, for example, that no Philadelphia station had a Negro disk-jockey program she set one up and hired a full-time Negro announcer. Later she set up a breakfast show for Negro women. However, the program that has brought her the greatest success is the N.A.A.C.P. Forum of the Air. This program, designed to bring together people of varied racial and religious backgrounds for an exchange of ideas, really has developed a better understanding of the Negro in Philadelphia. One of its specific accomplishments was the acceptance recently of Negroes into membership on the 44-year-old Philadelphia Real Estate Board.

Typical of Miss Banks's mail is a letter from a Negro editor which reads in part: "Many of our campaigns and drives would never have succeeded without your help. And it is generally conceded that had it not been for your help the Negro College Fund Drive would never have raised the \$60,000 it needed during the current campaign."

**Executive, service primarily for women:** Daily during the fourteen weeks in which she ran her series on maternity Marian Gifford of Station WHAS-TV in Louisville, Kentucky, received letters like this: "I listen to your program every day—you have so much to offer. Today you made formula-making for babies so easy. Sometimes could you tell us about what there is to know about diet and low blood pressure?" Expectant mothers got the answers to these and hundreds of other questions like them.

Mrs. Gifford edited the series, directed and produced it and introduced the authorities on maternity to her audiences. Obstetricians, pediatricians, psychiatrists, health and hygiene experts, fashion specialists and nurses teamed up with her to give Louisville women the complete picture.

A native of Indiana and a graduate of DePauw University, Mrs. Gifford has been in radio and television since 1943, as a director of education, program director and home economist. Her program, "Good Living," first went on the air in March, 1950, the first regular local program scheduled on WHAS-TV. It was on this program that she introduced her maternity series in August, 1952, and a year later she followed it up with a series on "Infant Care—During First Year."

Mrs. Gifford has also been an enormous help to women who have already started their families. One of her largest responses came after a

fashion expert from the Stork Shop in Louisville spoke on "Maternity Fashions." "Maternity Exercises," "Return to Normal of the Mother" and "Bathing the Baby" were also tremendously effective.

**Executive, service primarily for youth:** Ask anyone in television today whether "Ding Dong School" is a good idea for a children's TV program and they will probably deafen you with enthusiasm. Yet two years ago Judith Waller, NBC's midwest director of public affairs and education, was one of the few people in the world who thought the program had any chance of succeeding. Her dream then was a simple, unpretentious half-hour of instruction for children under five. Her choice for the instructor—a simple, unpretentious woman, 45-year-old public-school teacher, Frances Horwich. Together with producer-director Reinald Werrenrath, Jr., of NBC's Chicago Station WNBQ, they had worked out a program. No glamour, no expensive set, no clever chatter—just a few crayon drawings, paper, scissors, simple toys and Frances Horwich sitting on a hassock,

it was specifically with this idea that Bea Johnson started her series, "The Forgotten People." Magazines, newspapers, radio and television, she felt, carried stories day after day about the 96,000 Americans who are killed in accidents every year. We forget, she said, that ten times that number are so seriously injured in accidents that they can never again live normal lives. These are the "forgotten people," the one million who are taken out of active life as a result of accidental injury. "I've seen thousands of them year after year," Mrs. Johnson says, "the blind, the maimed, the hopelessly crippled, the ones who don't even remember their own names. I've talked to their relatives at mental institutions, relatives who have mortgaged their homes and given up their own lives completely, hoping against hope their loved ones can be brought back to life again."

Bea Johnson's sister was injured in an automobile accident. For twelve years the right side of her body has been paralyzed. It was this that prompted Mrs. Johnson's campaign. The entire facilities of KMBC were

air every minute?" "Do you know that you have a heat regulator in your brain?" "Do you know that it's possible to take too many baths—to get too clean?"

With a quick, provocative question Beulah Donohue introduces the subject for the day—lungs, bones, heart surgery, mental illness, care of the skin. No subject is too difficult or specialized for intelligent, serious discussion on "Your Family's Health" over Milwaukee's Station WTMJ-TV. And for each subject there is a specialist who can explain the systems of the human body, can demonstrate new medical machinery, can put you and your family at ease about anything from a simple medical examination to major surgery. The average busy doctor in his office has little time for long explanations, but Beulah Donohue and the distinguished physicians on this program have time to discuss whatever her audience wishes to hear. "Your Family's Health" is just one of a series of programs Miss Donohue has conceived as part of her over-all program "The Woman's World." Her aim: to serve the community by substituting knowledge for ignorance in the field of health.

In private life Beulah Donohue is Mrs. Henry Hochstein and the mother of two young daughters.

**Broadcaster, service primarily for youth:** If proof were ever needed that Jean Sullivan of Omaha's Station KMTV is an incurable do-gooder, one would need look no further than the for the idealism, the energy and the plain good-heartedness of Miss Sullivan, parents of the mentally handicapped in Omaha would still be struggling to get their children an education. The story of her crusade for a building to house the Opportunity Center is a tribute to what one inspired woman can do.

It all started in November, 1952, on Miss Sullivan's five-days-a-week afternoon show, "Woman's View." Two mothers were being interviewed about teaching methods. Unexpectedly it developed that both of them had mentally handicapped children. Their story was one of tremendous courage. They told how, with the mothers of other retarded children, they had started their own school when the public schools had refused to take their youngsters. The waiting list for this school—pitifully inadequate, understaffed and poorly equipped—was seemingly endless. The Opportunity Center, as it was called, had come to a standstill, and unless something could be done quickly scores of mentally retarded children would never be helped. Most of all they needed a building, centrally located and specially equipped. The cost would be \$40,000. Jean Sullivan told the mothers she would make this dream a reality, and during the month of February she dedicated herself to making it so.

First she persuaded the mayor of Omaha to touch off the drive for funds with an official proclamation. Sewing circles, boys' clubs, business institutions were persuaded to chip in. Benefits were held by the dozen, and late in the month Miss Sullivan and one of the mothers flew to New York to appear on "Strike It Rich." In March cash, services and materials donated totaled \$40,000, and the Center bought a building. Construction work, plumbing, landscaping, electrical services were donated, and maintenance of the building was underwritten.

"You did it, Jean," a community official wrote Miss Sullivan. "You discovered a unique opportunity to do some good, and you followed it through. We are all extremely proud of you."

THE END

### BEST BUYS IN FOOD FOR JANUARY

According to the U. S. Department of Agriculture and based on normal, seasonal availabilities

#### MEAT

Beef  
Ham  
Pork  
Stewing chicken

#### FISH

Cod fillets  
Flounder fillets  
Haddock fillets  
Ocean perch  
Oysters  
Tuna\*

#### VEGETABLES

Brussels sprouts  
Cabbage

Carrots  
Carrots\*  
Celery  
Kale  
Onions

Parsnips  
Potatoes  
Sweet potatoes\*  
Tomatoes\*  
Tomato juice\*

#### FRUITS

Almonds  
Apples  
Grapefruit  
Grapes  
Oranges  
Peaches\*  
Pears\*  
Pecans  
Pineapple\*  
Raisins  
Tangerines  
Winter pears

#### DAIRY

Buttermilk  
Cottage cheese  
Eggs  
Nonfat dry milk

\*Canned

talking to children as she had talked to them for more than twenty years.

"This will kill television," one TV executive fumed after a preview showing. "It will lead to nothing less than the revival of radio."

What "Ding Dong School" actually led to was a dumbfounding response from thousands of little children. When "Miss Frances" suggested that her audience buy modeling clay or paints or pipe cleaners every store for miles around was sold out in a day. "I am learning to enjoy my child," a mother wrote. "If you had a sponsor and that sponsor sold long underwear," said another. "I would buy a set each week just to make certain that your program stayed on the air."

Today "Ding Dong School" has two sponsors and receives about 3,000 letters a day from grateful mothers.

**Broadcaster, service to the community in general:** Once an accident victim said to Bea Johnson, "I never thought it could happen to me." Mrs. Johnson, who broadcasts the "Happy Home" program on Kansas City's Station KMBC, has heard that phrase many times since. She knows the belief that crippling, agonizing accidents can happen only to somebody else has killed and maimed more persons than any other idea ever held by mankind.

turned over to the promotion of her safety campaign. In May alone over 1,000 safety reminders were broadcast by the station.

For three weeks Mrs. Johnson urged her listeners to write her for windshield safety stickers and to go to their filling stations to have bumper safety stickers put on their cars. She requested and was given the cooperation of women's clubs, church groups and school classes in the sticker campaign, and by the time the campaign was over 90,000 stickers had been issued. At least once a week she devoted a broadcast to child safety. She persuaded schools to write safety themes for her, which she read on her program. She gave dollar bills to children for the best safety suggestions. She spoke to more than 100 P.T.A. and school groups on safety.

What have been the results? In one high school where a youth court was established traffic arrests have been cut to less than half. Children's traffic-accident fatalities and injuries have been reduced to nearly half. The Missouri legislature has passed a number of bills to tighten the safety laws, and others are pending.

**Broadcaster, service primarily for women:** "Do you know that you breathe in four and a half gallons of

**THE FLAVOR STANDS OUT...**

# Here's taste with a 3rd Dimension!



## **New Instant-Flavor ALLSWEET**

**The second it touches your tongue you can taste new Allsweet's matchless flavor. Delicate and deep—in full dimension.**

Just a few short months ago we introduced a new, improved Allsweet.

Today, from Maine to California, new *Instant-Flavor* Allsweet is a landslide favorite. Its acceptance has exceeded our fondest hopes and expectations.

Those of you who have already tried this new Allsweet know what it has to offer. Here is a margarine with exactly the flavor you want in a spread. Delicate and natural—without the slightest bit of artificial flavoring added.

The big news, however, lies in the speed with which that flavor is released. New *Instant-Flavor* Allsweet gives you its flavor—as the name implies—the instant it touches your tongue. Quick as a bubble bursts, so to speak. It never lags.

Yes, here is taste with a 3rd dimension! A flavor that

stands out instantly. A flavor that lasts and lasts.

### **How it is accomplished**

An important change in the crystalline structure of new Allsweet helps make this flavor miracle possible. Instead of being flat, the crystals that carry the flavor are 3-dimensional... shaped like tiny, many-pointed snowflakes that yield their flavor instantly. ❄️

It is this crystalline characteristic plus a special emulsifying process that brings about the delightful, deep, full taste of new *Instant-Flavor* Allsweet.

### **Costs no more**

One might think that a margarine with such unusual qualities would cost a bit more. But such is not the case. Thanks to Swift's scientists, new Allsweet costs no more than ordinary margarine.

One might also believe that such an advance in flavor must have been made at the expense of some other characteristic. Again, this is not the case.

### **Smooth spreading... as always**

Don't think either that we've sacrificed something else for this flavor miracle. We haven't. New *Instant-Flavor* Allsweet still spreads easily—even when you take it from the refrigerator. And you still get the maximum in margarine nutrition, with each quarter foil-wrapped to protect that wonderful fresh flavor!

Tomorrow, get new *Instant-Flavor* Allsweet. Look for the words, "Instant Flavor" right on the package.



**SWIFT—TO SERVE YOUR FAMILY BETTER**

Be Swift's Guest Mon. Thru Fri.  
Don McNeill's Breakfast Club  
ABC Network



# ONLY NEW COLGATE DENTAL CREAM HAS THE CLINICAL PROOF

that brings new hope to millions for

## *Lifetime Protection Against Tooth Decay!*

Actual use by hundreds of people has proved the long-lasting protection of New Colgate Dental Cream with Gardol\*! Tests supervised by leading dental authorities—for a full year—proved this protection won't rinse off, won't wear off! Proved just daily morning and night use guards against decay-causing enzymes every minute of the day and night!

Now you can get New Colgate Dental Cream—the only toothpaste with clinical proof of long-lasting protection against decay-causing enzymes! The only toothpaste in the world with amazing new miracle ingredient, Gardol!

**LABORATORY EXAMINATIONS** of hundreds of people have proved that New Colgate Dental Cream with Gardol acts *immediately* to prevent the formation of tooth-decay enzymes—gives you the *most complete long-lasting protection* against tooth decay ever reported. Because Gardol's protection won't rinse off or wear off all day, just ordinary daily use—morning and night—guards against

tooth decay *every minute* of the day and night!

**CLINICAL TESTS** on hundreds of people were conducted for a full year under the supervision of some of the country's leading dental authorities. Results showed the greatest reduction in tooth decay in toothpaste history—proved that most people should now have far fewer cavities than ever before! And similar clinical tests are continuing—to further verify these amazing results!

Yes, clinical and laboratory tests both prove it! Millions, who use New Colgate Dental Cream *regularly and exclusively*, can now look forward to a *lifetime* of freedom from tooth decay!



**No Other Toothpaste  
Offers Proof  
of Such Results!**



**A JURY OF DISTINGUISHED DENTISTS HAS EXAMINED THE EVIDENCE!** Documented facts, recently published in an authoritative dental journal, have convinced these dentists that Colgate Dental Cream with Gardol is far more effective against decay-causing enzymes than any other toothpaste. And because Gardol is the *only* long-lasting anti-enzyme ingredient with clinical proof, these dental authorities agree that New Colgate's with Gardol gives the surest protection against tooth decay ever offered by any toothpaste.

\*Gardol—Patent Applied For



**SAME FAMILIAR PACKAGE! SAME LOW PRICES!**

Large Size 27¢ Giant Size 47¢ Economy Size 63¢

**CLEANS YOUR BREATH WHILE IT CLEANS YOUR TEETH!**

## FOR LIFETIME PROTECTION AGAINST TOOTH DECAY



## EAT GOOD EAT CHEAP

*by Eleanor Noderer*

# EAT LENTILS

**I**F YOUR purse and your taste buds want a change from meat, fish and fowl you'll find the rich lentil, known from time immemorial as the food of the strong and the poor, makes a very substantial and very tasty substitute. There are dozens of ways to enjoy this delicious high-protein food, for which we give you 4 excellent recipes.

### HEARTY LENTIL SOUP

½ lb (1¼ cups) lentils  
5 cups water  
1 leek (optional)  
1 onion  
1 carrot  
1 green pepper  
1 tomato

4 slices bacon  
3 tablespoons butter or margarine  
3 tablespoons flour  
1 can (10½ oz) consommé  
2 teaspoons salt  
2 tablespoons vinegar

Cook lentils in boiling water for 1 hour. While they cook chop all the vegetables fine; cut bacon into little pieces and fry in large skillet until crisp. Dump vegetables into bacon and bacon fat and cook until limp. Takes about 5 minutes. Add vegetable mixture to lentils.

Melt butter or margarine in the same skillet, stir in the flour smoothly and add the consommé. Season with salt and vinegar and cook until smooth and slightly thick. Add this sauce to the lentil mixture, stir, then cook over a low heat 30 minutes longer. Serve to 8 with crusty bread and a green salad.

### LENTIL-HONEY CASSEROLE

¾ lb (2 cups) lentils  
4 cups water  
6 slices bacon  
1 medium onion  
1 teaspoon salt

Pepper  
1 teaspoon dry mustard  
¼ cup chutney  
½ cup honey

Cook lentils in boiling water over a low heat for 1 hour.

Meanwhile, cut bacon in small pieces; chop onion quite fine. Now mix the lentils, an additional cup of water, bacon, onion, salt, pepper, mustard and chopped chutney together. Transfer to a shallow baking dish and pour in the

honey. Cover. Bake in a 325F or slow oven for 45 minutes, then remove cover and bake 30 minutes longer. Makes enough for 4, and it's mighty good eating served with brown bread, crisp cabbage salad and a simple dessert.

### LENTIL GOULASH

1 lb (2½ cups) lentils  
5 cups water  
5 slices bacon  
¼ medium cabbage  
1½ stalks celery  
1 onion

2 leeks (optional)  
1 can (6 oz) mushrooms  
1 tablespoon salt  
1 teaspoon Maggi  
1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce  
1 can (6 oz) tomato purée

Drop lentils into boiling water; cook over a low heat for about 1 hour. Meanwhile, cut bacon into 1-inch pieces; shred the cabbage; chop celery, onion and leeks fine. Drain the mushrooms.

Now fry bacon in a skillet until crisp. If you have more than 2 tablespoons of bacon fat remaining in the skillet, drain off excess. Add all the chopped vegetables, including mushrooms, to bacon and cook about 10 minutes or until limp. Pour vegetable mixture in with lentils. Season with salt, Maggi, Worcestershire sauce and tomato purée. Cook slowly 20 to 30 minutes longer. Serves 6 beautifully and heartily.

### LENTIL SALAD

½ lb (1¼ cups) lentils  
2 cups water  
2 teaspoons salt  
3 medium potatoes  
2 knockwursts

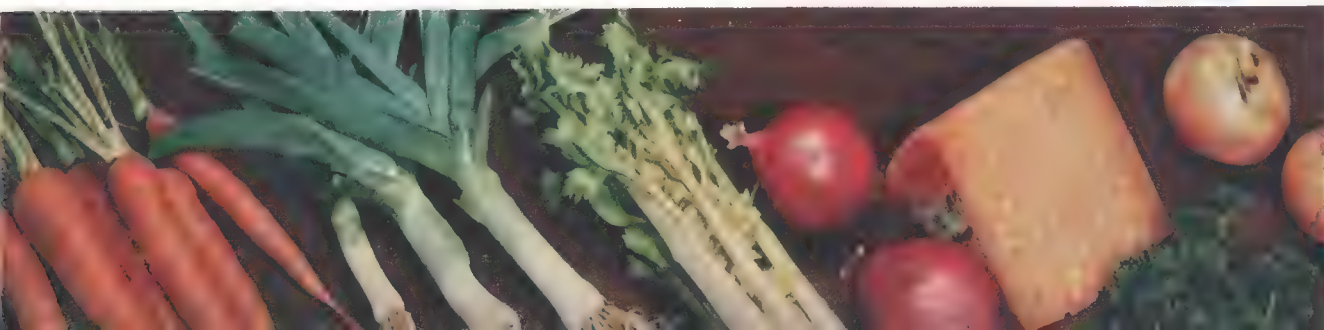
1 small onion  
Few sprigs parsley  
2 teaspoons prepared horseradish  
3 tablespoons vinegar  
3 tablespoons salad oil

Cook lentils in boiling, salted water for 1½ to 2 hours or until tender when tasted. Drain off all water. Meanwhile, cook potatoes in their jackets until tender, then peel and cut into little cubes. Peel and cut knockwurst into cubes too.

Mix lentils, potatoes, knockwurst together in a bowl. Add chopped onion, chopped parsley, horseradish, vinegar, oil and toss together thoroughly. Serve cool with crisp salad greens.

Makes a grand salad meal for 4.

ARNOLD SOBVAR





## All kinds of people like RY-KRISP



**Fat people who want to get slim**

...love Ry-Krisp reducing meals. You pick what you like best from long lists of foods—even have butter on low-calorie Ry-Krisp. See famous get-slim plans (for men and women) printed right on Ry-Krisp package.

**Slim people who want to stay slim**

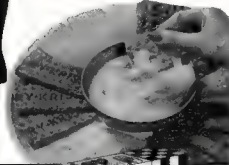
...love Ry-Krisp. Here's why: 1 double-square Ry-Krisp, 20 calories; 1 slice bread, 63; 1 muffin or biscuit, 129!

FOR HANDY BOOKLET with calorie count of more than 400 favorite foods write WEIGHT-WATCHER, 3113 Checkerboard Sq., St. Louis 2, Mo.



**Lucky people who eat what they like and never gain**

... just naturally love Ry-Krisp. With soup, salads, cheese. So crisp, such a hearty rye flavor. And—as hostesses say—so smart!



**Make Your Bread RY-KRISP!**

TO KEEP WHAT YOU OWN...

Put a **CASH'S** **WOVEN** **NAME** on it!

Replacements are expensive and harder to get. Mark your things with your own name, woven to order by Cash's, and prevent most losses. Cash's are a favorite identification with the Services, travelers and students, as well as at home. Ask your Dept. Store, or write us.

Send for FREE folder

"101 Ways To Use Cash's Woven Names."

CASH'S, South Norwalk 7, Conn.

PRICES 6 Doz. \$2.75 12 Doz. \$3.75 NO-SO CEMENT  
9 Doz. \$3.25 24 Doz. \$5.75 35¢ a Tube

## Stop the killer in your home

Continued from page 37

to explore new places and objects. You know how well or how badly he responds to prohibitions and warnings. A child who is too daring may need to be curbed with kindness and reassurance. A child who learns slowly will need a patient, thorough introduction to the beauty and danger of the Christmas tree. It is important to remember too that accidents are more likely to occur when we are tired or distracted. Safety lessons well learned and well rehearsed will usually carry the family automatically through a difficult day.

Education for safety must start early. Even a one-year-old can be taught the hazard of fire, hot fluids, cigarettes and matches. If you really want to get the full impact of your child's safety situation, try squatting on the floor at his own height. It's an astounding experience to look around the room and see the lethal objects that greet his eye level—the mislaid fruit knife or the scissors that have fallen behind chairs and sofas, the electrical outlets and the mouse traps or the dish of ant poison. Try to visualize the size and fragility of your child in relation to the grown-up furniture and bric-a-brac in the room. Think what that beautiful lamp with the twenty-pound base could do to a little skull if the child were experimentally to slide it off the smooth table. Or look for that top-heavy bookcase, ready to fall over with a slight push.

Once these hazards are spotted, apply corrective measures—no matter how foolish or alarmist the neighbors think they may be. If your youngster, just learning to walk, knocks his head against the sharp edges of the living-room tables every time he falls, remove the tables temporarily. A bare living room is more attractive than a fractured skull. If the fragile china ashtrays and the imported glass vases on the tables are a source of danger to the child, you'll have to remove either the child or the china. Any other course, especially if it is dictated by laws of interior decorating, is both foolhardy and reprehensible. When this intuitive understanding of the accident-proneness of children is supplemented by an awareness of the specific hazards of every room in the house, a truly safety-conscious mother has developed.

The experts in our safety councils, our medical societies and our schools of public health have carefully examined the histories of those hundreds of thousands who are killed or seriously injured in the home each year. It is up to you to convert these cruel facts into everyday preventive measures for the entire family, and to enlist the cooperation of your husband as the safety expert.

**The role of the father:** While your wife is intuitively gifted to educate your child against accident hazards, it is you who can best check the technical and mechanical dangers in the household. Also as disciplinarian you can quarantine or make taboo certain areas of the house. The cellar workshop, for instance, should definitely be out of bounds for children under twelve. This is also true, of course, for any room where guns and ammunition are kept, for storage rooms containing paints and solvents, for wells and cesspools. If gates, fences or even special locks are needed to en-

force the prohibition, they will be an indispensable investment.

At this point I should like to advise both mothers and fathers to quarantine certain areas in the kitchen for all very young children. More burns, cuts and falls occur in this room than anywhere else in the house. If you don't want to keep children out altogether, specify a really safe play area for them, making sure that they do not have access to lye, insect powders, bleaches, cleaning fluids and knives.

A father is probably better trained than his wife to locate dangers due to faulty electrical connections, unprotected stairs and porches, loose catches on safety gates, insecure window screens. (It isn't enough to have the janitor install the screens and let it go at that. They must be sufficiently strong and secure to hold the weight of the child or adult who leans against them.)

The father too is doubtless more familiar with the causes of electrical shock than his wife and children. It is up to him to prevent them from inviting certain death by touching elec-

**The role of the doctor:** It is our job as physicians to help immunize families against home accidents. Medical associations have been stressing the importance of accidents as another disease—a deadly disease—that our profession must combat. The Academy of Pediatricians has set up a committee on accident prevention, and many pediatricians are now discussing accident prevention with parents at the same time they immunize children against smallpox, diphtheria, whooping cough and tetanus. All these diseases together take many fewer lives than accidents.

We doctors can advise families on how to buy safe equipment for babies and young children. And we doctors know the dangers of leaving the baby alone on a bed while his mother searches for a safety pin. His parents may think he isn't ready to roll over yet, but we should stress that there always has to be a first time. We can suggest extensions for crib sides, to be attached before the jumping begins.

It is desirable for us to spend part or, if necessary, an entire office session each year with mothers, discussing the new hazards facing the growing child. How serious is the danger of his suffocating in bed? When will he start exploring open windows, playing with matches? We can help parents assess a child's proneness to accidents, can find out what is wrong if a child has too many of them—or too few. If nothing ever happens to a youngster, not even minor cuts and bruises, we, as physicians, will suspect an overly protective atmosphere, too much repression of normal activity and adventurousness, and will caution the parents against this.

And, finally, we can advise patients in advance what to do in case of emergency: what antidotes to take for poisons, whether or not to cover a burn before the doctor arrives, what to do and what not to do when a fracture occurs and the doctor is on his way.

**The role of the community leaders:** Your job is to provide adequate safety laws and equipment. Your fire departments and public health offices will only be properly staffed and equipped if the citizens insist on it. But your community agencies can go further. They can set up safety standards for the home and require that these standards be rigorously observed. If you want one badly enough you can have a census, on a federal, state or city level, of the innumerable home accidents which are not usually reported because they aren't sufficiently serious to demand immediate medical care. Such accidents are important guides to hazards that are more serious.

In the schools and parent-teacher organizations members of the community can provide the interest and funds for movies, radio and television features focusing on safety. Your children's teachers can encourage students to employ safety themes. In one town, for example, the teachers gave a gold star each week to every child who could prove that four safety hazards in his home had been corrected.

Social and service clubs, churches and neighborhood meetings can hold discussions of means toward accident prevention and instruction in first aid.

Once all this has been done, and accidents are treated as a truly preventable disease, you will have set the proper background for action. Through the four-cornered attack of mother, father, doctor and community, this great endemic affliction of mankind will meet its master.

THE END



trical outlets or equipment when they are in the bathtub or standing on a wet floor.

It is you who should warn your wife about the dangers of using electrical gadgets in the bathroom. If a small electric hair-dryer falls in the tub while she is bathing, for example, it means almost certain electrocution.

Members of your family may not be as familiar with the nature of combustion as you are. An electric heater does not exhaust the oxygen in a room, but all other types of heaters do, and they have caused thousands of fatalities.

If you are an apartment dweller, how are the fire escapes in your building? A safety expert once asked me to estimate how many parents living in apartment houses had ever actually walked down their own fire escapes. I said one in a thousand. Actually the number is nearer one in a hundred thousand. Why not try it yourself sometime? You may discover some interesting things. One of my friends learned that the only approach window to his fire escape had been covered with steel bars as a protection against burglars!

# HERE'S NEW CONVENIENCE IN MILK DELIVERY

*... just for a phone call!*

**"I'm Operator 25 . . .** in your local Western Union office! Just phone me and I will give you the names of local dairies who will deliver fresh milk to your home in handy, disposable Pure-Pak cartor



The convenience, sanitation and safety of these modern cartons are now available to millions of women who regularly have milk delivered to their homes. Long enjoyed by others who purchase milk at grocery stores, these popular cartons can be yours, too, for the asking.

Join the millions of women now getting this modern home delivery milk service in 39 states. Pure-Pak containers are used only once, only for dairy products, only by you!

Make that 1-minute phone call now! Call Western Union, Operator 25, and let her tell you where you can get this modern new milk delivery service.

Pure-Pak Division  
EX-CELL-O CORPORATION  
Detroit 32, Michigan

**Pure-Pak**  
EX-CELL-O CORP. DETROIT, MICH.  
YOUR PERSONAL MILK CONTAINER

*This trademark appears on more food packages than any other trademark in the world.*





Betty chops vegetables with the swift, sure motions of a good chef. The capers, for appetite appeal, the orchids, for eye appeal, both are indigenous to Key West

by Isobel Fistere



## Our **best cook** makes her delicious veal, tuna

*Mrs. Toby Bruce, a Key West fourth-generation "Conch,"  
gives a fancy, delectable twist to veal for her hot-night supper*

Not content with growing orchids, Betty now paints them. The tiny, hairy, spidery wild variety are a current favorite of hers

• Squatting on the shrimp docks, the Bruce family hang lines over. For bigger game they go out in their salvaged boat



PERHAPS it's because it's such a small island, according to Betty Bruce, that there's more going on per square inch in Key West than in most places. If such be the case she's the proper native, being small herself, but peppery, with electric hair and clear-cut ideas. And a great deal going on per square inch.

On this tiny island she was born; here she lives, growing children, orchids, freckles and friendships. Several months of the year she's involved with rehearsals for the Key West Players, several other months she's getting ready to exhibit orchids at the Key West Flower Show. But every and any day Mrs. Bruce is busy cooking. Cooking unusual Conch and Cuban dishes with lime and shrimp, papaya, soursop and fish. Lots of fish that come straight to Betty's stove from the Gulf. The Bruces being young, gay, hospitable — and good cooks — see and entertain almost everybody who comes to Key West. And almost everybody comes.



Betty and her mother prepare 400 hibiscus blooms for their booth at the Key West Flower Show. This is a daily job for the show's duration

"Not a bad break," agree the Bruces. "We can fix that fine!" With their usual skill, imagination and hard work they'll have a nice table in no time



#### MRS. BRUCE'S VEAL TUNA

4 lb rolled, boned veal roast  
2 stalks celery  
2 small onions  
2 carrots  
1 green pepper  
Bay leaf  
1½ teaspoons salt  
4 peppercorns

1 cup dry white wine  
½ cup water  
7-oz can tuna  
4 tablespoons mayonnaise  
1 teaspoon lemon juice, fresh,  
canned or frozen  
1 tablespoon capers

Put meat in a Dutch oven or heavy kettle, one with a tight lid. Then toss in the celery cut in chunks, quartered onions, pieces of carrot, green pepper seeded and cut in eighths, bay leaf, 1 teaspoon salt, peppercorns, wine and water. Cover kettle tightly and cook over a low heat until meat is tender when tested with a fork — about 2 hours. At this point remove veal and chill.

Drain tuna and fork it apart. Add tuna to stock and vegetables in the kettle and cook to a boil. Now drain off the liquid and save to use later on. Spoon out all solids remaining in the kettle and grind through your food chopper. Work this ground mixture through a food mill, electric blender or sieve. We realize this sounds like fussy work, but the mixture must be a smooth purée. Mix the purée with mayonnaise, lemon juice, remaining salt and enough of the broth, about 1 cupful, to make the sauce thick as a medium white sauce. Chill.

To serve: Cut the cold veal into thin, thin slices, arrange on a platter and pour the cold sauce over. Sprinkle capers on top and offer to 6 or 8. Real elegant, this.

EILEEN DARBY/GRAPHIC-HOUSE



On a warm evening Betty and Toby Bruce entertain in their lovely garden. A garden knit together with imagination and hard work, dramatizing a spectacular collection of orchids

**ALL THIS**  
garden-fresh  
flavor  
goes into  
**V-8\***



V-8 gives you the finest flavors from a summer garden—any season! For V-8 is a blend of the pure juices of all 8 of these garden-fresh favorites.

It's a delicious way to get your vitamins and minerals, too. Children and grown-ups love V-8 at mealtime—or anytime.

**\*V-8 Vegetable Juices**  
gives you the delicious  
taste and nourishment of  
8 garden-fresh juices

MADE BY THE  
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**Campbell's SOUPS**

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**FREE BOOK AND LESSON-SAMPLE.** Find out why our method can teach you quickly, easily, inexpensively. Write for Free Book and free Lesson Sample. No obligation. Mention your favorite instrument. Just Mail Coupon below.

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## Norman Vincent Peale

Continued from page 26

the fall of 1952, is currently selling from five to eight thousand copies a week, and has led the nonfiction best-seller lists for months. Prentice-Hall, the happy publisher of these two ventures, has been snowed under by more than 50,000 post cards telling them how helpful the books have been to readers with an endless variety of personal problems.

NO AMOUNT of mere personal magnetism could attract and hold such an audience. Clearly Norman Vincent Peale has something to say that people want and need desperately to hear. What, then, is his message?

Bluntly, it is that Christianity works. That it is not a pious enigma shrouded in an ecclesiastical fog. That it is a specific set of principles which, if mastered and applied to modern living, will give the individual enormous power over his own thoughts and emotions, and hence over his environment. To put it in Peale's own words, "Christianity is a mechanism designed for the transmission of power from Jesus Christ to the individual. It teaches techniques for obtaining inner peace, from which power comes."

Religion, in short, is a system of spiritual and mental discipline. If you will avoid wrongdoing, if you will consciously exclude hatred, resentment, malice, envy, fear, worry and such negative thoughts from your mind, if you will believe in the reality and goodness of God, entrust yourself to him and submit to his will, then, Peale says, power will come to you just as surely as power flows into an electric clock when it is plugged into a live circuit. It will change your personality, and by so doing will change your whole life. It will give you vitality, confidence, tremendous energy—everything you need to overcome problems or obstacles and attain success and happiness.

Not long ago a gruff old Chicago tycoon completely unknown to Dr. Peale called him long distance on the phone. "Are we together?" demanded this character without preamble.

"Why, yes," the minister said. "At least this phone is connecting us. Why?"

"Because you said in one of your books that if two or more people got together and prayed about a problem they'd get results. I've got a business problem, and I need results. I need 'em right away."

"Well," said the minister, "I'll be glad to pray with you right over the phone. And I think we'll get results. But I can't guarantee what they'll be."

So he did pray, and the man listened, thanked him and hung up.

Two or three weeks went by without further word, so at last the minister got in touch with the man again.

"How are things going now?" he asked.

"Fine," said the man. "Fine. Couldn't be better. That prayer business works, all right. I've been using it ever since."

"Why didn't you let me know?" asked the clergyman. "Why didn't you keep in touch?"

"Why should I?" roared the tycoon with shattering sincerity. "I don't need you any more!"

Norman Peale tells the story partly as a joke on himself, partly to illus-

trate his conviction that "any person with a problem, if he will surrender to the will of God and have faith, can have that problem changed."

This is a large statement, but Norman Vincent Peale believes in it implicitly and can back up his belief with hundreds of case histories from his files. He insists that there is nothing very novel or surprising about any of his precepts, that all of them are to be found in the Bible. This may be true, but his method of restating them is what makes him unusual. As one of his newspaper editors said, "He says the same old things, but he makes 'em sound different."

Peale does this by taking the great psychological truths and insights of the Bible, translating them into simple modern idiom and backing them up with homely anecdotes and illustrations that are completely understandable to his high-strung twentieth-century audience. Also, he is not afraid to be specific. Those who want the vitality and power that he promises must accept certain spiritual prescriptions and obey certain rules. The prescriptions are clearly indicated, and there is nothing confused or misty about the rules.

The most important (and perhaps most difficult) rule is: *Have faith*. Faith, says Peale, is the contact point with God's power. "If ye have faith... nothing shall be impossible unto you" (Matthew 17:20). The Bible means this, Peale says, factually, completely and literally. And "according to your faith, be it unto you" (Mat-

thew 9:29). In other words, if you have little faith you will get little results from any spiritual technique that you may try to apply. If your faith is great the results will be correspondingly great.

The problem of *how* to have faith looms so large in so many people's minds that Peale is planning to devote much of his next book specifically to that. If you want to have faith, he says, desire it deeply, wish for it, pray for it, and then believe that you are getting it. This is almost the equivalent of saying, "Have faith that you are getting faith," but actually it is a reflection of Peale's deep conviction that a sincere wish tends always to become an actuality. "If you want something," he says, "affirm it, visualize it, believe it, and it will actualize itself." He believes that his constant

exhortations to other people have strengthened his own faith. (John Wesley had a similar conviction.) He also believes that reading the Bible and memorizing passages that appeal to you is of great value.

The first rule, then, is to have faith. The second one is to place yourself unreservedly in God's hands, affirm his presence constantly, and try to subordinate your will to his. Do you feel personally inadequate? Is life too much for you? Do you suffer from an inferiority complex? The best way to overcome such fears, Dr. Peale says, is to believe that you are not alone. God is your companion, a benevolent, all-powerful, all-understanding friend who will help you if you let him.

"If God be for us," wrote St. Paul, "who can be against us?" Dr. Peale advises all people who suffer from feelings of inadequacy to repeat those words out loud several times a day, not as a magic incantation but because he feels that the suggestive power of words is enormous. Do you worry too much? Again St. Paul supplies a text: "Having done all... stand." In other words, do the best you can, then leave the matter in the hands of God.

EARLY Christians, according to the New Testament, devoted themselves to making converts and casting out devils. Norman Peale attempts much the same thing, and the modern devils that he tries to eliminate are fear, guilt, anxiety, worry—and the nervous tension that they generate. The tension of modern times is a favorite topic of his. St. Vitus, he likes to tell listeners, has become the patron saint of America. "Why, people are so jumpy that they can't even sleep through a sermon any more!" The reason? "Worry is the greatest power in the world except one—and that is faith." The solution? "Relax. Believe. Think positively." Positive and negative thoughts cannot exist simultaneously in one individual's mind. If you avail yourself of the power-packed principles of Christianity they will drive defeatism and negativism out of your mind. Not long ago Peale reread the Bible carefully and came up with forty quotations—"thought conditioners," he calls them, designed to do exactly that. He fills requests for these and other literature from Sermon Publications, Pawling, New York.

"As a man thinketh, so is he." This doctrine is by no means confined to religious writers. Marcus Aurelius said it: "Our life is what our thoughts make it." Emerson said it: "A man is what he thinks about all day long." Menninger said it: "Attitudes are more important than facts." Norman Peale says it over and over again, on the theory that endless repetition is necessary to drive any important lesson home. He likes to quote the scientist Alexis Carrel: "The most powerful form of energy that we can generate is prayer power." Nor does he hesitate to use scientific terminology on occasion: "The basic factor in physics is force. The basic factor in psychology is the realizable wish."

Prayer, to Norman Peale, is not a vague method of communication between man and his Creator but an actual channel of power that has just as much reality as the channels along which television programs are beamed into private homes. He believes that if one individual prays for another the first individual actually sends out impulses—or vibrations which reach their target and have a measurable effect.

He hopes someday to chart the effectiveness of prayer. Hundreds of letters reach his office daily asking for

**Meat-Loaf memo**  
Toss a fistful of raisins in with your meat-loaf mixture.  
Delicious!



his prayers. It is physically impossible for him to study each letter and offer separate prayers for each individual, so he has his secretaries make a one- or two-line summary of the problem involved. These summaries, with the name of the writer, are listed on long sheets of paper. Dr. Peale reads the list, closes his eyes and prays for them all. He is sure that if he got in touch with all these people the vast majority would tell him that they had been helped. But the mechanics of the problem are too formidable. He would need a dozen extra secretaries.

Actually he needs them anyway. The volume of mail is fantastic, much of it a sad cross section of human fears and failures. Letters come from people burdened with sickness and sorrow, people oppressed by a deep sense of guilt, people in mental institutions, people in jail. All are acknowledged. Dr. Peale does his best to answer personally the ones with the most difficult problems. Sometimes his words are very helpful. Sometimes not. "I've done everything you suggested," wrote a girl from Texas, "and tried to connect my life with God's circuit, but I'm beginning to think that I must be on A.C. and God on D.C." Peale does not let these failures diminish his own enthusiasm and confidence. "Maybe I couldn't help this particular person," he will say, "but I'm sure there is somebody who can."

PEALE'S sympathy for insecure people goes back to his childhood, when he suffered badly himself from shyness and self-consciousness. He was painfully small and thin, inarticulate to a degree, and desperately self-conscious about being a minister's son. His father moved from one small Ohio town to another, and Norman and his two younger brothers indulged in various high jinks designed to show that despite the shadow of the church they were no sissies. There were the usual surreptitious cigarettes behind the barn, painting of class numerals on the sidewalk outside the high school and—later—roaring down the main street of Bellefontaine in their father's Reo with the cutout wide open. Old Anson Carter, the grocer there, used to prophesy darkly that the Peale boys would come to no good end. So far he is a hundred per cent wrong, the younger brothers being physician and minister respectively, and useful servants of mankind.

Norman was graduated from Ohio Wesleyan in 1920 and became a newspaper reporter on the Findlay, Ohio, *Morning Republican*. From there he moved to the *Detroit Journal*. He liked the work, and was good at it, but was never quite convinced that it should be his life's work.

Perhaps his mother's wish that he become a minister was so strong that it had to be "actualized." One September night, while on a trip to see about another newspaper job, Peale dropped in at a Methodist conference. He was so impressed by what he heard that he spent the rest of the night in a terrible state of uncertainty and indecision. In the morning he decided to send a telegram to Boston University, asking if they had room for him in the graduate school. If they said yes he would enroll and take a couple of theological courses, just to see how he liked them. "I was only putting one toe in," he admits now. "I didn't even know if I'd get a reply to the telegram."

But he did, and in 1924 he was ordained.

Peale's first church was in Berkeley, Rhode Island. His next was in the wilds of Brooklyn, where he started



## VEG-ALL Hamburger Bake

A nutritious combination of 7 green and yellow vegetables

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Here's a "Pantry shelf company meal" sure to delight every member of your family—and you save money every time you serve it.

- |  |  |  |
|--|--|--|
| 2 11-ounce cans hamburgers in gravy or 1½ pounds hamburger meat shaped and cooked into 10 hamburgers plus ½ cup meat gravy | 2 1-pound cans VEG-ALL ¾ cup butter 3 tablespoons grated onion 1 teaspoon lemon juice ¾ teaspoon dry mustard | ½ teaspoon salt ½ cup grated cheddar cheese (may be thickened with 1 tablespoon flour) |
|--|--|--|

Arrange hamburgers and gravy in shallow, oblong dish, about 12 x 8 inches. Melt butter; add grated onion, lemon juice, mustard and salt. Blend and add to drained VEG-ALL mixing well. Arrange vegetables between hamburgers in crosswise and lengthwise pattern. Sprinkle cheese on top of vegetables. Bake for 15 minutes at 350° F. (moderate oven) Serves 5.

VEG-ALL with Velvet Sauce—only 7¢ a serving

- |  |  |   |
|--|--|---|
| 1 1-pound can VEG-ALL 1 chicken bouillon cube ½ teaspoon lemon juice | 3 tablespoons butter 2 tablespoons all-purpose flour | 1 teaspoon finely chopped parsley 2 long, thin strips canned pimiento |
|--|--|---|

Drain VEG-ALL. Simmer together the drained liquid, chicken bouillon cube and lemon juice 3 to 4 minutes. Melt butter, add

flour gradually, stirring continually until smooth. Add hot liquid gradually, stirring. Cook until thick and smooth, stirring continually. Add drained VEG-ALL and parsley and heat together. Serve in vegetable dish garnished with pimiento strips arranged in criss-cross pattern. Serves 4.

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with a dispirited congregation of some forty people, who met to worship in a shed-like structure that stood in a mournful expanse of vacant lots. In three years, by preaching sermons specifically designed to help people with their personal problems, the young minister built up his church membership from 40 to 900, erected a \$100,000 church and made its Sunday school the largest in Brooklyn.

From Brooklyn he was called to the University Methodist Church of Syracuse, New York. There the same

vitalizing process took place. When Peale found that few students ever entered the church he bought advertising space in local papers challenging them to come just once. They came, curious and a little suspicious. If this new pastor was going to harp endlessly on sin, and frown on anything that might be considered fun...

They got a pleasant surprise. So pleasant that they kept coming back.

Among them came a Syracuse University senior, a pretty girl named Ruth Stafford, daughter of a Detroit

clergyman. She was impressed by the dynamic young preacher. He was even more impressed by her. Their thinking on the whole subject of each other was positive and unanimous. They were married in the church on June 20, 1930.

Two years later, at the bottom of the Depression, calls came almost simultaneously from the First Methodist Church of Los Angeles, with the largest Methodist congregation in the country, and the Marble Collegiate  
(Continued on page 68)



(Continued from page 67)

Church in New York City, with a continuous ministry dating back to 1628. After discussing the choice fully with his wife, and after praying for guidance, Peale chose the New York pulpit. He has never regretted it.

In the past twenty-one years attendance at the Marble church has risen over 1,000 per cent. Worshipers overflow the nave into auxiliary rooms, where Peale has installed not only loudspeakers but television that enables them to see as well as hear the service. In 1937, with Dr. Smiley Blanton, a New York psychiatrist, he started a religio-psychiatric clinic for people with emotional problems. So successful was this experiment that the clinic today occupies a whole floor of a modern office building, with a staff of eighteen ministers, psychiatrists and psychologists. Operating expenses are met by the church.

Four times a year the Marble Collegiate Church admits new members. It is a young congregation, on the whole, and—contrary to the usual state of affairs—men slightly outnumber women. Among the new members every year are ex-members of many other Protestant denominations, and a good many former Catholics and Jews as well.

OF ALL the temporal reasons for Dr. Peale's success, far and away the most important is his wife. A person of great poise and dignity, she is an able administrator, a fine executive and an effective speaker in her own right. Her husband has great faith in her judgment. All his writings come under her discerning eye. She is a vice-president of the National Council of Churches, serves on many boards and committees, acts to some extent as liaison for her husband with organized church affairs, and somehow finds time to be housewife and mother to the three Peale children: Margaret, now a twenty-year-old student at Ohio Wesleyan; John, seventeen, who goes to Deerfield Academy; and snub-nosed Elizabeth, eleven, who attends a Quaker school in New York and in whom resides an undying passion for horses.

Despite the relentless pressure on the parents, the Peales are a happy and well-adjusted family. Not long ago a visitor to Sermon Publications' new office building in Pawling, New York, found Dr. and Mrs. Peale working steadily in adjoining offices, Margaret addressing envelopes and John washing the windows. Elizabeth was out somewhere, no doubt with a horse.

During the winter the Peales live in a New York apartment provided by the church. But summers and weekends they like to escape to their country home, a twenty-acre farm only a few miles from Pawling. They heard about the place ten years ago while visiting friends in the neighborhood. Dr. Peale went and looked at the old farmhouse, which was up for sale, came back and reported that he didn't like it. Mrs. Peale took a look, decided she *did* like it. They have been there ever since.

Actually they all love the place—christened Sugar Tree Farm—which is comfortable without being pretentious. They raise chickens, turkeys and a few beef cattle, which flourish under the knowing eye of a full-time farmer, a salty soul who does not hesitate to speak his mind. "You tend to the preaching," he told Dr. Peale in the beginning. "I'll tend to the farm."

This arrangement suits the boss fine. The constant moving about that he remembers from childhood left him with a deep hunger for permanence and roots. At Sugar Tree Farm he finds both. In an old barn back of

the house is a playroom with ping-pong and pool tables. Occasionally neighbors like Lowell Thomas or Governor Dewey drop in. Not long ago Thomas gave Peale such a drubbing at pool that the minister accused him of spending all his spare time in billiard parlors.

Sometimes Peale will play a round of golf, shooting in the mid-fifties—"for nine holes," he adds, somewhat unnecessarily. Mrs. Peale is all for this. "He's a different man," she said recently to a visitor, "when he gets up to the farm and into some comfortable

## Tasty tip for pastry cooks

Add 2 teaspoons of grated orange or lemon rind to your pastry next time you bake a fruit pie



old clothes." Peale reached for a pencil. "Your body into comfortable old clothes," he said, "and your mind into comfortable old ideas. You know, there's a sermon in that."

In the evening occasionally the whole family plays Scrabble, the new word game. The children like music, tennis, riding, all the normal American diversions. They are friendly, well-mannered youngsters, who take their father's prominence pretty much for granted. They don't like to be made conspicuous, though. At one point Mrs. Peale began to notice in them a growing opposition to going to church. Turned out it wasn't going to church that bothered them, it was sitting in the minister's family pew. Because then, you see," Elizabeth explained glumly, "everybody knows our father is the preacher." They got around this horrid dilemma by scattering the children in happy anonymity throughout the congregation.

In Peale's capable hands a good idea is usually put to several uses. It may start out as a 750-word newspaper column, then turn into a sermon, be expanded into a pamphlet or a chapter in a book, and possibly wind up on radio or television. "A good idea is sort of like a roast beef," he says thoughtfully. "You can make a lot of things out of it before it ends up as hash."

He thinks all week about his sermon, then on Friday he sits down and tries to "study it out," making a few notes and "picturizing" the notes. But he never uses notes when he speaks. Before every appearance he prays briefly, asking God to be with him. The most valuable public-speaking tip he ever received was from an old actor who advised him always to "practice

loving your audience." It works, Peale says. Audiences feel it, and respond.

He says that he invariably hates the prospect of going out to lecture, but rather enjoys it once he gets there. He is in great demand at business conventions, has addressed entrepreneurs of everything from airplanes to natural gas (now there was an appropriate occasion, he likes to tell you, slyly).

He used to worry somewhat about lectures where an admission fee was charged. "There I'd be, up on the platform, telling 'em not to worry or be afraid of anything. And down in the audience I'd just know there were some people busy counting heads and figuring out exactly what the box-office take was and saying to themselves, 'Humph. He hasn't got much to worry about!'"

He has eliminated that problem by signing over all lecture profits to Sermon Publications, whose expenses are met by voluntary contributions anyway. Even so, royalties from his books and other sources, and a substantial salary from the Marble church, make Peale one of the highest paid ministers (perhaps the highest paid) in the country. No one begrudges him this, because he earns every penny of it. As one of his parishioners said, "The man has an absolute lust for work."

For all the power he wields and the influence he exerts, Norman Peale remains an astonishingly modest man. People who know him best are absolutely sure that this is not a pose. Not long ago his publisher's wife asked him to give a talk under the auspices of the P.T.A. in Ridgewood, New Jersey. When he consented she gleefully

overflowing. But, despite his own formulas for conquering worry, Peale worried about it right up to the moment of his speech.

This humility, no doubt, is an echo of the original feelings of inadequacy and shyness that led Norman Peale to search outside himself for a solution to his personality problems. He found that solution eventually in the Bible. But he admits that the Bible is not an easy book to understand or absorb. It was not until long after he had become a minister that he began fully to understand it, to see that the truths it contained were actually valid in the modern psychological sense, and that the promises it offered were literally true.

In politics Peale is a Republican. He thinks President Eisenhower is doing "a good job, as good a job as anyone could do under the circumstances." Socially he likes people and reasonably gay gatherings. He neither drinks nor smokes. Liquor does not strike him as necessarily evil in itself, but he stresses its tragic consequences in many instances, and he feels that if he took a drink someone who could not handle it might follow his example.

Stories of how he has helped people are almost endless. Recently an American ambassador wrote to him from his post overseas. A self-made man, his problem was the familiar one—a sense of inadequacy to the social demands of his job. Peale wrote him a little sermon on shyness, which he defines as "inverted egotism." "Don't try to be like the people you are dealing with," he wrote. "Be yourself. Be natural. Shyness comes from tension and self-consciousness. Pick out some unhappy-looking person at your next function and make him feel at ease..." The diplomat wrote back gratefully that this advice had helped a lot.

A man who had failed dismally at several business ventures heard Peale preach on the value of faith, even if it were as small as a grain of mustard seed. He took to carrying a mustard seed in his pocket to remind himself of this. But he kept losing it. The idea finally came to him of enclosing the seeds in plastic and selling them as sort of spiritual reminders to go on charm bracelets, key rings and the like. Now he has a booming business.

THERE are, inevitably, people who criticize Peale. Some feel that his capsule solutions for everything are too simple. They are pained by the cards he issues with ten rules on each. Others complain that he is endlessly repetitious. Still others feel that he is too much of a go-getter and not enough of a theologian.

Peale does not mind the first charge, of being a simplifier. That's what he considers himself. "After all, most great ideas are basically simple." And he cheerfully admits to being repetitious. "A teacher has to be." As for being a go-getter, he is convinced that Christianity is tremendously worth going for yourself, and getting for other people.

At fifty-five Peale is at the height of his remarkable career. He is already at work on another book, which will deal, among other things, with the relationship of right thinking to physical health. With his wife's constant support and encouragement he handles his backbreaking schedule with no visible strain and little apparent effort. Perhaps the secret formula is contained in the nine words carved on a bit of polished wood in his office: "Trust God—and live one day at a time."

That's what Norman Vincent Peale does. For him it works. THE END

## Smacking good sundae

Vanilla ice cream with a big spoonful of heated mincemeat over the top



fully made arrangements for the address to be given in the largest hall she could find, which happened to be the high-school auditorium.

Upon hearing this Dr. Peale was much alarmed and wrote her a letter urging that she choose a smaller place. He said he could not possibly draw enough people to fill so large a hall, and was afraid the empty seats might prove embarrassing to both of them. His secretary, however, was more realistic. "Suggest you ignore this," she wrote politely under the ministerial signature. The publisher's wife did ignore it, and the hall was filled to



## Three don't make a marriage

Continued from page 24

went back into the bedroom. As the door closed, Jim heard the intimate sound of a woman laughing softly.

He picked ice out of a sterling silver ice bucket and took a look around. He was in a world of light, warmth and texture. Modern, the really good kind of modern that looked like something the Greeks and ancient Chinese might have perfected, and colors that melted away under the eye. Very much in evidence were the badges of the newly married: the wedding gifts of silver boxes, bowls and ash trays. Also there were some very fine paintings and a Maillol sculpture. But—he couldn't put his finger on it—there was something, an odd feeling to the room. A stiffness, a strangeness. He didn't know just what, but—

"Hello, Jim Crane," said a soft voice in back of him.

HE TURNED guiltily and had something of a shock. She was a beautiful girl, tall, with slender limbs, short-tendrilled dark hair, a snub-nosed young face made cool and classic by high cheekbones. She wore something that rustled when she moved, and as she came toward him like a dancer in the little velvet ballet slippers she wore, he felt a surge of pure, unselfish happiness for George. Here was the sort of girl George had always wanted but had never been able to get.

Her smile was almost shy as she extended her hand. "I'm Pat. I'm sorry we took so long, but George and I invariably get into an involved discussion, just when we ought to be bathing and dressing." She laughed, and Jim felt envy at the cozy domestic picture her words presented.

"I've been making a drink," he said. "Can I make you one?"

"Love one," she said, and bustled out to the kitchen, returning after a minute with a tray of puffy cheese-balls. She put them on the coffee table and sat down on the couch with a great billowing out of skirts. Sipping the drink he handed her, she said: "George told me about the wild parties you had before games, and how you made these and no one ever got to the game, or if you did no one saw it!"

Jim sat down beside her. "We had a lot of laughs in those days."

"I know. He's told me all about it." He looked at her quizzically. All about what? Did she know, for instance, that George had been one of the loneliest boys at college, and that until he had moved across the hall from Jim and his two roommates he hadn't really had a friend? Did she know that he and George had never had more than a casual acquaintance, and that running into him, as he had yesterday, he'd been surprised and startled by George's burst of recognition and eager friendship, and by the instant invitation to come to dinner and meet his wife?

"As a matter of fact," Pat said, "you're one of George's favorite topics of conversation. I guess you were just about the best friend he made at college. He never could understand why he didn't hear from you while you were in Europe."

There was his answer. Embarrassed, he said: "I meant to write, but when you get over there you seem to cut all ties. You never think of home."

"It must be funny, coming back and finding all your friends changed... married or something."

I wouldn't know, he thought, since I haven't looked up any of my real friends. And I won't, until I've a job, an apartment and what looks like a future. Until I'm not ashamed to face them. "A lot of things can happen in three years," he said in answer.

The bedroom door opened then, and George came out, spruce and well dressed. "Sorry," he said to Jim, "but if you remember, I was always late!"

Jim felt a faint twinge of annoyance. When was all this play on the past going to stop? He was prepared to meet George anew, with a fresh start, not on the basis of the college acquaintance-ship they'd had. Obviously George had changed—there was something different in his eyes, his face. The terrible shyness and insecurity seemed to be gone. He wanted to know this George, not the other one.

It was while they were having cocktails that Jim decided what was strange about the beautiful apartment. It had the unmistakable air a room achieves when it has never been used to entertain before. Although George and Pat had been married almost three months, Jim felt reasonably sure that he was the first guest to come into the place. The thought made him sad and depressed. In that respect, then, George hadn't changed. He still hadn't any real friends.

But the dinner was superb. Pat was a wonderful cook, and all during dinner Jim could not stop looking at her, wondering how on earth George had managed to win her. George, with his uncanny sensitivity, seemed to recognize this and recounted the way he'd met Pat right in his father's publishing house, Parker Press: "She was sitting in a windowless little cubbyhole down on the twelfth floor, reading all the bad novels. She had on a red sweater, and a red ribbon in her hair—imagine, Jim, a ribbon! I was just supposed to find out why she was taking so long to turn in a report on one of the books, but I stayed and talked her into going out for a long, expensive lunch with me."

"On the expense account!" said Pat, laughing across the candlelit table. She was, thought Jim again, exceedingly beautiful.

George laughed the happy laugh of a man in love, beloved. "Sure it was the expense account! But you'd never been to '21 before, and I thought I'd impress you."

"That wasn't what impressed me. What did impress me was your appetite. You put away the most enormous amount of food—and you were so skinny. I guess you started working on my maternal side first. I thought: How I'd love to cook a dinner for this poor wail!"

"Wail?" Jim laughed, thinking of George, heir to the Parker millions.

"Yes," said George quietly, "she sometimes calls me that."

THEY laughed a lot and lingered over the meal. Later, when they adjourned to the living room, Jim told them, at their insistence, all about his three years abroad. He felt uncomfortable as he listened to himself spin that shiftless, worthless time into a compactness of purposeful work. He did not tell them that he'd only worked for E.C.A. his last eight months there, or that he'd got the job only because he'd run through all his money.

"But the Information Division of E.C.A.—what did you do for them?" asked Pat, eager, interested, impressed.

"Oh, things like distribute educational films... send movies to Denmark that showed Danish farmers improved methods of plowing, send movies to Italian farmers that showed them modern irrigation projects."

"How fascinating! Just think of all you've seen and learned!"

"Oh, yes," said Jim in a reminiscent tone. Actually, he was remembering the day he'd awakened in a cheap little hotel in Rome to face the knowledge that he was dead broke. Panic, guilt and sudden shame to realize that he had wasted three years of his life, three years in which he could have built and planned, as George had done. Three years in which he could have won himself a place in advertising, the career he knew he was most suited for, but which he had postponed, postponed, until now he felt it was too late.

"What are you going to do now that you're back?" asked George, "What sort of job have you been looking for?"

"Something in publishing or advertising," said Jim, and lighted a cigarette.

He did not see the look Pat and George exchanged. George asked: "What luck have you had?"

"None. But I've only been to two publishing houses. At both places the interviewers were totally unimpressed with my experience: editor of the college literary magazine." He laughed mirthlessly at himself.

Pat looked at George, and he said: "Why didn't you call me first thing if you wanted a job in publishing?"

Jim could hardly say: Because, before meeting you yesterday, I hadn't thought of you at all. "At a time like this, you don't want to go around begging friends for favors."

"What else are friends for?" said George, and smiled at Pat.

JIM felt uneasy and guilty. After meeting George yesterday, he had hoped and wondered how this moment could be brought about. "Is there—have you any openings at Parker Press?"

"Not right away, but there will be in about six weeks—right after the first of the year. Could you possibly hold out that long?"

Could he! He had enough money to last him two months if it was necessary. "Sure I could hold out," he said as calmly as possible. "But I'm not sure that I'd be right for the job. Remember—no experience."

"Listen, Jim, I know that job," said Pat in her cool, clear voice, "and you've got everything it needs. You'd be perfect. Wouldn't he, George?"

George nodded. "There would only be the matter of Dad's approving you. But that wouldn't amount to anything at all. He still remembers you from college and he often asks whatever happened to 'that bright Crane fellow.'" George smiled awkwardly. "So you see, it's really a sure thing—if you want the job."

Jim couldn't help reddening. It had been too easy. "I think I can say," he said, forcing a smile, "that I'm interested in the job."

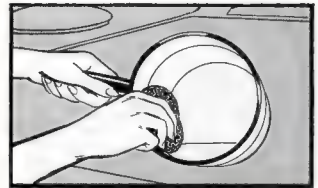
Pat stood up, her dark eyes bright. "Now we'll have to celebrate!"

In an attempt to rid himself of the nagging guilt, Jim insisted the celebration be on him, so they all went out to a small night club a few blocks away. To his surprise the headwaiter remembered him from the old days and gave them a fine table, right up near the piano, and the pianist, who also remembered him, came over and sat at their table during breaks. George and Pat seemed unduly impressed, and Pat turned to George and said: "You were telling the truth when you said that your friend Jim was born a natural charmer!"

At midnight a party of four came in and sat at a table near theirs: two tall, well-dressed, handsome men with

(Continued on page 72)

## When food



Eggs, mush, macaroni, rice, potatoes, gravies, sauces, pudding, batter, casseroles... any food that sticks, TUFFY cleans off.

## sticks



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# How to make *Tangy Blue Cheese Butter Spread*

**for steaks, chops or hamburgers**



**Good cooks  
always use butter**

*Step No. 1. Soften ½ cup butter (1 stick) until it can be worked with a wooden spoon or fork. Add ¼ teaspoon salt and ½ teaspoon paprika. Blend.*

**Butter has  
a clean, fresh  
natural flavor**

*Step No. 2. Add ¼ cup bottled horseradish, ¼ cup crumbled blue cheese. Blend thoroughly. Taste as you go. The butter and blue cheese flavor is tantalizing.*



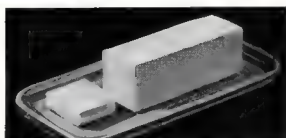
**Butter's flavor  
belongs with meat**

*Step No. 3. Cook chops, steaks or hamburgers on one side. Turn. Top with Blue Cheese Butter Spread. Finish cooking. Serve hot with added garnish of spread.*

**NOTE:** This spread is superb for crackers, canapes or sandwiches, also.



**Remember!  
It's the flavor of  
butter that makes  
food taste good!**



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How  
to  
make  good

*This pet recipe for apricot jam was given us  
by one of our Best Cooks. Try it. You'll love it*

*by Mimi Atwater*



**1**

**Cut the apricots in coarse pieces**  
with a sharp knife or scissors. Cover  
apricots with cold water and let  
stand overnight to soak



**2**

**Cook apricots and the water in**  
which apricots soaked for 30 min-  
utes over a medium heat. Add  
sugar and cook **slowly** for 1 hour

How  
to  
make  tasty

*No doubt about it, this recipe makes the best  
cheese bread we've ever had the pleasure of eating*

*by Margrit Lutz*

MARTIN BRUEHL



**1**

**Stir sugar and salt into hot milk**  
until dissolved. Cool to lukewarm.  
Mix this milk mixture and yeast  
together thoroughly



**2**

**Beat 2½ cups of flour into the yeast**  
mixture until dough is smooth. Stir  
in grated cheese and enough re-  
maining flour to make a stiff dough

# apricot jam

1 lb (3 cups) dried apricots  
2½ cups water

2 cups sugar  
Fistful of almonds

Little would you think these few ingredients, cooked this simple way, could make such a delicious winter jam. Our Best Cook tells us she doesn't even bottle it any more — it's eaten up too quickly. She keeps it handy in a tightly covered bowl right in her refrigerator.



3  
Transfer the jam to a bowl for it to cool. You'll notice the consistency of the jam resembles that of an especially good marmalade



4  
Cut the blanched almonds in thin slivers — a vegetable peeler does the job well — and stir nuts into the cool jam. Makes about one quart

# cheese bread

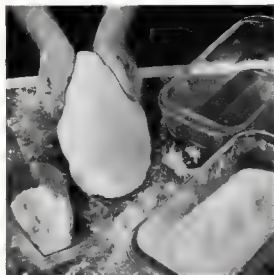
1 cup milk  
2 pkg active dry or compressed yeast  
½ cup warm water  
¼ cup sugar

1 tablespoon salt  
5 cups sifted all-purpose flour  
2 cups grated sharp cheese

Heat milk until a skin forms over the surface. In a little bowl sprinkle yeast over warm water to soften. Stir until dissolved.



3  
Dump dough on a floured board. Knead 8 to 10 minutes. Put in greased bowl, cover with towel and let rise in warm spot until double



4  
Transfer to floured board. Shape 2 loaves and put into greased bread pans. Let rise until double. Bake in a 375F or moderate oven 35 minutes



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that the man still loves!



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(Continued from page 69)  
two pretty, vivacious girls. Jim stared disbeliefingly at them, then excused himself and went over to their table. Immediately the two men jumped up and began thumping Jim on the back with sheer, surprised joy. At last Jim returned to George and Pat, saying to George: "You remember Bob Wallach and Ed Putnam—my two crazy roommates senior year? Well, they're here with their wives and want us to join them."

George said he remembered them, and then with an edge of shyness in his voice asked: Did they remember him? "Of course they do!" Jim said heartily. Bob and Ed had always called George "that creep," and never had understood why Jim went out of his way to be friendly to him.

As it happened, it worked out very well. Bob and Ed and their wives were quite impressed with Pat, and assumed that if George had such a wife, he must be an all-right fellow. Jim set the pace for laughter and ease, launching into all sorts of tales about his three years in Europe. Eventually George opened up, and to Jim's surprise was very amusing, telling anecdotes about Parker Press's more famous authors. He felt a proprietary pride when he saw how Bob and Ed warmed to him, and when they were leaving and Bob Wallach said casually to George: "Oh, say—Joan and I are giving a party the day after tomorrow—Friday. Can you come?"

Jim felt that he had helped bring about something important. If the Parkers didn't have friends, then he'd help them find some. It was the least he could do for having his future handed to him on a silver platter.

On Friday Jim picked up George and Pat at their apartment and went on to the Wallachs' party with them. He knew they were a little timid about appearing by themselves, so he acted as sort of an icebreaker for them. Most of his old crowd was at the party, and he was immediately beset, surrounded. Why hadn't he let anyone know he was back? Good old Jim... it was great to see him again!

George went off into a corner and talked politics with two of Jim's oldest friends, men who also had once thought George "a creep" and now were impressed with his alert mind and his important job at Parker Press.

Jim danced with Pat, whose cheeks and eyes were bright. "Golly, this is fun!"

He laughed. "You know, I'm beginning to think a real party girl lurks beneath that cool, intellectual façade!"

"I do like parties," she said, "but we never went to them before. Now we've got two invitations for next week, and I'm even thinking seriously of giving a party all our own!"

"Easy, girl!" Jim teased, happy to see how excited she was.

**H**E WENT to the two other parties with George and Pat the next week, and people liked them and immediately made plans to see them again. But busy as they became, Jim spent a great deal of time with them. Each time he looked forward to seeing them more than the last, and he began to depend on them as an important part of his emotional life.

After one attempt at matchmaking on Pat's part, he made it clear that at present there was no room in his life for girls. He just wanted to ride along free, independent, and later, much later, when he was settled and sure, he'd do some serious choosing of his own.

In return for the hospitality he shared at their home, Jim often insisted on taking them out to dinner or, if they had dined at their place, to a

## M ake like the experts

Add a pinch of ground ginger  
to French dressing the next  
time you toss up a salad



night club later on. George balked a little at the night clubs, but Pat loved them and was curious to see each new place Jim thought of. "George, darling... really, they're fun! And a change for us!"

"We never went out at all until you came along!" said George in a tone of mock accusation one night. "But it seems we've been missing something. Looks like you're corrupting our little home, Jim!"

**S**HORTLY after Thanksgiving, Jim saw George's father and was accepted for the job. It was arranged that he would start work right after the first of the year, and the salary that was named totally surprised him. He had not expected to be making that much, and knew in his heart that he should not. But when he succeeded in putting down that guilt, he was troubled to think that he would not be getting any money for a month, and in entertaining the Parkers he was fast going through the little reserve he had. And now, more than ever, he owed the Parkers entertainment.

He spent most of his days looking for an apartment which seemed impossible to find: a reasonable rent, two rooms, in a fairly decent neighborhood. He put ads in the paper, contacted all his friends and exhausted himself trying to track one down.

Late one morning, a week before Christmas, he was just getting ready to go out and answer an ad in the paper when Pat called. She'd just heard, she said, of a perfectly wonderful apartment for him. The only thing was he had to hurry right over and look at it. It was only two blocks away from where she and George lived, so she would meet him in front of their building and walk him over there.

The apartment was perfect. Just what he wanted. But the rent was too high. "I can't afford it," he said to Pat with a resigned shrug.

"Of course you can! The job at Parker Press will pay more than enough!"

It was disturbing to think she knew exactly how much he was going to earn. "Pat, I don't much see the point in working just to pay the rent!"

"It isn't that expensive, Jim. And anyway, your salary will be increasing all the time."

Five minutes later, after the landlord gave Jim the key and went out, pocketing the first month's rent, Jim

turned to Pat. "What can I do to thank you for this?"

"Take me out to lunch!" she said gaily, and hooked her arm through his.

The sudden contact was startling, though he didn't know why. With a strangely heavy heart, he led her out of the newly painted, echoing rooms.

He took her to a little French place where he went quite often by himself, and he was disturbed again when the bartender and headwaiter, not knowing she was someone else's wife, accorded Pat the homage her beauty deserved, winking and smiling approvingly at him. She looked particularly lovely in the pale cashmere dress she wore under the fur coat that George had given her, and her cheeks were bright from the cold. She kept smiling like a child taken out for an unexpected treat.

Toward the end of the meal she said, not looking him directly in the eye: "Jim, aside from the fun, what happened in Europe? What are you running from?"

"What?"

"I want to know what really happened in those three years."

"Nothing," he said with a sharp edge to his voice. "That's just the point. Absolutely nothing. I drifted around for three whole years. I did everything I ever wanted to do, even fell in love with an Italian princess. But I wasn't grounded and just wasted time and money. I guess I came to my senses and decided to come back and learn about real work like everyone else."

"And what is it you want now?"

"Security. Sameness. No changes. No risks."

She nodded. "And the princess... was it really love?"

He was startled. "Why d'you ask? Sure it was love," he lied.

Quietly she said: "I don't think you know what real love is."

"I resent that!"

"All right... why are you so afraid of women now?"

"I'm not afraid. I'm just not ready. When I'm ready, I'll look for a girl, look for love."

She shook her head. "That isn't the way it happens, and it won't happen if you keep on thinking like that."

Angry, he said: "Look, suppose you let me worry about that!" and summoned the waiter for the check.

**J**IM didn't hear from the Parkers for the next three days and, because of the strange luncheon with Pat, didn't want to see them. He busied himself with looking around for furniture, not buying any (it was appallingly expensive), but planning what he would buy when he had some money after the first of the year. He accepted an invitation to spend Christmas with Bob and Joan Wallach up in Greenwich, where they were going to take over the house Joan's parents had deserted for Palm Beach. Friday morning he was packing when the phone rang.

"Where've you been hiding?" asked George.

Jim made some ineffectual excuse about being busy getting ready to move. He had the feeling that George didn't know about his lunch with Pat.

"Well, listen... never mind. How's about coming over tonight? We can have some eggnog while we trim the tree, then go to midnight service together."

As he explained about going to the Wallachs', he felt the puzzled, hurt silence at the other end.

"I just spoke to Bob," said George, "and he didn't even mention you!"

Well, why should he, Jim thought in irritation. Why should you have a re-



port on everything I do? "Oh. Well, we're leaving on the noon train for Greenwich."

"Then you won't be here for the Putnam's party."

"No, I guess not."

Another silence, then George said: "I called Bob to invite him to our party. We're giving a big blowout New Year's Eve—thirty or forty people."

Thirty or forty of my friends, thought Jim, and then stopped to wonder at himself. What on earth was coming over him? Why did the sound of George's voice jar him so, and why did he feel this surly, intense impatience with him? "Sounds great," he said. "Am I invited?"

"Invited? We expect you to help us make the champagne punch!"

They talked awhile about the party, each sensing the peculiar strain. Jim promised to call as soon as he got back. They heartily wished each other a Merry Christmas.

It was a quiet, restful weekend, but Jim went through it with a strangely heavy heart. He helped trim the tree, he partook of plum pudding, goose and many cups of good cheer. He played games with the Wallachs' two-year-old Johnny, and in between, when he wasn't sleeping or napping, he took long walks in the snow with Bob. They talked about everything—old times, the present, Bob's insurance job, the cost of living. Strangely enough, they did not mention the Parkers (a topic which weighted the front of Jim's mind) until, during a walk, Bob suddenly said:

"Are you going ahead with this Parker Press deal?"

Jim looked sharply at him. Was there a veiled criticism, a note of speculation about the way he'd got the job? "Yes, I am. I start right after the first."

"So, you're going to be a book-seller."

"Why? What of it?" said Jim almost belligerently.

"Nothing," said Bob easily. "I guess I just always had you figured as the perfect huckster type. You always did have the ideas, the flash that goes far in advertising." He laughed and slapped Jim on the back. "But just think—this way, you'll never have to worry about ulcers."

"No," said Jim, scuffing up some snow. "I won't have to worry about anything."

And Bob, surprised at the bitterness in his voice, stared hard at him.

JIM went to the Parkers' New Year's Eve party alone. He arrived a half hour before everyone else was due and found George blowing up balloons and suspending them from the ceiling. Pat, looking beautiful in strapless black velvet, was setting out ash trays and glasses. George greeted him as though he'd been gone a year and, while he was hanging away his coat, took a small, shiny package out of the front closet. "We've had it under the tree," he said, handing it to Jim. "Since Christmas Eve. Late Merry Christmas!"

Jim felt his face go hot. He hadn't got them a gift. And what's more, he hadn't called them in the five days he'd been back. He opened the package to find a beautiful gold cigarette lighter inscribed: "Matchless Jim—from Pat and George." Stammering his thanks, he looked from George to Pat. She smiled, flushed and turned away.

"Come on," said George. "Enough of this thank-you routine! Let's go out and start making the punch!"

It was a fine party. Jim hardly drank at all, but some inner compulsion made him act high, made him play a charming, wisecracking buf-

foon. He broke balloons, threw confetti, told jokes that made the whole room roar. At midnight he kissed every woman in the room—with the exception of his hostess. He scrupulously avoided her the entire evening.

AROUND one-thirty, George and Ed A Putnam went out for more ice and more sandwiches, which meant, Jim knew, that the party would go on for hours. He stood off alone and soberly looked about the room, packed with gay, attractive people having an uproariously good time—quite a different room from the one he'd first entered over three months ago. The feeling the place had held that first night would never be there again.

Over by the piano clustered a group singing "Auld Lang Syne" in a maudlin way. Jim thought to himself that this would be the perfect time to leave. Then he saw Pat over in the corner, sitting quietly and watching him. The question in her eyes was enormous, and he knew they could not avoid it now. He went over and took her arm. "Let's go somewhere and talk."

"In here," she said, leading the way down the hall, into a little study lined with books. On the desk was a picture of George's father, and a silver cup George had won for tennis.

"Why have you been avoiding me?" she asked, shutting the door.

"You know why."

"No, I don't." She looked away.

"Yes. Yes, I do."

"Pat—come here."

She hesitated, then came softly, quietly. Her chin trembled as he tilted it back and looked steadily into her eyes. "Happy New Year," he said, low, and brought his mouth down on hers. It was a long kiss, but not a passionate one, for there was no passion for them—something they might have known had they come together sooner. It was a sad, lost, bewildered embrace. When Jim let her go, he felt released at last. "You see—there's not anything we should be afraid of."

She turned her beautiful bare back to him, and her voice came muffled: "Then what is it? Jim, what's wrong? You, me, George—what's happening?"

"Nothing. And nothing will. I'm getting out."

S

o good

Tiny tender buds of  
raw broccoli mixed with  
green salad



"Getting out?" She turned to face him. "What does that mean?"

"It means that I'm getting out of your marriage, so that it's a twosome instead of 'we three.' How on earth could we help but get confused, when I've been practically living here as a sort of second spouse? It's been my fault, mostly—it's been so darned easy for me." He smiled ironically. "You see, you were right that day at lunch. I am running, and what could be safer than sharing in a marriage where you don't have any of the real responsibility, or the work or emotional debt?"

She was silent, musing. After a while she said: "You said that it was mostly your fault. What part is ours, Jim?"

"Needing me, or thinking you needed me to spread the charm around. You know—that charming Crane boy—the guy with all the friends. Well, you don't need me, and never have. You and George could have done it all on your own." He nodded to the noise outside, where people were now singing. "Should old acquaintance be forgot" at the tops of their voices. "You've got to have more faith in George, in what you've got together."

"Jim—I love George." Starpoints of tears stood in her eyes.

"I know you do. I've never doubted that."

"But he's not happy. I haven't made him really happy."

"You will—when there are just the two of you."

THEY looked at each other a long time. Then she asked: "What are you going to do?"

"What I should have done three months ago. Look for a job in advertising, push and fight and scrap until I get a small start. Start at the bottom where I belong, and push and fight my way up. Get rid of that apartment, which I can't afford. . . . He smiled. "Not that I blame you. You were thinking like George's rich wife. Only you were acting like mine." Pulling out some cigarettes, he offered her one and lit it with the gold lighter. Another wifely choice she'd made for him.

She flushed. "I'm sorry—oh, Jim, I'm sorry for everything."

"Let's just forget it," he said.

"So we . . . won't see you any more."

"Now don't be dramatic about it."

He grinned. "After all, we'll meet at the same parties every now and then."

He took her hand and, opening the door, led her back inside. George, his thin dark face full of concern, came up and joined them. "Anything wrong?" he asked.

"Jim's leaving," said Pat.

"Why? It's early!" said George. Then he looked from Pat's face to Jim's as the three of them stood there, grave, silent, the loud, discordant singing hemming them in.

"You see?" asked Jim.

"I see," said George. And Jim in that moment knew that George had understood what was happening even before he had.

They walked him to the door, and Jim felt a little absurd as they all gravely shook hands and said goodbye. As he waited for the elevator, they stood in the door. "We'll miss you," said Pat, then went inside.

George looked at him wordlessly. Finally he said: "Jim—good luck to you," and shut the door.

As the elevator went down Jim's spirits went up; it was a brand-new year, a whole new start.

As he went out the door with a light, quick step, he looked so sure and full of cheer that the usually imperious doorman tipped his hat and in a brouge said it looked to be a fine New Year, sir!

THE END

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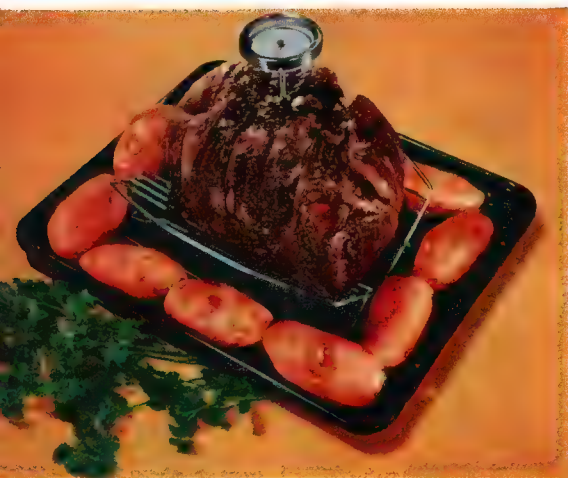
**Broiler combinations** are quickly grilled. Lamb chops broil in 15 minutes, with peaches added after turning.

For sizzling, rare steaks, place pan close to heat. Broil well-done chicken halves six inches from the unit



*by Elizabeth Sweeney Herbert*

# Cook it



**Roasts** come from the electric oven juicy and evenly cooked throughout. Oven thermostat set at 325F is a general rule for all roasts. And do use an uncovered pan

**Stews** will be tender but well browned, thanks to the fast, controlled surface units.

Brown the meat quickly on high heat, then turn the switch to low when moisture is added and the kettle covered.

There's a right heat and a top stove unit of the right size for any skillet and all cooking jobs on the electric range



NYHOLM-SCHERCK



**Pan-broiled meats** with a new flavor are produced on griddles built right into the range top. Drippings are drained off, and the foods are not cooked in grease. Griddle can be lifted off, exposing a big center cooking unit, and when it is covered over provides a smooth worktop surface

## the way you like it

*Your electric range does a masterly job with meat, no matter how you fancy it—broiled, roasted, barbecued, en casserole or in one of those succulent stews*



**Casserole meat dishes** are easy to prepare, always satisfactorily cooked in the heat-controlled oven of the electric range. Use 350F for 1 to 1½ hours, depending on size of casserole



**Barbecued meats** are cooked under a glowing electric unit in top of the oven. Roasts and poultry with the flavor of food done over wood embers or charcoal are the result. Meats need turning and basting, take ½ to ¾ of an hour per pound



## Island doctor

Continued from page 43

eating enough meat and dairy products. But these foods have to be shipped from the mainland, making them too expensive for most of the islanders as a regular diet. They subsist largely on seafood, which they can catch themselves.

The iron church bell clangs, calling the islanders to Wednesday-evening prayer meeting, what some of them term "a love feast." The doctor pauses inside the door briefly to murmur a prayer, then wearily walks on, checking off in her mind the calls she must make before her night's work is done.

There is the Bradshaw youngster, down with German measles. And Lou Marshall, who has symptoms of diabetes. The incidence of the disease is high among the islanders. This does not surprise Dr. Hunt. It is a familial disease, and the islanders have been intermarrying for generations. As an elder told her when she arrived, "You meet a fellow here and call him Evans, Tyler, Bradshaw or Marshall, you're pretty well got him."

The doctor's way leads through a field where the only cattle on the island, two cows and a bull, are grazing. A daily ritual takes place between the doctor and the bull, a huge, coal-black creature with malevolent eyes. She has been assured that he would charge nobody, but his fixed stare disquiets her, and when passing him she invariably picks up a stick or stone. Safe on the far side of the field, she laughs at the inadequacy of her weapon and at herself. The bull is still staring, but he has never stirred.

Suddenly she longs to plunge her hot, tired body into cool, clean, salt water, such as she has known in her native Maine. But the shoreline is strewn with inhospitable rocks, oyster and crab shells, and the water itself infested with stinging jellyfish.

When she reaches the Middleton house the son and his mother, hearing her step on the cinder walk, come out to meet her. From their look she knows Captain Charlie is dead.

**B**ARBARA HUNT is Smith Island's only doctor. The inhabitants, approximately 800, maintain a communal way of life which has changed little in the two and a half centuries since their forebears settled the island, and their system of medical care is characteristic. Each family contributes two dollars to the local Women's Society of Christian Service, an arm of the Methodist Church. Out of the total the doctor receives \$3,500 a year and lodging. The nearest hospital is Crisfield, the big seafood-packing port on the mainland. It is an eleven-mile boat trip, and thither go patients requiring major operations and expectant mothers approaching their term. A few go as far as Johns Hopkins in Baltimore. All carry some form of health insurance. Out of the Women's Society Fund too comes payment for the street lighting. Three years ago the island had no electricity.

No fortunes are wrested from the surrounding waters. Individual incomes seldom exceed \$3,000 a year, and in the off-season months an islander may need credit at the grocery and a helping hand from his friends. None ever goes hungry.

Throughout most of the year danger and discomfort are daily companions. Chesapeake Bay can produce some of the foulest weather on earth,

occasionally capsizing a boat or washing a man overboard. The same squall may send a storm tide ripping across the island, wrecking docks and houses and drowning the unwary. In 1933 such a tide rose three feet inside the houses. Winter ice jams may lock the inhabitants in, obliging them to live for weeks on short rations. In 1936 a freeze lasted five weeks.

The island lacks most of the conveniences and recreations which mainlanders take for granted. Communication with the outside world and with one another is through five public telephones. There are fifteen cars and trucks used for essential hauling. Nobody would be likely to buy one for any other purpose, even if he could afford it, because the salt air rapidly erodes auto engines and the oyster-shell paving cuts tires.

There are no hotels, no restaurants, no bars. In a pamphlet written in 1910 the island's then pastor, the Reverend W. P. Taylor, stated: "There has never been a liquor saloon or licensed hotel. And if a house should ever be built here for that purpose, by a mutual understanding of the people it shall be immediately burned." The torch would probably be applied just as promptly today.

Amid their hardships the Smith Islanders seek nobody's commiseration. No prouder, more independent and, on the whole, more contented community exists. Few born into it ever leave it for long. Even the young men, who through service in the armed

to the ground. Then the flames, fanned by a high wind, threatened to sweep over the rest of the island. The entire population dropped on their knees and prayed. The wind shifted.

**A**NYBODY who knew Dr. Barbara Hunt in her former life would probably find it hard to believe she could accept the extreme simplicity of Smith Island, she who had once enjoyed a thriving practice in a sizable city, whose leisure interests ran to music and books, and who liked tasteful surroundings. Yet there is no one on the island more serene. She asks for nothing better than to end her days there. It is a paradox, which in her frequent moments of introspection she ponders. What chain of circumstances brought her here? Through what experiences have such profound changes of spirit been wrought?

The focal image of that introspection is of a gravely handsome face—her father's. Walter Hunt was neither a fashionable nor an expensive doctor, but no other doctor in Bangor, Maine, commanded greater affection. Barbara grew up in half of a modest two-family house on State Street, a plain but respectable part of town. There were two older brothers, Walter, Jr., today a retired Navy captain, and Harrison, a urologist. Barbara slept in her mother's bedroom until she was ten, when the house was enlarged.

Mrs. Hunt, a small, quiet, self-contained woman whom frustration grad-

aged somehow to send her to Vassar, where she majored in biology. Shortly after Barbara was graduated her mother went to California on a visit to relatives. Barbara kept house for her father for almost a year. It was the happiest year of her life.

Among the young men of the neighborhood was Charlie Carr, who was planning to study medicine at Johns Hopkins. Barbara fancied herself in love with him. The truth was, as she realized many years later when she found it necessary to reinterpret the meaning of much that had happened to her, that her feelings for her father made normal relations with boys impossible. Her dreams were filled with fantasies and symbols which, she now understands, related to her father. But at the time, though what she truly wanted was to pursue a career as much like her father's as possible, she told herself she wanted to be near Charlie Carr.

Once again her father scraped together the money, and she was away from home for four years. She saw a good deal of Charlie at first. Once when they were out walking in a field by moonlight he tried to kiss her. Her immediate thought: "Father wouldn't want me to do this." She often regretted having repulsed Charlie. Perhaps they would have married and had children. Barbara loves children. Yet she knows she could never have been a good wife to any man. Charlie Carr is practicing in Bangor today, a prosperous family doctor, happily married, with children and grandchildren. At Christmas he and Dr. Hunt exchange cards.

While Barbara was at Johns Hopkins, her father bought a larger house across the street. As part of the purchase agreement the former owner, an elderly spinster named Perkins, was permitted to occupy two of the top-story rooms and dine at the family table. Eventually she became the doctor's bookkeeper and doting admirer. She was intensely possessive, and the only reason Mrs. Hunt tolerated the arrangement was that Miss Perkins paid her \$10 a week, ostensibly for extra household expenses, actually as a bribe. It was the only money the doctor's wife had ever been able to call her own.

But the daughter could not stomach Miss Perkins, and when she began to practice, in 1912, she went to live by herself. For some years a coolness persisted between father and daughter. She frequently assisted him, nevertheless, in operations. When America entered the First World War she went to France and organized a field hospital staffed by French civilians. She still speaks a little French.

**A**FTER the war, in the course of treating several cases of cancer, Dr. Hunt became interested in radiotherapy, and decided to specialize in it. She took a house of her own, not far from State Street, converting part of it into a private hospital for cancer patients. Those too poor to pay she treated free of charge. By 1922, at the age of thirty-eight, she had an enviable reputation in the field.

By that time, too, she had concluded that she would probably never marry. Through her connections with a local welfare agency she heard of a family of destitute Russian immigrants, widowed mother and three infant sons, by the name of Kirski. The mother was tuberculous. Dr. Hunt adopted the youngest son, Ivan. A few months later, when the mother died, she adopted the other two, Peter and David.

Her practice continued to flourish, and the boys lacked for nothing. She (Continued on page 79)

### "WE STARTED OVER WITH GOD"

the true story of a couple who  
gave up commercial success for the ministry

IN YOUR FEBRUARY McCALL'S

forces have caught a glimpse of wider horizons, usually return. They marry island girls, knowing that a wife from the mainland could never adjust herself to so restricted an existence. Often romantic love is a secondary consideration in the choice of a mate. More important, where life is a continual struggle, are the wife's capacities as a worker and sharer of burdens.

Because outsiders are unlikely to understand or sympathize with their ways, the islanders tend to greet the few who venture among them with suspicion and hostility. But the stranger who does show consideration and respect the islanders never forget. Indeed, in memory of such a stranger there stands a kind of monument. Three years ago, during the erection of the first telephone poles, a linesman nicknamed "Charley Pole" drove in an extra pole at the bend of a path, to protect the shrubbery there from turning bicycles and carts. Touched by this thoughtfulness, the islanders painted the pole red, white and blue and inscribed it "Charley Pole."

The islanders are above all a God-loving people. Their continued existence as a community they attribute to the direct intervention of the Almighty. In 1937 a fire broke out in one of their three churches. They had no fire-fighting equipment—no more than they have today—nothing but a bucket brigade. The church burned

usually inclined to dourness, was among Bangor's first suffragettes. The doctor refused to take her or her devotion to the cause of female suffrage seriously. He tended, in fact, to depreciate all of her deepest drives and aspirations. She had always longed for the feeling of independence which a weekly allowance, however meager, might have given her. But he would entrust her with a few dollars now and then only for essential purchases which could not be charged to him. He preferred to see monthly bills. They were not a very happy couple.

Between father and daughter, on the other hand, the relationship was idyllic. Her earliest memories, and her tenderest, are of taking long horse-and-buggy jaunts with him, bundled up to the tips of her ears in a fur rug. He would feed her bananas. She never tastes a banana to this day without reliving in imagination those magical moments. They went hunting and fishing together. Later it was concerts and the theater. He loved music, and she learned to play the violin so that at the day's end she could offer him his favorite melodies. "All the affection he should have had for Mother," she reflects, "he lavished on me."

She attended the local public schools. She learned easily. She showed a distinct bent for the sciences. She never discovered how her father raised the money, but he man-



# Pillsbury European Recipe Service brings you PÂTE À CHOU

(Pronounced Paht ah Shoo)

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## Pâte à Chou

(Pronounced Paht ah Shoo)

This famous pastry is easy but unique. The ingredients are mixed over heat before baking or frying. In fact, the word "chou" is derived from the French word "chaud" (hot). Chou also means cabbage, which some of these puffs resemble in shape. When a Frenchman says "mon petit chou," he means "my little darling"—and that's how you'll feel about this recipe. You'll find many variations for Pâte à Chou in every bag of Pillsbury's Best.



- Melt**.... ½ cup butter or other shortening in 1 cup boiling water in saucepan.  
**Add**.... 1 cup sifted Pillsbury's Best Enriched Flour and ½ teaspoon salt all at once.  
**Cook**.... over medium heat, stirring constantly, until mixture leaves sides of pan and is smooth and compact, about 2 minutes. Remove from heat; cool about 1 minute.  
**Blend in**... 4 eggs, one at a time; beat vigorously after each until mixture is smooth and glossy.\*  
**Drop**.... onto greased baking sheets as directed below, depending on shape and size desired.  
**Bake**.... in hot oven (425° F.) until golden brown for times listed below. Do not underbake.  
**Turn**.... off oven. Prick puffs with knife to let out steam; keep in oven 10 min. to dry centers.

\*Dough may be covered and kept in refrigerator up to 3 days.

### PÂTE À CHOU AS A DESSERT

**Pâte à Chou au Dessert** (Pronounced oh day-sair): Drop dough by rounded tablespoonfuls. Bake for 20 to 25 minutes. Makes 16-18. Cool, split and fill with ice cream or whipped cream. Top with fruit or chocolate sauce.

### PÂTE À CHOU AS A MAIN DISH

**Pâte à Chou à la Volaille Amandine** (Pronounced Vo-lah-y'h Ah-mahn-deen): Fill puffs with luscious chicken-almond filling for a wonderful main dish.

**Drop**.... dough by rounded tablespoonfuls. (For 10-12 giant-size puffs, use 2 rounded tablespoonfuls of dough.) Bake for 20 to 25 min. Split; fill with Volaille Amandine.

- Volaille Amandine**  
**Sauté**.... ½ cup finely sliced onion in ½ cup chicken fat, butter or margarine in large skillet or saucepan for 5 minutes. Remove from heat. Blend in:  
**Add**.... ½ cup Pillsbury's Best Enriched Flour.  
**gradually** 3½ cups chicken broth (or 1 can chicken consommé and 2½ cups water). Cook until thickened, stirring constantly.  
**Blend in**... ½ teaspoon curry powder and ½ teaspoon pepper.  
**Add**.... 2 cups cooked chicken, cut into bite-size pieces ½ cup blanched almonds, slivered and toasted ½ cup mushrooms, chopped, and ½ cup finely cut green pepper. Simmer for 5 minutes.

### PÂTE À CHOU AS AN APPETIZER

**Belgian Pignatelli** (Pronounced Bayn-yay Pee-n'yah-telle): Hot, crusty bite-sized appetizers—chock-full of ham, anchovies, Parmesan cheese and toasted almonds.

- Prepare**... Pâte à Chou. After adding eggs, stir in:  
1 cup diced ham  
4 anchovies, diced  
½ cup grated Parmesan cheese and  
½ cup toasted, slivered almonds. Mix well.  
**Drop**... by teaspoonfuls into deep hot fat (350° F.). Fry for 4 to 6 minutes until golden brown.

Pronunciations as recommended by The Berlitz School of Languages.

### PÂTE À CHOU

- A. au Dessert (Dessert Cream Puff)  
B. Volaille Amandine (Main Dish)  
C. Belgian Pignatelli (Appetizers)



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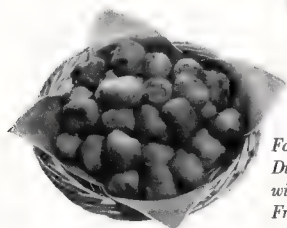
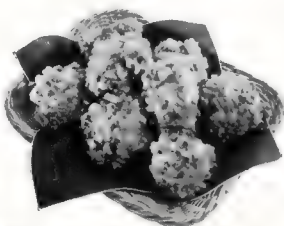
## Crisp French-fried foods

*For doughnuts  
you'll be proud of:  
Use your favorite recipe,  
fry at 375F  
for 2 to 3 minutes*



*For big onion rings.  
Dip in flour,  
egg-milk mixture,  
then crumbs. Fry at 375F  
for just 3 minutes*

*For corn fritters:  
Mix 1 cup kernel corn, 1 egg yolk.  
Sift in ½ teaspoon baking powder,  
½ cup flour. Beat egg white, fold in.  
Drop from spoon, fry at 375F*



*For pineapple fritters:  
Dip pineapple chunks dusted  
with flour in fritter batter.  
Fry 2 to 5 minutes at 375F. Sugar*

## Piping-hot cooked foods

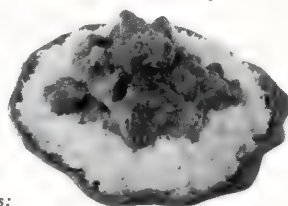
*For wonderful soup:  
Brown onions at 300F,  
add beef stock. Simmer for  
30 minutes at 175F*



*For melt-in-your-mouth rolls:  
Warm them in 15 minutes  
right at the table.  
Set thermostat at 175F*



*For good lamb curry:  
Brown it first at 375F.  
Then let it simmer  
at 175F for 90 minutes*



*by Anna Fisher*

# IT DOES DOUBLE DUTY...

**A combination cooker-fryer has many talents.**

**It cooks, fries, serves, warms and keeps warm**

**anything from breakfast to supper, soup to dessert**

Many automatic French fryers now have an added virtue—they can be used as electric cookers too. And they do most of the work for you. If you're cooking, the thermostat watches over the pot and sees that the job is done perfectly. If you're frying, it keeps fat at exactly the right temperature. All you do is relax.

When you're frying, the shortening is brought to the correct temperature before you add the food; a handy signal light tells you when it's ready. For nine out of ten foods, 375F does the trick, turns out crisp, golden-crust delicacies that make your mouth water.

Fat can be reused, but always add some fresh fat to replace what was used up in an earlier frying job.

You can clean your cooker-fryer by pouring two cups of sudsy water in after each use and then rinsing thoroughly.

*For delicious chicken:  
Brown fowl at 375F. Add water  
and cook for an hour at 175F.  
Vegetables take an extra hour*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY NYHOLM-SCHERCK

(Continued from page 76)

sent all three through college. In 1930 she adopted a founding girl, whom she named, because it was her father's favorite name, "Barbara."

One evening in the spring of that year Walter Hunt asked his daughter to drop over. He was waiting for her in his office. His shirt hung open, and he was thoughtfully palpating his abdomen. He had not turned on the lights, and in the lengthening shadows his skin gleamed pearly. "See if you feel what I feel," he said quietly.

She palpated the area. "There seems to be a nodule here," she said. "Are there any other symptoms?"

"Nausea, and I've lost about eight pounds."

She moved her face closer to his. The beloved features were drawn and gray. She had always thought him the finest-looking man in the world. "We can't get a thorough examination here," she said, struggling to keep her voice steady. "You must go to Boston."

"Yes, I figured I would. Take care of Mother while I'm there, will you?"

He was gone a week. When he returned he seemed ten years older. "It's cancer of the pancreas," he told her. "Mother needn't know just yet."

A colleague handled her practice, while she stayed with her father. He died six weeks later.

A large portrait of Dr. Walter Hunt hangs in an oval gilt frame in his daughter's house on Smith Island. It dominates the room. She commissioned an artist to paint it from an old photograph shortly after the funeral. Sitting alone of an evening, she will often glance up from her book or her sewing to meet the gaze of those deep, grave, somewhat sorrowful eyes.

**I**N 1943 Dr. Barbara Hunt was forced to give up radiotherapy. Twenty-five years of exposure to radiation had damaged her hands. She could have resumed general practice in Bangor, but she felt a need of complete change. Few ties remained to hold her back; there were only she and "Barbie," now eleven. Both parents were dead, Mrs. Hunt having survived her husband by only eight years. The boys were gone. Ivan worked as a journeyman carpenter. Peter was a crack aeronautic engineer, with an important job in Boeing's West Coast plant. And David—to the doctor's boundless joy—had become a surgeon, a topflight one. All of the boys were married and parents. "I'm a grandmother," the doctor thought.

She read in a medical journal that Mississippi needed public health officers, and by the fall of the year she and Barbie were established in Jackson. They stayed five years. For the doctor they were the fullest, the most productive of her career. Her work included cancer education, VD control, child welfare.

There was opportunity for music and books too. She took up the violin again. For the first time since her father died life had meaning and direction. She might have stayed indefinitely but for a misfortune that befell Barbie. At sixteen Barbie fell in love with a twenty-four-year-old GI just back from Europe. They eloped. A year later she bore a baby girl. Then the marriage foundered. Barbie ran home to her foster-mother, who helped her get a divorce. The husband threatened to kill Barbie if she didn't return to him. The doctor had reason to believe he might try. She took Barbie and the baby back with her to Bangor.

There Barbie married another ex-GI, by whom she had three children. The doctor, lonely again and at loose ends, her sense of loss heavier upon

her than ever, cast about for work elsewhere, anywhere. She tried Baltimore, where, as a graduate of Johns Hopkins, she hoped to find an opening through her former associates. She would have liked to do more public health work. But she got the impression that the authorities considered her too old. She was sixty-four.

Deale, a town on the eastern shore of Maryland, would be grateful for a third physician—so she gathered from two doctors in practice there. She bought a house in Deale. But the doctors had misled her. What they meant was that it would be convenient for them to have a third doctor around to handle surplus patients. The bulk of the practice they divided between them. Moreover, of the few patients who did come to Dr. Hunt hardly any seemed able to pay their bills. The little money she had saved from her once booming practice she had spent chiefly on Barbie. The rest had gone into a down payment on the house. Moreover, arthritis had developed in her hands, knees and feet. Without cortisone she would not have been able to function at all.

Dr. Hunt was invited one evening to attend a meeting of Alcoholics Anonymous in Annapolis. She had always wanted to help alcoholics, ever since the son of a close friend had become one. In the course of the meeting it occurred to her to offer, for a nominal fee, to board AAs during their drying-up period.

The proposal was eagerly accepted. But many of the AAs who came to her were poorer than her regular patients, and she found herself supporting them, sometimes for weeks. Then there were the backsliders, and with them she lacked the strength to cope at all. When one of them smashed most of the furniture in his room she decided that she could not afford to take care of any more AAs. It was the low point of her life.

**T**HERE followed long hours of enforced idleness, alone, frequently in severe physical distress. The living room had a picture window which commanded a sweeping view of the harbor, and she would take her frugal meals in front of it, blankly watching the fishing boats glide in and out, the gulls wheeling in the skies above them. Next to the window she had hung the portrait of her father.

It was a period of meditation and stock-taking for the doctor, and her thoughts ran thus: "I'm a failure. I've never married, and surely that's failure for a woman. I've muffed all kinds of professional opportunities. I'm not a great figure in medicine. Nobody really needs me or wants me." And the ironical thought: "I'm more like Mother than Father after all, ineffectual, frustrated..."

But along with this self-accusal came a gleam of comfort. "Why do I lament for things that were not given to me to achieve? Why should I expect of myself capabilities and accomplishments that are simply not in my nature? I'm a doctor. I know how people delude themselves."

Loneliness sharpens the mind and intensifies the emotions. Deep within the doctor hidden gates began to open, and through them seeped a strange new awareness, at first vague and indefinable. Then one night, quite abruptly, as she sat gazing at her father's portrait, she was conscious of a higher power.

Dr. Hunt's parents had been brought up as Congregationalists. Only Mrs. Hunt, however, was truly devout, maintaining close ties with the local clergy and contributing to the support of the church as much as she could wheedle out of her husband.

Walter Hunt had attended Sunday services conscientiously during the early years of their marriage. But one day he quarreled with his wife over which side of the street they should walk to church on. He never set foot inside the church again. Sundays he went fishing instead. And his daughter went with him.

But in Deale Dr. Hunt began going to church again. She had long, probing talks with the minister.

"I feel," she told him at length, "that I am under the guidance of a power outside myself, and it's a good feeling. I feel that the universe means well by me and by everyone. I know that whatever has happened to me, whatever is yet to happen, is part of a divine plan, and I am ready and glad to trust to that plan."

She added: "I have transferred my feelings for my father to God."

The following week she read in the *Maryland State Medical Journal* that illness had forced Smith Island's only doctor to retire at the age of seventy-five, and the islanders were anxiously seeking a replacement. They had been without medical care for six weeks. Dr. Hunt immediately wrote in her application, and was invited to appear before the island's three-man medical board.

**T**HE strongest influence on the development of Smith Island, one which is felt as deeply today as ever, was exerted by a remarkable Methodist evangelist, Joshua Thomas, a former waterman. Whereas most Methodists now observe a subdued form of worship, the islanders still rise during their Wednesday-evening prayer meeting "as the spirit moves" and pour out their souls.

"Smith Island" is in reality a collective name for three island communities—Ewell, Rhodes Point and Tylerton—which together form a horseshoe shape eight miles long and four miles wide. Ewell and Rhodes Point are linked by bridges, but Tylerton can be reached only by boat. Ewell, with the largest population—almost half the total—is where the medical board convenes and where the doctor's house is situated.

Dr. Hunt departed for Ewell on a spring day in 1950.

The only regular passenger vessels between Smith Island and the mainland are two small diesel-powered work boats, the "Island Star" and "Miss Whiteclark," both of which leave Crisfield daily around noon, returning early next morning. They are owned by the Whiteclark brothers, Ben, Lora and Edwin, who come as close as anybody on the island to being men of substance.

Dr. Hunt boarded the "Island Star," Captain Ben Whiteclark in command. The doctor, her heart full and her hopes high, plied the captain with eager questions about the island. She got guarded, monosyllabic answers, the drawl contrasting oddly with her brisk, down-East accents. So taciturn was Captain Ben, in fact, that not until much later did she learn he was one of the three men comprising the medical board.

Lora Whiteclark's wife, Pearl, had been delegated to receive the doctor. She was waiting for her on the dock. Pearl Whiteclark is a trim woman with bright, merry eyes, and the doctor took to her at once.

The meeting with the medical board was informal. The doctor's professional qualifications the three men could leave to the state medical board to pass on; their interest was in sizing her up as a person. And so they chatted casually, sitting in Captain Ben's parlor.

(Continued on page 80)

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(Continued from page 79)

Of equal importance, they agreed, would be the impression she produced on the rest of the islanders. Pearl introduced her to some. There was Captain Tom Evans, who keeps fit at the age of eighty-three by digging graves. And "Aunt Jane" Tyler, who has been on the mainland only twice in ten years. "Can't stand them side-walks," she said. "They kill my feet. I like to walk on the sod." And Lou Evans, the island's only barber. "I charge fifteen cents for a shave and thirty-five for a haircut," he explained to the doctor. "That's my reg'ler price, but they give me what they want. Nothin' if they can't afford it."

From one of Pearl's former pupils, an eight-year-old boy, the doctor got her first taste of the island's special language, a kind of reverse English. As they passed him, homeward bound, he grinned and chirped, "Evenin', Mis' Whitelock. Evenin', ma'am."

"Hello, Tommy," said Pearl. "How was school today?"

The grin broadened. "I didn't have any good time."

"What was that he said?" the doctor asked. "He certainly looks pleased."

"That he is," Pearl explained. "It's a way we have of talking sometimes. He really means he had a fine time in school."

The trick of speech quickly became familiar to the doctor. To express his affection for his boat a waterman would exclaim, "Boy, she's ugly!" "We didn't make no great catch today," another will announce, indicating a particularly rich haul.

IF THERE is one man whom the islanders regard as authority, to whom they look for guidance and approval, it is their pastor. At the time of the doctor's initial visit this was the Reverend Gilbert Turner. A tall, portly Marylander with a humorous face, he said, "You ask an islander, Doctor, what's closer to his heart than his family, he'll tell you God. Our churches don't have to solicit members. Folks here look forward to attendance. Sundays, Wednesday evenings there's no movie and not a store open. Nobody would enter them. You see, the men spend their day out on the water, often alone. They ask God to bring them safely home, and then they want to thank him for having done so."

He paused significantly. "Our last doctor, fellow from New York, he didn't go to church much."

"Today's Wednesday, isn't it?" the doctor said. "I think I'd like to go."

The service had just begun when Pearl and the doctor slipped into a rear pew. The church was packed. All the women were seated on the left, all the men on the right. A leathery-faced old waterman was standing, his head thrown back, his eyes closed. "Oh, you brothers and sisters," he boomed out in a voice like a bass drum. "I'm here to tell you that the Lord has smiled upon me this past week, and my heart is overflowing with love and gratitude for him. He has showered his blessing upon us. He has put bread on our table. We are all fit. I thank him, and I rejoice . . ."

As he sat down the others pressed around him and took his hand. Several turned and looked half expectantly at the stranger. Suddenly Dr. Hunt found herself giving testimony, unself-consciously, without mental reservation. "I should feel like a very poor person," she said, scarcely aware of where the words came from, "if I did not bear witness that I love the Lord, and wish to be guided by him. I have been guided by him all

my life. I know that now, and I wish to go in this way, forevermore."

The others stood up in surprise and gladness, and they walked up to her and took her hand.

When they parted in the morning the doctor said to Pearl, with laughter, "I don't like it here at all. Will I hear from you soon?"

"That you will," Pearl promised.

The doctor went back to Deale to wait. And the waiting was painful, for she had desired few things in her life more ardently than to serve these people.

Pearl telephoned a week later. "Please come," she said.

IT TOOK Dr. Hunt weeks, in some instances months, to win her patients' confidence. A few swore they never would let a woman doctor treat them. But eventually even these accepted her.

The doctor's house, with its two bedrooms and one bathroom, was comfortable enough for a single person or, at most, a couple. But shortly it had to accommodate five. Barbie wrote bad news from Maine. Her second marriage had failed. Her husband insisted on keeping the oldest of the four children; Barbie and the other three he left to fend for themselves. They were destitute. Could they come and live with the doctor?

"My home is yours, whenever you need it, always," the doctor replied.

The doctor's day starts early. Babs, the oldest girl, with whom she shares her bedroom, is stirring by six. The doctor dresses her. She may then shoo her out and try to snatch a few more winks. But usually Barbie and the two younger girls are bustling about noisily in the adjoining room. It is late, at that, by Smith Island standards. The men have been gone since dawn. Some, in their eagerness to get first crack at the best fishing grounds, will have left by dark. Now and again Dr. Hunt will rise with the watermen to watch them put out to sea. She looks upon them as more than potential patients; they are her friends, members of the communal family, and whatever may befall them is of concern to her.

At eight the school boat arrives from Tyrlerton. It is a curious arrangement. While each of the three communities has its own grammar school, the only junior high is in Ewell. Consequently the older Tyrlerton children must go to school by boat.

In addition to her routine functions Dr. Hunt keeps tactfully pushing certain pet health projects of hers—immunization for babies, a better balanced diet for everybody. She despairs of ever breaking the islanders of an unfortunate sickroom habit. When anybody falls ill friends and relatives continually crowd around the bed to cheer the invalid and pray with him. As a result it is practically impossible to isolate communicable diseases.

After lunch the doctor takes a nap, perforce a brief one. If no patient sends for her Barbie is almost sure to want a helping hand with the children. Time and physical resources permitting, the doctor will rake the garden and mow the lawn.

Soon after three the boats, having unloaded their catch in Crisfield, begin to heave into view and pass single file through the channel. It is a moment of relief and thanksgiving. People on shore may stop whatever they are doing to count the sails. A woman murmurs, "Praise the Lord. The day's work is done, and all home safe and sound."

Ravenous, the watermen demand food at once. By five the tables have been cleared. When she and Barbie

finish their supper the doctor holds office hours. Meanwhile, as dusk falls, the men, scrubbed and wearing clean shirts, gather around the cracker barrel at Tawes Jones' and Leroy Evans', Roosevelt Evans' and the Somers'.

The women stroll together, three or four to a group, prim in their long skirts and sun bonnets. By a tacit agreement, a time-honored social code of the island, the sexes do not mingle during these moments of twilight leisure. Should they pass each other, husbands and wives, sweethearts and lovers, neither speaks nor betrays the slightest sign of recognition, and they make a point of returning home separately, at different moments, by different paths.

By 10:00 p.m. the only sound on Smith Island is the water lapping the decrepit docks, the occasional scream of a sea bird.

NOT long ago a wealthy woman who had known the Hunts in Maine, chancing to be passing through Maryland, decided to visit the doctor. Curiosity more than friendship brought her, and she did not tarry long. On the eve of her departure, as she sat on the doctor's veranda after a walk around the island, it was clear that something she could not quite grasp puzzled and disturbed her. At length she burst out, "It's beyond me, Barbara—the whole thing."

"You mean what keeps me here?"

"Yes. How can this kind of life satisfy you? You've always been a lover of—well, of beautiful things."

"There's beauty here," the doctor said, "all around us, if we have eyes to see it."

The visitor shrugged. A heavy silence fell between the two women, symbolic of the deep, wide gulf that separated them. Presently the doctor remarked, as if to herself, "I'm not very important to them as a doctor. I have no illusions about that. They'd recover from most of their ills without me—the strained backs, the head colds, the infections."

"Then what do you hope to accomplish here?"

"It's the reassurance that matters, knowing that somebody cares. Oh, it works both ways. They make me feel wanted and needed—really needed—and I'm almost seventy."

It was Sunday, and the islanders were returning from evening services. In their best clothes they had that oddly tentative air that hard-working, struggling people have during moments of respite. They hailed the doctor in passing and nodded politely to her guest. Tank Harrison, who imports fruits and vegetables from the mainland and sells them from a pushcart, paused at the gate. "I'll have some peaches for your grandchildren tomorrow," he called up. "Ain't been no great yield this year."

"He means the harvest's been good this year," the doctor explained to the visitor and called back, "As long as you let us pay for it. You give those youngsters too much."

"But it pleases me, Doc," he protested.

"Every Sunday," the doctor said, they offer up a prayer for 'our doctor.' Now that's a good thing to do. It gives me courage to go on trying to help them."

The visitor left in the morning on the "Island Star." The doctor saw her aboard, then headed for the Middleton home to see how the widow was bearing up. From the wheelhouse of the boat the visitor watched, baffled, as the doctor plodded up the oystershell-paved path, frail, bent, weighed down by her two bags, yet somehow vital and resilient. The visitor didn't understand.

THE END



# how to ADD MORE ROOM to your house



But Mom, George and I are old enough to have rooms of our own



How can I entertain with you and Mom around all the time?



Turn that blankety-blank thing off! I'm trying to work!



You told us to play in here. It's raining outside

**Are any of these scenes familiar to you?**

**All of them can be cured by redistribution of present space or a new addition.**

**Find the solutions in this portfolio of remodeling ideas**

DRAWINGS BY KELLY OGBURN



Let Aunt Kate take the sofa this time. I'm sleeping in my own bed



Get that stuff out of the garage—pronto. This is no play pen



Honey, do you know where you put my fishing tackle last fall?



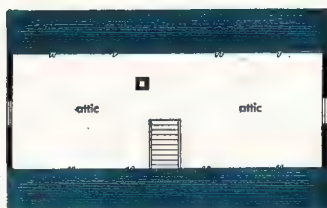
No wonder this kitchen's a mess. Not a place to put anything



# how to add a bedroom

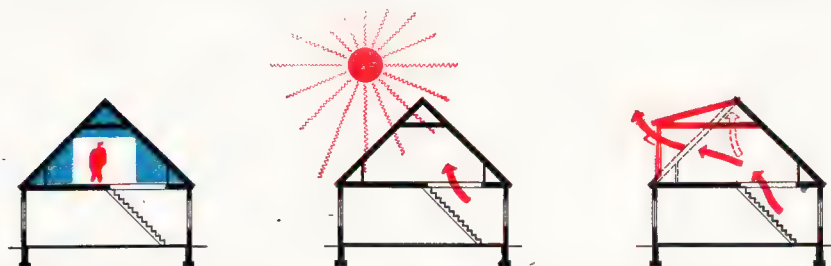
● Space that's already under the roof is the first to consider. Converting an attic, a porch, a garage, breezeway or a room now used for other purposes into a bedroom is less expensive than *adding* space. Study the floor plan, and if possible locate the addition near or over the present bedroom area. If a bathroom is to be included keep plumbing lines as short as possible. In many houses it may be more interesting to use the present living room for a bedroom and add a living room. A new area should be in scale with the rest of the house, and windows placed with regard for privacy, noise reduction, sunlight, breeze and furniture placement. Draw the room to scale and work out the furniture plan.

## Make the most of space in your attic



**Above.** Attic tunnel with windows in gable ends. Center channel is stairway, blue shadows indicate floor space lost at eaves.  
**Below.** Shed dormer adds 50 per cent more usable space. Plan shows two rooms and bath and undereaves storage closets

**View of sitting and bedroom, right.** Shows awning-type windows in shed dormer, use of dry-wall construction, flexible tile floors. The two rooms may be fully partitioned or left open as shown. When developing bedroom space consider moving adult members of the family to the new quarters rather than the children

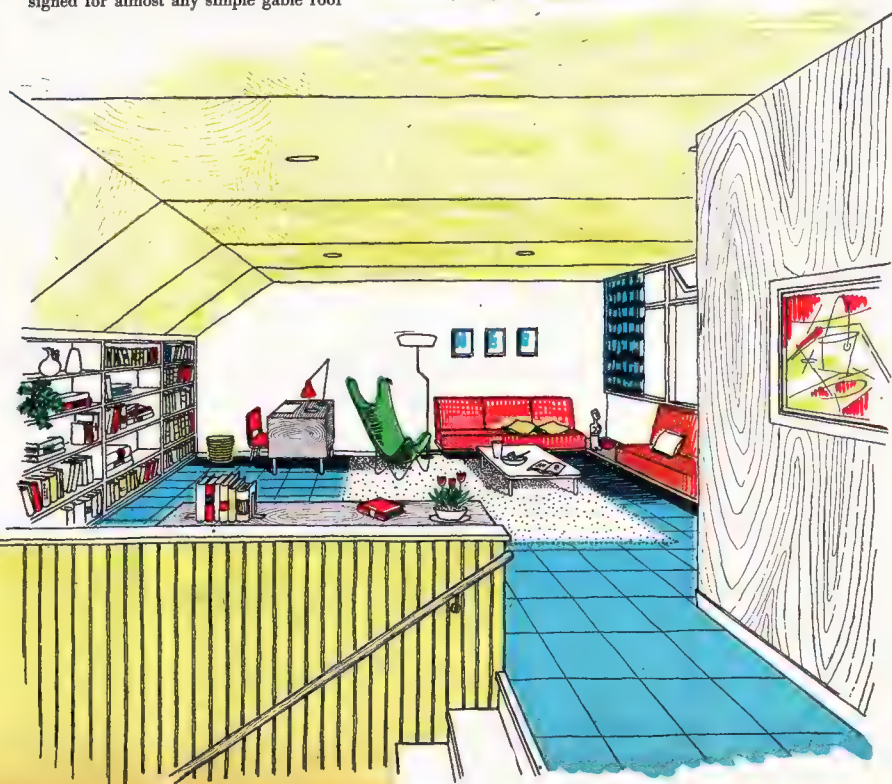


**Check headroom.** An attic space in a small house may have a limited area with headroom. Note this space before planning room. Also check plumbing lines

**Consider ventilation.** Attic space is not ideal. The sun beats down, and hot, stale air surges up. Ventilation must be provided for in the remodeling program

**Shed dormer.** Make the attic room more comfortable by adding a shed dormer for headroom, light and ventilation. Add a fan to vent through louvered gables

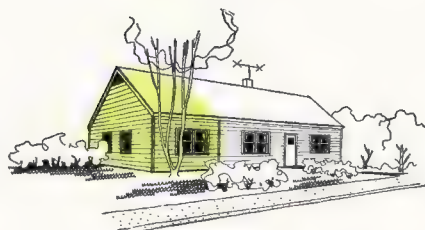
**At right.** Back of house with shed dormer which gives headroom in attic, lights bathroom. Much more satisfactory than small dormer windows, whose main function is to admit light. Dormer does not affect front view of house and can be designed for almost any simple gable roof



## Build an addition— study your roof line



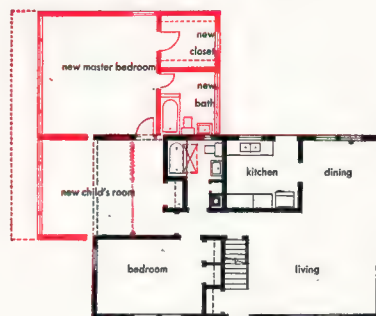
**A gabled wing** can be added at front or back on a narrow lot. A new closet wall, shared by new and old bedrooms, releases old closets for linens. A wall creates a hall leading to the new bedrooms



**A gable extension** on the roof is a simple solution if the lot is wide enough. This plan permits two new bedrooms and a bath. Access to the new wing is through a hall made by cutting space from bedroom

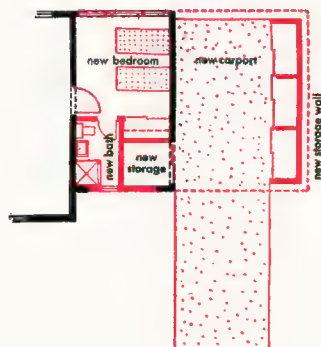
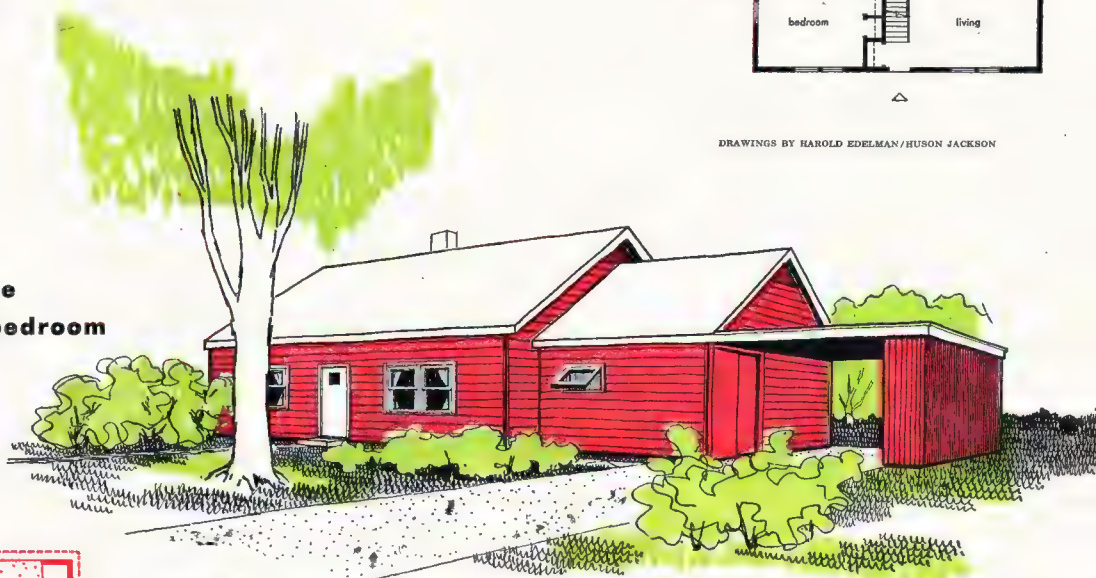


**A flat roof extension** at the side and back makes possible a wing of almost any dimension. Here the former back bedroom is enlarged and separated from the hall with closing curtain or folding doors



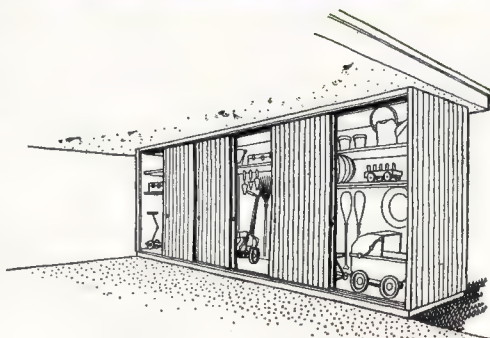
DRAWINGS BY HAROLD EDELMAN/HUSON JACKSON

## Use the garage for an extra bedroom



**It's cheaper to add a carport** and turn the garage into a bedroom than to build a bedroom wing. As a do-it-yourself project it can add three times as much as it costs to the value of the house. A standard 10-by-20-foot garage has space for twin beds, bath, closet and walk-in storage

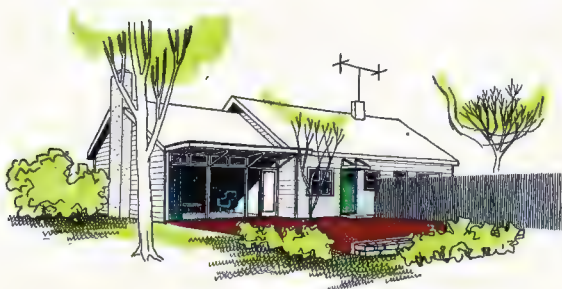
**The carport storage closets** add valuable space for assorted equipment. Lay out tools, garden and game apparatus to be stored and arrange the space. The flat roof is simple to construct and maintain





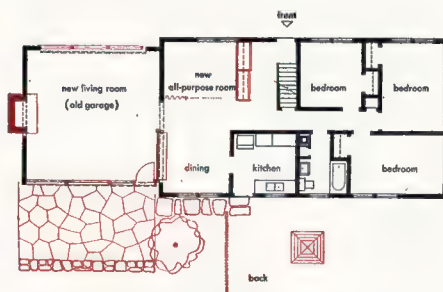
# how to add a living room

● Lack of living areas may create as much pressure as lack of bedrooms. First, floor space should be examined for possible conversion—porches, breezeways, garages. Since plumbing lines are not involved, it is easier to situate a living room than a bedroom and bath. But in planning the new room there's more to consider than space. Be sure that the remodeling will contribute to pleasant family living and take care of present and future needs. This is your chance to plan a room around activities as well as furnishings. The original living room may become an all-purpose room for sewing or hobbies or a place where the children can play or entertain. If it happens to be near the bath it may become an additional bedroom.



**The garage becomes a living room**

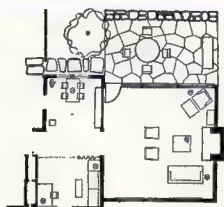
A two-car garage offers a space 20 by 20 feet, ideal for a new living room. Big windows may face the garden side and a door open onto a private back terrace. Such a conversion is simple and more than doubles the living values of the house



The new living room required only a window-wall and fireplace. The old living room was divided into a hall with new built-in coat closets and an activity room separated by a folding door so that it can now double as a bedroom for a guest



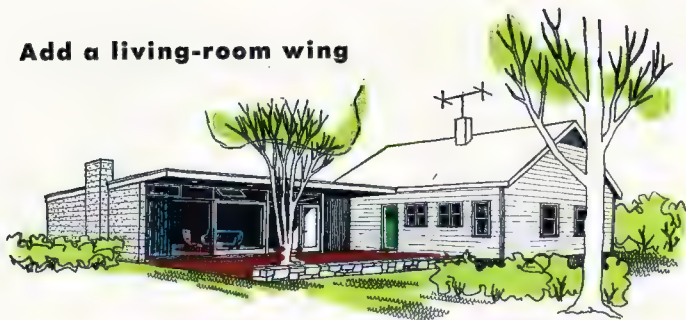
DRAWINGS BY HAROLD EDELMAN/HUSON JACKSON



**Open spaces** are part of new planning. Here is a view from the old living room looking toward the dining room, with the new living room at right. By the use of a folding wall, open shelves between dining and living room and the big window-wall

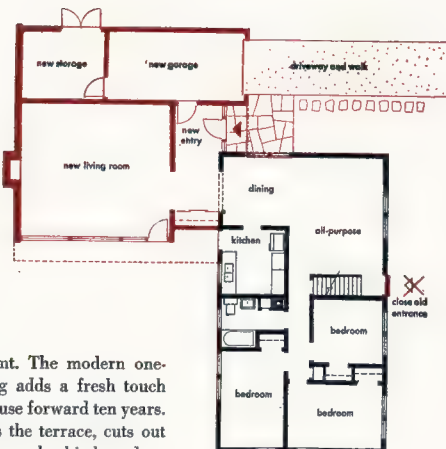
in the living room, a sense of space develops. A door in the living room opens onto the terrace. Separate rooms for children's play and adult recreation soothe jangled nerves, create happier family life and encourage the development of hobbies

## Add a living-room wing

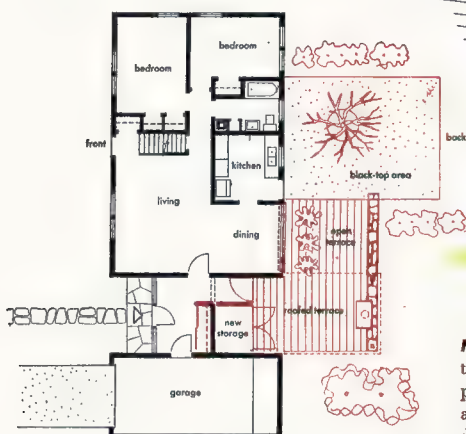


**Make the old house** do by adding a living-room wing that will solve all problems. The plan shown here includes new entry, living room, garage and walk-in storage room. Closing the front entrance is the only change in the old plan. The new side

entry is a vast improvement. The modern one-pitch roof on the new wing adds a fresh touch which puts the date of the house forward ten years. The wide overhang protects the terrace, cuts out summer sun and also shelters the kitchen door

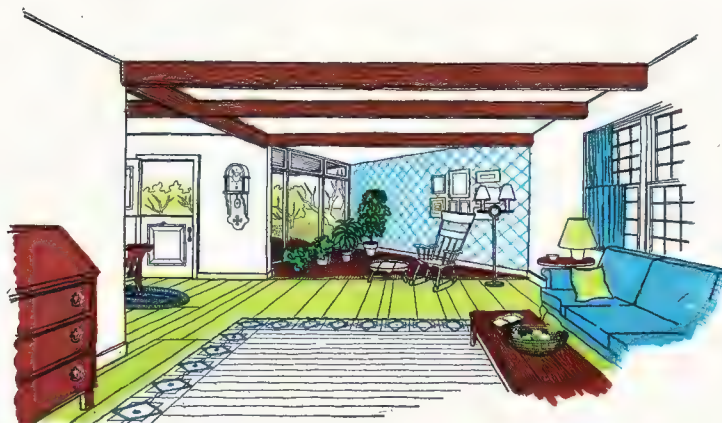
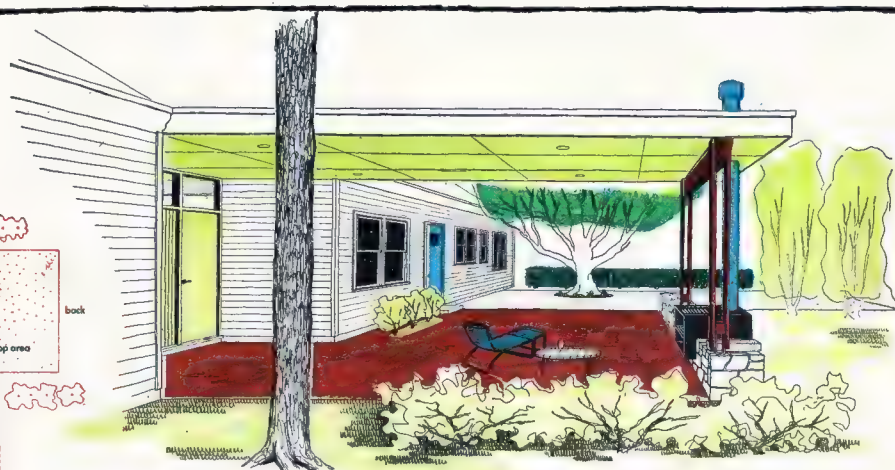


## Outdoor living room



**Move outdoors** six months of the year whenever there's a pleasant day. An outdoor room relieves pressure on a small living room. Partly roofed and all terraced, it can serve as an auxiliary playroom, dining room or an extra entertainment center.

Such a space is inexpensive to add and fits easily back of a breezeway, which can be enclosed and converted into the main entrance hall. In this plan two valuable new storage closets are pluses, and a barbecue has been built into the terrace wall



## A window extension

**A window-wall** or a bay window seems to double the size of a room. They are simple to build, and even in this day of costly construction such an alteration can be made for from \$200 to \$500, depending on the size and style of window wanted

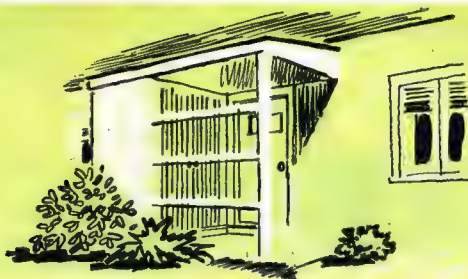
**A triangular bay** gives privacy on the street side and protection from the house next door while offering an excellent view of the back garden. Though it is a new design, such a bay window can be added with good effect to almost any house





## how to add convenience

● Take a lesson from boat designers—make every nook and cranny serve a purpose in planning remodeling. There is scarcely a house that doesn't need more built-in conveniences. Study your house, study the new addition, build in happy little storage and work corners as part of the remodeling job. Keep in mind the special type of storage dictated by the use of the room. With a little thought you can add the luxury of plenty of space to keep frequently used equipment or to store seasonal things. Figure out ways to install an attractive snack bar for your teen-agers, a tidy arrangement for tool storage that will encourage neatness when the family handyman does a job, or special shelves for hobby supplies.



Front or back entrance can be improved with a roof extension for protection. Double its value and appearance by including a trellis and storage closet. Make a model first. Check proportions

## how to make the job easy

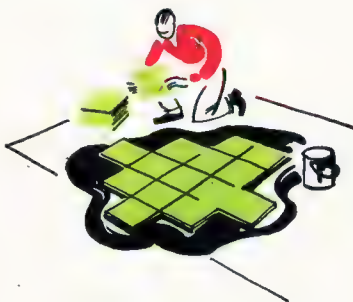
● Today labor costs more than materials. Whether you do the work yourself and are looking for easy techniques or hire a carpenter, shop for prefabricated, easy-to-handle new products and materials. Study your remodeling design, simplify it and use stock parts wherever possible. Wiring and plumbing must be done by professionals, but if the project is designed around the dozens of prefabricated products on the market today, most of the work can be done by handy amateurs. Shown here are only a few of the new products and materials which will help lower the cost of remodeling or enable you to make a workmanlike job of it yourself.



Wallboard and plywood eliminate plaster. Sheets are usually 4 by 8 feet. Some are room size. Tiles for ceiling are applied with adhesive, nails or screws



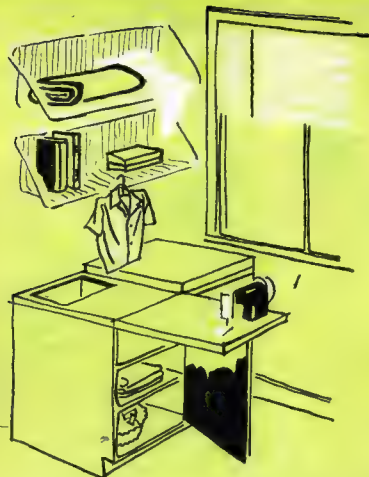
**Plywood subflooring** may be laid in less time than boarding. Panels fit standard joist spacing without cutting, give smooth surface for laying linoleum or tile



**Resilient tile floors** are easy to install. Many manufacturers of materials supply complete directions for the job. Consider plastic, asphalt, linoleum, cork or rubber



**Roller painting** is fun. Quick-drying, washable, nonodorous paints in a wide variety of mixed colors make the job easy. Amateurs also tackle hanging wallpaper



**Sewing centers** are easily contrived by adding a folding top to a cabinet. Use a piano hinge and door for extra support. Mount machine and cut space in counter top to receive it when leaf is closed

**Bathroom storage** can be found even in small rooms if cabinets are mounted on the wall. This wall cabinet for towels and soap has louvered doors, which add a decorative touch in a new or old bathroom



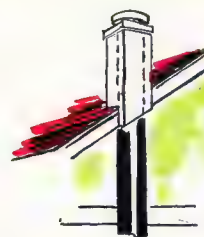
**Make a snack bar** out of waste space. Put a drop-leaf wall table over the frozen-food locker. Make it 6 inches wider. For fun add bulletin board and a fluorescent tube at top of wall frame to light the spot



**View windows** which do not open may be set into the studs or framing. Ventilation can be supplied by side windows. The awning type sheds rain when it's left open



**Franklin stoves** are easy to install, give good heat. There are also many prefabricated metal fireplaces and wall heating units. Check building codes before using



**Prefabricated chimneys** cut chimney costs as much as 50 per cent, can be installed by one man, are lightweight and need no foundation. Check building codes



**Shower stalls** are prefabricated, save space and are easy to install. For children's use attach hand spray. There are also small bathtubs only 42 inches long



**Stock doors** come complete with frames in both modern and traditional styles. Plain flush doors are handsome. But avoid tricky, tiresome, small windows



**Closet walls** in all sizes and depths with swinging or sliding doors, drawers and shelves come prefabricated and ready to put up. May be used as room partitions



# how to get started

**Don't put off expansion until someday.  
Make plans now and get to work**



● **First decide what your needs are.** Don't complete the attic just because it's there. Perhaps a living room, a dining area or added storage would do more to reduce friction.

However, if an addition is what you need, before proceeding check the municipal zoning and building codes and the restrictive clauses in your deed. Know how much of your lot your house can cover and how close you can build to the lot line. There may be limitations on materials, building heights and roof slopes.

**Next make plans.** Employ an architect, a builder, or develop plans yourself. In any case don't skimp the planning stage. An architect will solve the problem to suit your budget and draw up plans which permit competitive bids. Often he will save you his fee in reduced labor costs.

Even if you do the work yourself an architect should be considered. His plans will give you confidence. If you feel able to make your own plan draw it on dimension paper, make a scale model, develop details such as closets, windows and furniture placement. Building is costly, and mistakes run up the bill. An addition may cost from \$2,000 to \$3,000 and up, a screened porch from \$400 to \$800, a bay window from \$200 to \$500.

**Check financing.** Whether you have the cash or need to borrow, inform your mortgagee of the proposed changes. Get his consent before proceeding. He may increase the principal on the same terms as the original mortgage.

Sources for alteration money are commercial and savings banks, building-and-loan societies, insurance companies, real-estate concerns.

**Work begins.** You are now ready to let a contract for the construction labor or to haul up your own sleeves and get to work. An architect can guide you through both operations.

If you hire a builder, your architect and lawyer should examine the proposed contract to see that you are fully protected against unjustified claims for extras. It is best to let the work on a lump-sum basis when there are adequate drawings and specifications. On simple projects you may pay the builder his actual costs plus a fee for services, which leaves the final cost undetermined, an arrangement acceptable only with a reliable contractor.

**Heating.** Your architect or heating contractor can determine the capacity needed and the capabilities of the existing unit. Frequently the old equipment can heat an added room.

**Electrical systems** of houses built during the last 20 years may take an additional load. Older houses may require an extra circuit if a room is added. Your electrician can advise you.

**Outside walls** of small additions should usually be of the same material as the original house for the sake of unity. A large addition such as a new living-room wing may be either the same or different material.

**The roof** of a new addition may have a different slope than the original house. See pages 82

and 83. If the roof slope is visible it should be the same material and color as the original house. A flat roof usually has a gravel surface which you can't see from below.

**How to keep costs down:**

Leave costly plumbing work in place whenever possible. Keep additional plumbing close to old lines.

Use simple rectangular shapes. Avoid complicated broken forms, angles or curves.

Use standard-sized materials in their full size if possible without sawing or cutting—i.e., doors, windows, plywood, wallboard.

Keep existing doors and windows in place where possible. Replace a window with a door whenever you can utilize existing opening.

Use simple materials which are available in local supply and are familiar to local workmen. Wood is generally plentiful and economical. So are concrete blocks and brick.

Local regulations will generally require that the electrical and plumbing work be done by licensed contractors. The masonry and rough framing may be done by a competent amateur. However, it is inefficient unless done by two workmen. Any able amateur can handle sheathing, siding and shingle roofing. Skilled workmen should do plastering, install the windows, hang doors, cut and set the glass, install flashings where pipes or a chimney go through the roof, and install the necessary hardware. Save by doing the interior finishing and built-ins yourself.

## COLLECT BOOKLETS ON MATERIALS...READ HOW-TO-DO-IT BOOKS

● E. L. Bruce Co., Memphis 1, Tenn. *Modern Hardwood Floors of Bruce Blocks. Bruce Blendwood Block Floor.*

● The Celotex Corp., 120 S. LaSalle St., Chicago 3, Ill. 97 Ideas for Improving Your Home. 25 cents.

● Congoleum-Nairn Inc., 179 Belgrave Dr., Kearny, N. J. *Which Floor Goes Where. Install the U-Do-It Line of Gold Seal Products.*

● Douglas Fir Plywood Assoc., Tacoma 2, Wash. *Kit of 13 Easy-To-Follow Plans and Building Instructions for Interior and Exterior Storage.* 50 cents. *A Portfolio of Architectural Designs for Plywood Built-ins.* 10 cents.

● Fleet of America Sales Corp., 467 Dun Building, Buffalo 2, N. Y. *Beautiful Picture Windows.* 25 cents.

● John-Manville Corp., 22 East 40 St., New York 16, N. Y. *Ceiling Panels and Wall Plank. How You Can Build a Room in Your Unfinished Attic.*

● Kentile, Inc., 58 Second Ave., Brooklyn 15, N. Y. *Kentile Catalogue.* 10 cents. *Self-Installation Manual.*

● M and M Wood Working Co., Kenton Sta., Portland 17, Ore. *8 Ideas for a Better Bedroom. 10 Easy-Living Ideas. 18 Ideas for a TV-Family Room. Modernize With*

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● The Mengel Company, Cabinet Division, Louisville 1, Ky. *Space-Saver Wall Closets, Closet Fronts and Sliding Doors. Mengel Flush Doors.*

● National Lumber Manufacturers Assoc., 1319 18th St., N. W., Washington 6, D. C. *House-Framing Details.* 15 cents. *A Manual on Sheathing for Buildings.*

● National Oak Flooring Manufacturers' Assoc., 814 Sterick Bldg., Memphis 3, Tenn. *Specification Manual: Preparation, Laying, Finishing Oak Floors*

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● Strand Garage Door Div., Detroit Steel Products Co., 3379 Griffin St., Detroit 11, Mich. *Garage Plans and Ideas.* 10 cents.

● United States Government Printing Office, Division of Public Documents, Washington 25, D. C. *Planning the Expandable House.* 20 cents.

● United States Gypsum Co., 300 W. Adams St., Chicago 6, Ill. *How To Apply New Panel Sheetrock. New Walls as Lovely As These.*

● United States Plywood Corp., 55 W. 44 St., New York 36, N. Y. *Novoply Laminated Wood Paneling. Weldtex Striated Plywood. How To Install Plankweld.*

● University of Illinois, Small Homes Council, Mumford House, Urbana, Ill. *Household Storage Units. Storage Partitions. Interior Design.* 10 cents each. *Contemporary Houses Developed From Room Units.* \$1.

● University of Illinois, Agricultural Information Office, Rm. 110, Mumford Hall, Urbana, Ill. *Space Design for Household Storage.* \$1.25.

● The Upson Co., Lockport, N. Y. *New Interiors for Old: 79 Repair, Remodeling and New Home Construction Ideas.* 10 cents.

● West Coast Lumbermen's Assoc., 1410 S. W. Morrison St., Portland 5, Ore. *How To Build Well and Save Money.*

● McGraw-Hill Book Co., Inc., New York, N. Y. *New Houses From Old* by R. R. Hawkins and C. H. Abbe. \$6.50. A valuable guide to planning and construction.

● M. Barrows and Co., Inc., New York, N. Y. *How To Finish Your Attic and Basement Yourself* by A. G. Lockwood and N. E. Stanton. \$3.50. A complete guide for the sore-thumb carpenter working on a budget.

*When no price is mentioned booklets are free*

## A man and his money

Continued from page 29

She admired the picture's dark eyes. "Well, one can eke out on—hey!" She stopped looking at the picture. "But, Haggerty, wasn't the prize supposed to go to someone who couldn't afford to buy a ticket, someone who—?"

"Sure." Haggerty held out his hands. "But there's another clue for you about Adonis here: he entered the contest from a second-class rooming house—repeat, second-class—on N Street."

"Why, the old sharpie!" "Sharpie, nothing!" Haggerty drawled. "He lives there. I checked."

She stared at the picture in disbelief. "Why would anybody who looks like that and makes seventeen thous—?"

"Because he's that way." Haggerty stood up. "Well, I'll be down with Jones for a shot of him as he gets on the plane."

"All right," she said absently, and glanced down at the glossy again. "Haggerty—?"

But Haggerty was gone.

THE passengers came through the gate, across the field and up the steps into the DC-6. Marcia stood beside the stewardess as they passed, sizing them up for type as best she could, wondering what could have happened to Charles K. Summit. Glancing at her watch, she stepped out on the ramp. The gate beyond was empty.

Haggerty ran up the steps. "He'll be here. Don't worry. He wouldn't waste a ticket."

Then a tall man in an oddly bulky coat and carrying a battered brown suitcase was striding through the gate and across the field. He looked like a scientist in the movies, Marcia decided. Well, not exactly. Like some men she remembered dimly from early childhood and the depression, fine men gone shabby. "That doesn't make seventeen thousand!" she muttered.

"It makes it," Haggerty muttered back. "It just doesn't spend it. Oh, hello there, Mr. Summit."

"Sorry," Charles K. Summit gave Haggerty a nice grin, an assured, easy grin. "The bus took longer than I expected."

Bus! Marcia thought. She stared at him speculatively.

He displayed his abomination of a suitcase with no shame. "They told me inside I missed the baggage cart."

She nodded. "Just bring it on with you."

Jones adjusted his camera on its tripod. Haggerty said, "Smile and wave, please, Mr. Summit. Now just once more. That's fine, Mr. Summit. Okay, Marcia, he's all yours."

When the NO SMOKING sign flicked off, she picked up the mike and smiled down the length of the plane at the trio of middle-aged government "girls," the man, wife and mother-in-law group from Silver Spring, the assorted couples of all ages—and Charles K. Summit. She really loved her job. For this she had car-hopped at the Varsity Drive-in and worked in the dean's office to get herself through college with a major in Spanish. For this she had spent five years climbing the Tradewinds ladder. Maybe tomorrow she'd be shark food, but today there was the luxury of the plane and the places she would visit and the hotel rooms she would sleep in and the things she would buy. This week she would buy a new supply of the finest French perfume in all the Virgin Islands, tax-free.

"Hello, everybody," she began in the warm, twinkling way she'd found most effective. "I'm Marcia Lodge, your cruise director. I'll be with you all the way—in the air and on the ground. And what makes me happy is to see you happy. If there's anything you want and don't get, please ask. If there's anything you get and don't want, please yell. I'm not going to be talking all the time, but right now I thought you'd want to know we left Washington airport on time, flying conditions couldn't be better and both our pilot and our co-pilot are, as always, sober."

There were answering smiles now—but not from Charles K. Summit. The nice grin he'd given Haggerty was gone. In fact, he seemed almost hostile. "Statistics department," she twinkled. "We're cruising at about eighteen thousand feet, two hundred ninety miles an hour. We'll land at Rancho Boyeros Airport in Havana at exactly four-thirty . . ." Oh, come on, Mr. Summit, look at me, at least.

No look.

She finished and put the mike away, then wandered down the aisle, exchanging pleasantries, answering questions, getting names glued to faces in her mind. She discovered that Mrs. Nichols, the mother-in-law who went with the Silver Spring couple also named Nichols, had purchased her ticket through a want ad—from some man named Summit.

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"I really didn't intend to born in to the children's vacation," she said. "But then they saw the ad and just insisted I call. He didn't want to sell just the one at first, but then in a couple of days he called back and said I could have it. Isn't he just about the best-looking thing you ever saw?"

Marcia glanced at him. He was watching her—hostile, but watching. She hurried on her way.

Finally she was there. "I haven't had a chance to congratulate you." She glanced at the seat beside him. "Mind if I sit down?"

"Delighted," he said shortly. "But shouldn't you concentrate on the paying passengers?"

His remark embarrassed her, but she said smoothly, "You're just as important to Tradewinds and to me as anyone, Mr. Summit." She smiled her best smile. "If you insist, I'll take a cigarette."

"I'm sorry." His voice was distant. "I haven't any. I rarely smoke."

"Well, good for you!" she said, but she felt a surge of irritation, not because he was frosty—that rather intrigued her—but because he ought to have a slim platinum cigarette case to proffer elegantly. There was something inherently elegant about Charles K. Summit—especially without his suitcase and topcoat. His suit was a little better, an ultra-conservative dark blue, like his tie. "Tell me—" she ventured the smile again—"in twenty-five

words or less why you want to see Havana."

His hands were on his knees, big strong hands. He looked at them. "Frankly," he said, "I didn't want to see it at all. I only entered the contest for the value of the tickets. Unfortunately, I could get rid of only one."

He shrugged.

"Oh," she said, and added, "You wish I'd go away, don't you?"

He turned his head and met her eyes. "I'm sorry if I seem rude, Miss Lodge. I know you're only doing your duty, and I appreciate Tradewinds' wanting to give me the full treatment. You're very charming. I'm sure they have an excellent cruise director in you. But I'm tired. I was up all last night getting my work in shape so I could leave."

"I see." She hesitated, then said impulsively. "Well, I'll bring you a pillow so you can get some sleep and be ready for tonight's tour."

He shook his head. "Count me out on that."

"Oh, but you can't miss Havana by night!"

He smiled slightly. "So-o-o?"

"So it's part of your prize."

"Not beverages and tips," he said dryly.

She tried her best smile again. "I'm a good dancer."

"I'm sure you are." He avoided her eyes.

"All right." She sighed. One of her rules was never to force the passengers. "I'll get the pillow."

He didn't use it. A few minutes later he was talking with the passengers across the aisle, grinning his nice grin and not looking at all tired.

THE turquoise and green waters off the Florida keys had replaced the blur of the Everglades when she took the mike once more. "Well, *mis amigos*—" she paused, glimpsing that face Charles K. Summit seemed to wear especially for her—"we'll soon be in what the literature calls 'gay, exotic Havana'—and, believe me, it is. We'll meet in front of the hotel for our night on the town promptly at nine. Be ready for a big time—jai-alai game, Chinatown, National Casino and a round of the leading night clubs."

"What, no hot show?" yelled Mr. Baker, the clown over the port wing.

Marcia laughed. Good cruise directors didn't shock. "Not tonight. Tomorrow night's tree for whatever you want, Mr. Baker."

"Not for him, it isn't!" Mrs. Baker replied with loud good nature.

Marcia went on. "Now, here's a quick reassurance for your pocket-books." She looked at Charles K. Summit. "When you bought your tickets, you bought the works. Everything is paid for, absolutely once and for all, except drinks, tips and—uh—hot shows—" her glance fell on Mr. Baker and she won her laugh—"and whatever you want to spend on terrific bargains. Alligator goods and cigars in Havana. And in the Virgin Islands they're practically giving away Irish linens, Danish silver and French perfume . . ."

Charles K. Summit turned to the window.

She finished and strolled down the aisle toward him. "Look—" she sank into the empty seat—"I like my job, but I'll be out of it if I irritate people. Maybe I need a little constructive criticism."

He drew in his breath. "I don't dislike anything, Miss Lodge. I've no doubt you're one of the best cruise directors in the service. For your age and sex, of course."

"Oh!" She pounced on that. "It's my age and sex you don't like."

(Continued on page 90)



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(Continued from page 39)

He made a church and steeple out of his hands and scowled at them. "Frankly, you place me in a rather embarrassing position. Twice you have sat down beside me, and inasmuch as apparently I'm the only unattached male aboard—well, frankly, Miss Lodge, I don't want to encourage you."

She said softly, because she was terribly curious to know: "Why not?"

He glanced at her, then quickly back to his church and steeple. "The trip is going to last a week. Under the circumstances, I could very easily be jockeyed into the position of being an escort to you and, frankly, I want to keep my expenditures to a minimum."

"I understand," she said. Cruise directors always understood—anything. What a character, she thought.

"Well, now you know," He turned and suddenly, for the first time, he gave her his nice grin. "I feel better. Benjamin Franklin believed men should tell women the truth about themselves to avoid later disappointments. Wise man."

"Very," she agreed. As she recalled, old Ben had had a lot to say about thrift, too. "Well—" she got to her feet and smiled down at him uncertainly—"if there's anything I can do for you, let me know."

"There it is!" someone cried. "There's Havana!"

**T**he Malecón Hotel was as luxurious as the Tradewinds' ads promised. She caught a glimpse of something like appreciation in Charles Summit's eyes as they swept the lobby, and on impulse she drew the manager aside. "I want your best single assigned to that man over there."

This was Havana, city of warm-blooded assumptions. A knowing smile cut across the manager's dark face. "Ah, yes!" His voice was soft, almost whispering. "The room *magnifico* across the *balcón* from the one you always occupy, perhaps?"

She told herself someone had to be across the balcony from her and shrugged. "Well, that's a very beautiful room."

She took a shower and put on a cocktail dress, fresh makeup and perfume. On the patio below a guitar was throbbing a love song. There was something decidedly demoralizing about Havana, she thought, stepping out on the balcony. Havana might be very good for Charles K. Summit.

After a while his door opened. He was still in his blue suit. He obviously was surprised to see her—and not at all pleased. She murmured something about life's little coincidences.

"Well—" she tossed her stole over one arm—"we both seem to be going out. The elevator's down this way—"

"You're very helpful, Miss Lodge." He fell in a half-step behind.

At the elevator she turned and caught his eyes on her bare shoulders. He shifted his eyes quickly. She felt full of Havana.

Full of Havana as they stepped into the lobby, she took his arm and thought of someplace very cheap they could go. "It's time for the sea-wall tour now. Don't worry—it's included." She waved at the three government "girls" who were at the desk, mailing post cards. The "girls" looked at her and at Charles Summit and at each other.

He groaned as Marcia guided him to the door. "This is very nice, but really I don't want any special treatment. I—"

"Relax," she soothed. "You've won the prize. And special treatment."

They sat on the wall, looking down at the blue waves smashing white over the rocks. "Nice out here," she said,

thinking it would be much nicer in the patio with the guitar and the man in the white coat to fetch for them. Drier, anyway. Spray was blowing in now, and she was shivering into her stole. Cuba could be chilly in March at sunset.

"You seem to be cold," he said stiffly. "Here." He took off his coat.

She couldn't resist that furtive glance at the label. Labels fascinated her. He asked, "Satisfactory?"

She hugged the coat around her. "Wonderful. Thanks for warming it up."

He was watching her closely. "I mean the place where I got it."

He was asking, wasn't he? "Well, maybe with your position—"

"You keep track of such things?"

His lips curved slightly. "Part of being a good cruise director, I suppose." He touched a fold of her dress spread out on the wall. "Very pretty, Miss Lodge. And I'm sure very expensive."

"I like nice things," she admitted.

"I'm sure you do." He looked out to sea. "The luxury of our plane, for instance, and the Malecón Hotel and the life you lead."

"Is that bad?"

He shrugged. "Not bad. I guess—but perhaps a little superficial."

"Why?" she asked. "Nice things exist, just like shoddy things. And if I like nice things and can get them, why am I superficial?"

He looked weary. "Things are pretty misleading."

She decided to laugh. This was Havana, wasn't it? "But everything's a thing," she said teasingly. "The best things, of course, are free. But some of the second-best things cost money, and they can add a lot. I still wish you'd come tonight. I bet you're a good dancer."

"I'm afraid I haven't done much dancing since college."

She asked what college and when he told her, rather reluctantly, she felt triumphant. "And where was the family estate?"

"I'm sorry to disappoint you, Miss Lodge, but the family estate has long since gone by the board. My father's tastes were too expensive."

"I see," she said, seeing a lot.

He was looking at her strangely. "Wine, women and song. Mostly women. He was always trying to buy some little wench or other."

"I see." She sighed. The chill out here wasn't just from the spray. "Well—" she slipped out of his coat—"I guess I'd better go see how the others are doing."

He took her hand to help her down off the wall. His hand was strong around hers, not letting go immediately. She wondered how long it had been since he held a hand, and her Havana mood came back. "Would you go tonight if it didn't cost a cent?"

He peered at her closely. "What do you mean?"

She shrugged. "Why not? You don't like to spend money. I do. I love to spend money."

"No, thanks!" He took her arm and hurried her across the street. "I appreciate your generosity, Miss Lodge. But on the plane you told us that if we got anything we didn't want—"

"All right." She smiled. A good cruise director always smiled in the teeth of anything. "I'll leave you alone."

"Perhaps that would be better," he said.

Marcia joined the Nichols three-some for cocktails on the patio. She had no idea where Charles Summit went and she was quite certain she

didn't care. Let him live in a rooming-house and ride in buses and cache his entire seventeen thousand a year in tin cans under the floor boards! Marcia Lodge had pride—not much, maybe, but some. She went on into the dining room with the Nicholises and saw him eating with the Bakers and picked the chair where her back would be toward him.

"Someone's eyes are on you!" the younger Mrs. Nichols teased.

The older Mrs. Nichols bent forward confidentially. "He thinks you're very attractive, my dear. I asked him on the plane if he didn't think so, and he said yes, he did."

At the jai-alai game, Mr. Baker confronted her. "Well! Where's that man I saw you playing handsies with this afternoon?"

"Now, now!" Mrs. Baker wagged a finger. "Don't try to fool us. Besides, we kidded a certain handsome bachelor at dinner, and he turned the prettiest pink."

At the casino, the government girls asked, "Where's the boy friend?"

Marcia had to laugh. Poor man!

**A**T SEVEN A.M. her phone rang. Charles Summit was at the desk trying to cash a check, but the management insisted on her endorsement. Considerate passengers always brought traveler's checks and let cruise directors sleep, but she was quite excited at the prospect of Charles' cashing a check. She dressed fast.

He was waiting in the lobby, fresh and bright-eyed. "You look tired," he said rather smugly. "I'm afraid I got you up. Sorry." He handed her the check. It was for twenty dollars.

"Oh, they'll cash a bigger one," she said.

"This'll be enough." "Whatever you say," she shrugged. "I just thought you might want to get enough for the whole trip all at—" She glanced at him. "Well—" She swallowed and turned the check over and endorsed it.

"Thanks very much." He counted four five-dollar bills carefully, then reached into his pocket. "I don't imagine," he said, "you very often see an old-fashioned pocketbook."

She smiled sweetly. "Well, frankly, I haven't seen one since my father's."

"Was he a tightwad too?" He said it; she didn't. "Oh, no!" She smiled. "He was very generous with what he had. But he didn't have much. Our family estate, for example, was a twenty-dollar-a-month bungalow."

Charles Summit didn't look surprised. In fact, he looked a bit triumphant. "You've come a long way, haven't you?"

She said, "I think I'll go back to bed."

She avoided him at lunch and on the afternoon tour of the churches, the capitol, Morro Castle and Old Havana. She avoided him at dinner, but once her eyes met his across the room and she smiled, a sheepish, hopeful smile, like a little boy who wanted to make up. So though several people asked her to go out on the town, she went to her room and listened to the guitar and waited. Successfully.

He knocked, and when she opened the door that same smile was on his face. "How about joining me for coffee in the patio?"

"Why, thanks, yes." She switched on the dressing-table lamp. "Mind if I powder my nose?"

He stepped into the room—a few inches. There was something awkward and rather sweet about him now. "I feel pretty silly about the way I've been acting," he said. "You've been very patient."

(Continued on page 92)

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(Continued from page 90)

With a sort of embarrassed fascination he watched her run a comb through her hair. "I only get two weeks of vacation a year, and this is one of them."

He watched her take the stopper out of her perfume bottle. "My coat still smells like that stuff. It must be good."

She smiled proudly. "It's the best on the island—or anywhere, so far as I know."

They sat at a little table under an almond tree, and without thinking she ordered coffee and curaçao. Almost immediately she remembered she'd been invited for coffee, and she was snapping her fingers. "Oh, Mr. Summit. I'm sorry! No curaçao, Enrique. Café solamente."

"Oh, the curaçao's a good idea," Charles Summit said with a reckless grin. "I'll have one too."

"Oh, no, really, Mr. Summit, just coffee would be . . ."

It came. "Very good," he said. "Very orange."

"Free samples in every store along the Prado," she commented. Just conversation. That was all.

He shook his head. "I don't want a free sample along the Prado. I want this here with you."

She laughed. "Mr. Summit, may I say that you've undergone a rather startling metamorphosis since last evening? Not to mention our little encounter this morning—a very pleasant metamorphosis."

"It's your fault," he grinned. "It is?" She cocked her head at him. Then, because she had learned to accept a compliment and move on, she asked about his job, learned it was mostly planning and consulting and that he had an expense account for the little entertaining "we consider necessary."

"I see," she smiled. "Well—it sounds very dignified."

"It's not exactly rowdy," he admitted. "I suppose some people would find it pretty dull. But we have work to do. And we're doing it."

"It's your whole life, isn't it?"

"Oh, I read and get together with friends." He cleared his throat. "Uh—what do you do when you're not cruise directing?"

"I—" she looked at the fountain—"relax with friends too."

"Men friends?"

"Well," she said, "I'm only home on Saturday nights, and—"

"One?" he asked. "Or several?"

"Several." She met his eyes now. "Room for any more?"

She laughed. "Well—" Her coffee cup was empty. Her curaçao glass was empty. She pushed back her chair.

He jumped up to hold it for her. Nothing about another or where-do-we-go-from-here. She'd been invited for this, and this, apparently, was it.

At her door he said rather wistfully, "I hate to say good night. I've certainly enjoyed this." He looked beyond her into her room and then down into her face, and she knew he would not decline any invitations.

She extended her cruise director's hand instead. "I've enjoyed it too, Mr. Summit. Thanks so much."

IT WAS seven; she was yawning herself awake when the boy brought the tray. On the tray was breakfast and a rose in a vase and a big bowl of fruit and a note on hotel stationery. The note said: "I don't care what you cost." It was signed "Charles."

She blinked at the note, then she began to smile. From him that was quite a declaration, wasn't it? She sniffed the rose and read the note again. Then, forgetting she was still in just her nightgown and robe, un-

combed and unpowdered, she opened her door to see whether—

He was. He was standing in his doorway.

"Thanks," she smiled. "You're very—generous."

"So that's how you look when you get up in the morning," he said. "I've been wondering." There was something new about his voice. Not distant like Sunday. Not kind of sweet like last night, either.

Something new about his eyes, too, something bolder.

"Well, I guess I'd better eat it before it gets cold," she said hastily. "I mean, I wouldn't want to waste it, would I? And the bus leaves for the airport in half an hour." She backed into the room and shut the door. Fast.

He was looking at her the same new bold way on the bus and then on the plane to San Juan and then at the desk of the Caribe-Plaza hotel.

"Here—" He handed her a check. "If you'll just be good enough to endorse it."

She gasped. The check was for five hundred dollars.

He chuckled. "Better, huh?" He gazed around the lobby at the floating staircase, the indoor stream wending through tropical plants. "Well, I'm sure that in all this Caribbean splendor I'll be able to get rid of it. Maybe you'll take me shopping."

"Really," she began. "I—"

"Come on." He took her arm. "We can get a lot done before lunch." He led her out the entrance and bowed her into a cab. She went unprotesting because he had her off balance. Way off balance. Ever since that tray.

"Now, are there any decent stores here?" he asked. "We want the best, of course. We want the best labels in town, don't we?"

She said uneasily. "You really want to go shopping?"

He laughed as if he were a little drunk. "Sure I do! Why not?"

He does need a new suit, she thought, and she directed the driver to the best men's store in town.

He seemed surprised as they entered. "Where's the women's department?"

She caught her breath. "You mean—?"

"Anything you want under five hundred dollars."

She looked at him a moment in complete amazement before she decided to laugh. "Some other time, dear. If we're doing any shopping today, it's for you—period."

"Hey, didn't you hear me? I've got five hundred dollars."

"The luggage department is right over there."

He seemed puzzled. "You want me to buy luggage?"

She hesitated. Then—it was too magnificent an opportunity to resist—"And swimming trunks and a suit and a hat..."

THAT night, on the round of San Juan's bistros, he picked up all her checks and looked—well, looked at last as he should look.

"Wasn't it worth the little extra for the tailor to get it by tonight?" she asked, dancing with him. She let go his hand to feel his sleeve. "Oh, that's beautiful material."

He touched her shoulder. "That's beautiful material too."

"Charles!" She pulled back with a quick glance at the other passengers, who weren't missing a thing, of course. Her shoulder tingled.

He danced her out onto the terrace. The sea was pounding not far below.

His hand was on her shoulder again, and he was asking, "May I kiss you?"

She nodded. He was so terribly good-looking and most weeks she got just Bakers and Nicholoses and government girls. And for a man who hadn't had much practice . . .

Finally he let her go. His laugh was breathless. "Well, I never thought I'd be like my father, but—"

"Your father?" What a time to talk about fathers! Then she remembered the sea wall in Havana and something about his father's playing sugar-daddy to a lot of women.

"I'm beginning to realize he knew what money was meant for."

"Just what do you mean by that?"

"His arm went around her waist. 'Do you realize we've spent nearly three hundred dollars already?'"

She eased away from his arm and said very quietly, "Of course. You have a new suit, a new suitcase, new swimming trunks, new shoes, new shirts, new ties, new hat."

"Oh, don't get the idea I'm complaining." She could see the grin on his face in the dim light. "If you like me better dressed up, I'm glad to dress up." He was reaching for her again. "I guess I've been sort of a fool. Money in the bank but no fun."

She backed away. "Things are going to be different from now on, huh? Lots of fun?"

"I hope so," he chuckled. "And it took you to wake me up."

"Forget it." Her good old cruise director's smile came out. "I'm always glad to help the passengers in any way I can, Charles." She watched that grin slide off his face. "I can't tell you how glad I am you've decided to relax and enjoy yourself." She turned. "Shall we go in?"

"Marcia!" He caught her arm. "What have I done wrong?"

"Why, not a thing!" she told him. "You've been delightful. This has been delightful. But I really can't go on neglecting the other passengers. I'm sure you understand."

He dropped her arm. "No," he muttered. "I don't understand. You've used one tantalizing little trick after another from the very beginning to get me to this point. And now, out of nowhere, the freeze!"

SHE swallowed. Her face suddenly felt hot. She wished she hadn't talked to him so much on the plane and been so full of Havana in Havana. She wished she hadn't said those rather mercenary things she'd said and looked at his coat label. Oh, why hadn't she slapped his face when he took her shopping, instead of luring him into all those clothes? Why hadn't she kissed him last night after he'd spent a couple of dollars instead of waiting until he'd spent nearly three hundred? Maybe in a way, from his viewpoint, at least, she deserved to be put in a class with his father's girl friends.

"Don't just stand there," he persisted. "Tell me what I've done."

"Let's go in, Charles, please. The other passengers—"

"I'm touched by your sudden concern for the other passengers, Marcia."

She heard herself laugh. It was a strained laugh, but a laugh, nevertheless, because all this was really very funny—in a ghastly sort of way. "Well, my job is really cruise directing, you know. I have to keep this gold digging as a sideline." She fled indoors.

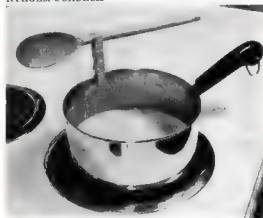
Thank heaven for the tables full of Bakers and Nicholoses and government girls! She didn't have to be alone with him—or even look at him. She didn't want to look at him. The very thought of him embarrassed her now. Of all the ridiculous, impossible, preposterous situations!

## TRY THIS

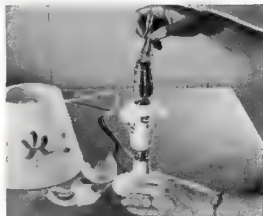
by Greda Di Silvestro

with spring-type clothespins

NYHOLM-SCHERCK



When foods need frequent stirring, snap clothespin on edge of the pan and you have a handy spoon rack



Prevent cut fingers from a broken light bulb by using pin upside down to remove the bulb from the light socket



Clip recipe card you're working with between two pins. It will stand up so that you can refer to it in a jiffy



If knitting has to be put aside before row is finished, clip pins over ends of the needles to prevent unraveling

With relief she locked herself at last into her hotel room—and the phone rang. She drew a long, quivering breath because good cruise directors always answered their phones.

"I don't recall ever using the words 'gold digger,'" he said without any introductory remarks.

"She managed an almost light voice. 'Well, what do you say we just forget the whole thing? Looking back on it, I see we got off to a sour start and it's been sour all the way through. Some things are like that.'"

"You mean you want to forget it?" There was genuine hurt in his voice.

She swallowed. Suddenly she was sorry for him. He'd had a rough week. He'd come out of his little room and his book on Benjamin Franklin and run into Marcia Lodge. "I think you want to forget it too," she said gently. "You're really a very dignified man, Charles."

He was silent a long time. Then he said, "Marcia, I feel pretty silly."

"Don't," she told him. "Lots of people throw away their inhibitions and step out of character on vacations. You should see some I get. Go to sleep. Forget it. All of it. It never happened." She hung up.

She didn't know how long she lay awake, staring up into the blackness.

She was up early and down in the dining room picking listlessly at her breakfast when he came toward her in his dark blue suit and dark blue tie. The executive director of the Shraeder Foundation again, she realized.

"I wanted to tell you that I think I'd better be getting back to Washington. There's a plane at nine. I understand." He avoided her eyes. "This really wasn't a very good week for me to be gone, and I think I'd better be getting back." He glanced at her, then quickly down at the table. "I really don't want to leave without apologizing to you, though. You've been very patient. Thanks." He turned and walked away.

She had one more glimpse of him, at eight-fifteen, climbing into a cab with his new tan luggage.

IT WAS Sunday again. Almost time for another Luxurious Sky Club Cruise. Haggerty hailed her at the airport.

"By the way, Marcia—" with that sardonic grin—"how was that character who won the free ticket last trip?"

"Oh, very nice," she said evenly. "Everybody seemed to like him."

Haggerty had keen eyes. "That would mean you?"

He was relieved; he grinned broadly. "And I could take you to work and pick you up in the evening."

"That would be fine," she agreed, smiling.

And just then the telephone rang. "I'll get it," Virginia said, and left Scott at the table and went into the front hall. "Hello?"

"Hi. Ginger?"

Her breath stopped. Leon. Of course, Leon. No one else had ever called her "Ginger." And besides, his resonant, good-natured voice was as familiar as if she'd heard it yesterday... Yet it had been more than fifteen years. "Yes," she told him. "this is Ginger."

He was in the city, he said. and. "How's the boy?"

"Fine." She spoke automatically, while she tried to get her brain working. Leon, who once had been her husband. Leon, who was Scott's father.

"How old is he now?" Leon asked. "Sixteen," she answered, and thought at the same moment, with a spurt of indignation. He ought to have been able to figure that out!

Leon wanted to come out and see the boy, he was saying. He'd like to bring Dora and come—this evening? Say about seven-thirty?

She told him, "Yes, all right," and then they said goodbye and she hung up. For a moment she sat motionless, staring at the phone. Leon. Coming here. With his wife, Dora. At seven-thirty... And then it struck her: *What's the matter with me? Am I crazy? Why in the world did I say he could come?*

She snatched up the receiver—and set it down. She couldn't call him; she didn't know where he was. The city, twenty-five miles away; that's all she knew. Seven-thirty—an hour and a half.

In the kitchen, Scott had finished eating and was putting his plate in the sink. He started out. She called him back. "Scott, wait."

He turned and came back; he said, "What?"

She blinked twice, said unevenly, "Your dessert. There's pudding." He returned to the table and she put the dish before him; then she sat down. her hands clasped before her.

"Especially," she admitted.

She didn't watch the passengers get on. She sat up in front of the plane, and suddenly she hated the plane and the thought of Gay, Exotic Havana. She wished she'd never majored in Spanish. She wished she'd never gone to work for Tradewinds. She wished Charles K. Summit had never entered the contest.

The plane took off. The NO SMOKING sign blacked out. Grimly she reached for the mike. "Hello, everybody," she began, but she couldn't find the warm twinkle. Not anywhere. "I'm Marcia Lodge, your cruise director. I'll be with you all the way, in the air and on the—" She stopped short. In the rear of the plane sat Charles Summit.

Somehow she finished and put the mike away. She brushed past all the pleasantries, all the questions and sat down beside him. "What is this?" she demanded.

He grinned sheepishly. "I was lucky enough to get the last ticket."

She began to smile.

"I made a mess of last week, Marcia. I want to try again."

Now she felt as if she could never stop smiling. "So do I," she told him happily. "Oh, Charles, so do I!"

THE END

## Son, this is your father

Continued from page 31

beside her. He turned a knob, pressed a pedal, pulled a lever. The car snorted, choked, played dead.

Virginia said, "You should have kept her going when you had her started."

"She'll start again; don't worry," he assured her.

And she did. A mighty roar, a clank of gears and down the driveway they went, Scott sitting erect and glorified at the wheel, Virginia beside him, infected with his excitement.

Ever since he was thirteen, Scott had been obsessed with cars, with the starving need to drive one, to have one, to tinker with one. At Christmas it had taken every cent she could get together, but she'd bought the miserable old relic of a car for which he had, a month before, expressed a moaning and hopeless desire. He had been rapturous, thanking her till she almost felt ashamed. Of course it had been a constant drain ever since—more parts, tools, two secondhand tires, a battery; yet, considering that it ran, it cost little enough, and Scott's joy and his pride were worth a hundred times that.

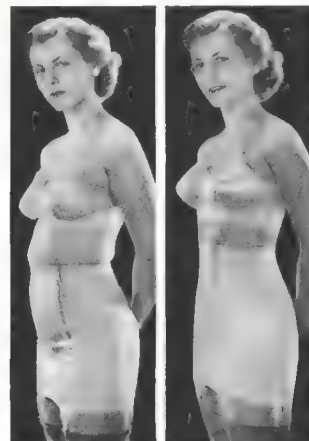
They turned into the driveway. Scott stopped before the garage, reached forward proudly to turn off the ignition. "You'd better come in now and have your dinner," Virginia said. She could tell by his face his terrible reluctance to leave this masterpiece of mechanism. "It's all ready," she urged. "Shouldn't take you ten minutes."

So he came, but he could scarcely eat for the excitement and the planning. "I'm going to get a real job this summer," he said, "and make enough for headlights and a top." He paused suddenly and looked at her with small-boy hesitancy. "It won't cost too much to run it," he said pleadingly. "I don't need to go far, just around town—to school and on errands and out to a movie or something sometimes."

"That's so," she said. "It will be a great convenience."

## Sick and Tired of figure problems?

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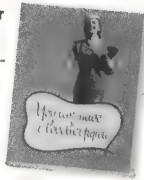
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(Continued on page 95)





*The pudding bed is a chore to make. It's the sign of a restless sleeper's tussle with flat sheets*



*The timesaver's bed with top and bottom fitted sheets is made in a jiffy, is comfortable all night long*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOM YEE

## THINK OF THE TIME

### YOU SAVE **Fitted sheets will free one eight-hour day per bed in a year's time**

**I**S TIME important to you? Do hours disappear before you're half through giving the house the once-over? Take that daily chore — bed-making. With the new fitted sheets — bottom sheets mitered on 4 corners and top sheets mitered on the bottom corners only — bed-making is a cinch. Roughly, you'll save 8 hours a year on each bed. If you make 3 beds a day you'll be ahead 24 hours in 12 months. Besides, it's easier to persuade men and children to make their own beds when this quicker, easier method is used.

The right size is important. Fitted sheets start with crib size and can be had in youth, three-quarter, twin- and double-bed sizes. They are made for both inner-spring and foam-rubber mattresses, come in percale and muslin, white or colors. All fitted sheets are Sanforized or processed for shrinkage; fitted corners are reinforced with tape for strength. Directions are in the package.

When conventional sheets are used, in many households only the bottom sheet is removed for washing each week. The top sheet takes its place, and a fresh sheet goes on top. With fitted sheets several alternatives are possible. Since they remain fresher they may be used for a two-week period and both sheets changed. Or the top sheet may be used for two weeks, the bottom one changed each week. Or two top sheets, mitered only on one end, may be used, and the second week the top sheet may be placed on the bottom with the mitered end at top of bed.

Home laundering is easy. Since bottom sheets are pulled tight on the bed they need not be ironed. Some laundries charge extra for washing and ironing fitted sheets, but studies show that 1 cent for extra handling may be justified.

**Turn to page 97 for stores featuring fitted sheets this month**

### QUICK ANSWERS . . . to shorten your work time

- Yes, there are fitted plain and electric blankets to use with fitted sheets for more time saved and more sleeping comfort.
- Yes, there are luxurious all-nylon fitted bottom sheets, divine to use, precious gifts.
- Yes, there are fitted sheets with hemstitched hems and scalloped hems on the top sheets.
- Yes, fitted sheets have come to stay — one fitted sheet is now purchased for every 3 or 4 conventional sheets.
- Yes, there is plenty of toe room. Some top sheets are more deeply boxed to give taller people extra foot space.
- Yes, there are special fitted sheets in white only for use on foam-rubber mattresses.
- Yes, fitted sheets are excellent for sofa beds which usually have to be made up from scratch when flat sheets are used.
- Yes, fitted sheets wear as long if not longer than standard sheets and are now made by all major sheet manufacturers.

(Continued from page 93)

She arose and with swift, automatic motions began straightening up the kitchen and then the living room, her mind busy on another level. What does Scott know about his father? What does he think of him? Surely nothing but what I've told him. What have I told him? ... Scott had never seemed very curious about his father. Once, she reminded herself, when he was quite small, he asked, "Do I have a father?" And next he wanted to know, "Is he dead?"

"No, he's alive. He just doesn't live with us."

Then later, when he was perhaps seven, he'd asked, "Are you and my father divorced?" She'd said yes, though at the time they had not been; but it seemed the simplest explanation. And a year or so later, when they actually were divorced, she felt no need to comment.

She was telling herself she must call him to come in when the back door slammed. He came racing through, and a moment later she heard the water start in the shower.

VIRGINIA had put on her suit and was powdering her nose when Scott came to her room to borrow her nail file. He stood by her dresser working on his nails. "Gee, Mom," he said, "isn't it kind of funny, his bringing his wife?"

"Oh, I don't know. I suppose she wants to see you too."

He was scowling. "Doesn't it—don't you—well, don't you kind of hate to meet her?"

"No," she answered slowly. "It isn't as if—that is, it's been so long. Your father is like a stranger to me."

"What does he do?" Scott asked.

She told him that the last she knew he traveled for a wholesale furniture company, selling to retail stores.

He held up one hand and examined it, showed it to her. "Not very good, is it?"

"Not yet," she said.

"What happened?" he asked as he began again industriously with the file.

"Did you have a fight or something?"

"No, we didn't fight." What did happen, she asked herself. She hadn't thought about it for so long. It began that day she told Leon she was going to have a baby...

She remembered it then, in one quick stroke of recollection: Leon's not saying anything when she told him, just looking at her—but something unexpected and alarming in his expression. And after that he seemed to have no more interest in her.

Virginia looked at Scott trying to get car grease out from under his nails. She felt her heart wrench; he was so serious, so guileless and vulnerable. "When you were on the way—" she said calmly, and hesitated. "You see, with your father traveling all the time, we had no home for me to go to, and it wasn't a good idea for me to be driving so much, so I came back here to Aunt Marty's, where I'd grown up. Aunt Marty was all alone and had this house and I just kept on staying, that's all."

Scott put down the file and stood for a moment. "Didn't my father ever come here?"

"He came that once, when you were two months old."

"Is that all?"

"Yes."

He was thoughtful for a moment. She waited apprehensively.

"Didn't he write... or send money or anything?"

"No, he didn't."

"Why not?" he asked with disturbing candor.

Virginia couldn't answer at once. She opened a drawer and searched

through the pile of handkerchiefs. The enforced remembering was like going into a long-locked attic; you open the trunk, dust off the pictures, take out forgotten articles... and finally, in the bottom, hidden under everything else, you discover bitterness.

She took out a handkerchief and closed the drawer. She said reasonably to Scott, "He was just getting started, and he didn't have money to spare. And then he figured I had enough, here with Aunt Marty."

"But you didn't, did you?" Scott probed.

"Well—" she fended. "I remember—" he began, and changed his mind. "How did you and my father meet?" he asked her.

She was twenty, she told him without emotion, a sophomore at the University; one of the boys had taken her to the Sink for a soda, and Leon came in; he knew the boy and he sat down with them. Leon had been twenty-six and he was traveling for a lamp manufacturer. He made dates with her for the next several nights. "He was good-looking and lots of fun," she said. Lots of fun—she could not describe to Scott the exhilarating fascination Leon had roused in her. "I didn't see him again for three months, but when he came back to town he called me. Uncle Fred had just died and I'd got behind in my studies and was pretty low. Somehow it happened very quickly; your father asked me to marry him, and I did. I went off on his trip with him."

"Did you—well—love him?"

"Yes, I guess I did."

Did I, she wondered. At least it was not love for very long. It had not stopped suddenly, and she had not been bitter, only hurt and bewildered.

BUT somewhere, sometime, bitterness had started—because now as she recalled those times she began to shiver.

She had written Leon nearly every day of the months she waited for the baby. He never answered. She had told her Aunt Marty what she kept telling herself—that Leon hated writing letters, that he never wrote them. But when it was almost time to go to the hospital, she sent him a letter that did not attempt to minimize her near-frenzy. She had to have money, she told him; Aunt Marty could hardly manage as it was, and they couldn't let her pay the hospital bills.

Leon sent twenty-five dollars. There was a note with it:

Dear Ginger,

Enclosed find \$25. It is the most I can do right now. Business has been very slow. Hope all goes well. Be seeing you.

Love,  
Leon

She had shown the letter to Aunt Marty. She remembered her standing there holding it in her plump hands. "Don't you worry one minute, lamb," she'd said. "We'll make out."

Then that time Leon came, when Scott was two months old. He had telephoned one day: "Hi! I'm in town. How about my coming out?"

He had come, handsome and debonair, in a new car. He was heartily friendly. He stood at the foot of Scott's crib and looked at him. "Well, what do you know! The little rascal."

She had watched him, waiting for the miracle to happen—the burgeoning of the pride a man is supposed to feel for his son. Maybe, though, she had told herself, you can't expect things like that to show on the surface.

He had asked her out for dinner and a drive. "I've got a new territory," he

explained. "Six states. I have to be able to count on my transportation. The old car wouldn't stand the gaff." He bought her flowers; he treated her like a date. Maybe it was to be like that, she had reassured herself—he remorseful but not acknowledging it, and courting her all over again.

He had kissed her good night at the door.

"Aren't you coming in?" she asked. "No. Thanks just the same, but I have to get back, get my samples packed. I leave at five in the morning."

"But, Leon—" she began. Then, with unaccustomed rashness: "Leon, what am I going to do? I can't go on living on Aunt Marty like this. She has only the house and the small annuity. She can't keep the baby and me too."

"Gosh, I'm sorry, Ginger. I can't—not right now. This new territory and all, it'll be a while before I do more than skin through. I'll send you some the first time I can."

She knew then that he wouldn't. He didn't think of her as his wife, nor of Scott as his son. He felt no tie to them and no responsibility for them. She didn't get bitter then; Aunt Marty wouldn't let her. "We'll get along," she'd assured Virginia staunchly. "We'll just have to plan." And she refused to let Virginia go out to work. "Every mother has a right to those first years of her baby's life," she said. "And every baby has a right to his own mother." Aunt Marty, who had never before in her life done such things, made socks and baby sacques to sell at the Woman's Exchange, and she put an ad in the paper to do baby-sitting. She wouldn't let Virginia protest about it. "I'm having fun," she said, blue eyes merry above her fat cheeks. "I never earned a penny in my life. I'm beginning to feel real important." And Virginia had been happy; Scott was a lovable, healthy baby, and she enjoyed every minute of him.

Then Aunt Marty died. Virginia wrote Leon and he did not reply. She was fearful, being left alone, and de-late because Leon didn't come—but that was all. Aunt Marty left her the house. "Keep it," she said before she died. "for Scott's sake. He'll feel safer, and secure. Children nowadays need that." Aunt Marty's annuity stopped, of course, but Virginia got a job in an insurance office and left Scott with an elderly lady during the day. So she had managed, although the margin was precarious.

SCOTT's voice startled her. "Gosh, look at that car!" He gave a long, sharp whistle. Pulled up before the house was a fat, gleaming, cream-colored convertible.

Through the window, Virginia could see the man and woman plainly as they stepped out of the car. Leon had put on weight, but she'd have known him anywhere—urbane, well-groomed in a gray suit and white shirt, a pearl gray hat and black shoes. The woman was plump and pretty with a rose-colored dress and hat and a fur neckpiece.

Virginia, starting toward the hall, turned back. "Remember, Scott, everything you do or say is a reflection on me, how I've brought you up."

He grinned at her. "Okay, Virginia. I'll try not to disgrace you."

The bell rang and she opened the door.

"Well, Ginger!" Leon shook her hand cordially and introduced Dora.

Virginia greeted them hospitably and led the way into the living room. Scott stood at one side looking very lank and long and not-yet-done, the grin on his face abashed and uncertain.

"This is Scott," Virginia said. "Son, this is your father."

(Continued on page 96)

## Wake Up To More Comfort

### Without Nagging Backache

Nagging backache, loss of pep and energy, headaches and dizziness may be due to slowdown of kidney function. Doctors say good kidney function is very important to good health. When some everyday condition, such as stress and strain, causes this important function to slow down, many folks suffer nagging backache—feel miserable.

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(Continued from page 95)  
"How do you do, sir?"  
"Well, well!" Briskly Leon moved to him and took his hand. "So this is Scott. Look at the size of you, boy." Scott was three or four inches taller than his father. "And here I'd expected you to be about half-size to a toad. Sixteen, imagine that." He swung around to his wife. "And this is Dora, my wife. Dotty, what do you think of this young giant?"

Dora leaned forward and held out a creamy, pink-tipped hand. "Hello."  
"How do you do?"

Virginia laid aside Leon's hat and Dora's furs and they sat down. "I want to hear all about you," Leon said to Scott as he settled himself on the sofa. "How about football? Have you gone out for football?"

He asked Scott about his studies, his grades, what he planned to do after his last two years of high school were over. He seemed stocked with questions. Scott had lost the abashed uncertainty; he answered with an easy, friendly politeness. Virginia felt a flush of satisfaction: He's so fine and handsome and well-mannered; I'm so proud of him.

Leon began to tell about the World Series games, and how he arranged his business trips so that he got most of them in. "And one year," he said, "Dotty and I drove out to the Rose Bowl game... What year was that, Dotty—'47?"

"I think so," she said.  
"Six years ago last New Year's—my gosh, was it that long ago?" To Scott he said, "Some game, boy. Illinois playing UCLA, California slated to win—I forget what the odds were, but steep." He laughed. "I ought to know—I lost my shirt."

"I won," Dora said.  
"That's right." He turned back to Scott. "Dotty always takes bets when she can get big odds. Usually she loses, but when she wins, she cleans up good."

Idly, Virginia listened. Leon was making a real effort to win Scott's admiration and liking. And on Scott's face had come that interested, pleased, absorbed look so typical of him and his young friends. Leon, Leon, Virginia thought with a secret smile, you've aged, you've put on weight, but you've kept that ability to charm, to beguile.

"I'd sure like to see a Rose Bowl game," Scott said.

"See California too," Virginia teased. "Especially if you could drive there."

"Yeah," Scott agreed, grinning at her.

"It was hot," Dora said. "My mink coat was new then and of course I wore it, and I thought I'd die."

Leon said, "Listen, boy, we'll go sometime." He leaned toward Scott, enthusiastic and confidential. "Just you and me, eh, boy? We'll leave the women and their fur coats home."

VIRGINIA thought, I'm glad Leon came. It's been so much easier than I expected, so uncomplicated and pleasant. And it's nice for Scott that he and his father hit it off so well. It's done me good, too, to see Leon as he really is, because it cures me of any bitterness. Leon is just a boy at heart, the perennial boy. It wasn't a matter of shirking his responsibility toward us; he simply didn't have a sense of responsibility.

She smiled at Dora, and Dora lifted her eyebrows and grimaced, as if to say, "These men and all this talk about sports and things..."

By now Scott and Leon were launched on the subject of cars—a steady, animated conversation. Leon telling about different cars he'd had.

the mileage he'd put on them, the gas consumption...

And then somehow they were on their feet. They were going out to look at Leon's car. She followed with Dora. On the porch she heard Scott suck in his breath.

"Oh, man!" And he went streaking down the walk to the glittering vehicle at the curb. It looked, under the street lamps, long enough for a boat.

"Like it?" Leon asked, watching with pleased satisfaction as Scott moved around the car, gazing at it as if he must measure every angle, reproduce every line. "Like to drive it?"

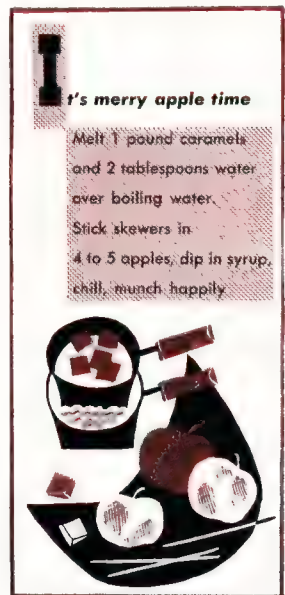
But Dora spoke up quickly. "Oh, please now, Leon, not tonight. We have to get back. Bert and Alice will be having fits." She turned to Virginia. "Friends of ours from New Mexico. They came into town today, and the boys promised they'd take us stepping. We ought to be going."

"Well," Leon said to Scott, "another time, boy, another time."

**It's merry apple time**

Melt 1 pound caramels and 2 tablespoons water over boiling water.

Stick skewers in 4 to 5 apples, dip in syrup, chill, munch happily



Dora started up the walk toward the house, and Virginia went after her. "I'd like to make some coffee," Virginia said, "if you have time."

"No, really, we ought to've gone before this," She crossed to pick up her bag from the coffee table.

Leon had come in with Scott. "How about that?" Leon was saying. "If your mother will let you, of course."

Virginia looked around, and Leon was smiling at her.

"Let him what?" she asked. "Come to Chicago with us."

Scott's expression was startled and perplexed. "You mean—"

Virginia glanced quickly from Scott to Leon.

"I mean," Leon went on with friendly heartiness, "why don't you come back with us now? Your school is out. You can spend the summer and even go to school there next fall. We've got a room you can have—haven't we, Dotty?"

"Yes," Dora said. "We've got an extra room I never fixed up. It's full of old stuff I ought to throw out anyway. I'll get drapes for it."

"And," Leon said, "you can pick your own furniture—from my best lines."

"Well..." Scott said, still surprised and unsure. "Well, gee..."

Leon said, "I'll take you to some of the World Series games, and then in the winter a trip into the snow for snow sports. I'm not much on that stuff myself—" he looked toward Virginia and smiled—"but the kids sure go for it."

"Yes," Virginia said in a hollow voice, her mind staggering.

"You can drive my car all you want," Leon said to Scott. Then he made a sudden, expansive gesture. "Why, I'll buy you a car of your own!"

"You would?" Scott asked incredulously.

"Sure. A brand-new one, too." "Golly!"

Scott, Scott, Virginia thought with such intensity it seemed Scott must hear the words. *don't listen, don't be taken in!* In an instant the whole episode of the last letter from Leon rushed back, complete with images and dialogue and emotions: The year Scott was in the second grade he'd come home and asked for a dollar; all the children in his class were to take a dollar toward a wedding gift for their teacher. The request couldn't have come at a worse time; this was the week the plumbing had clogged up, and Virginia had fourteen cents left to last to the end of the week. But that wasn't something you could explain to a seven-year-old.

"I'm sorry, honey," she said, "but I can't give it to you today."

She showed him her purse; she told him about waiting until Saturday. He couldn't understand. And he was too upset to eat. She had watched him, sick at heart: he was too young to have to be told these things.

"But everybody's taking a dollar," he persisted. "What'll I do? They'll ask me for it—what'll I say?"

She said the only thing she could think of to say: "Couldn't you just say you forgot?"

He had looked up at her, crystal tears filling his eyes. "But, Mom," he told her in anguish, "even a little kid wouldn't forget that!"

She had walked to town that morning filled with a passion of bitterness against Leon. I can't do it all alone, she had told herself. He ought to have some responsibility. Scott is his child too!

She had written Leon then, telling him she felt he should contribute to Scott's support, telling him the incident of the dollar. He had changed to another company, and it was three weeks before she heard. She had opened the letter and a dollar fell out. He couldn't spare any more, he had written; he was really pressed. "Of course the dollar is for the boy," he had added. "I know how important things like that can be to kids. And call on me any time."

THE memory roused in her a quick, astringent anger. Words formed in her throat and threw themselves against her lips: *Leon, you have no right to come back here now, at this late date. You didn't worry about him before, when he was little, when he was hurt—you didn't care then. You can't start now.*

But she spoke none of them. It was Scott's face that stopped her, Scott's eager, excited attention as he listened to his father.

"It gets hot," Leon was saying, "but we don't have to stay in town. The lakes..."

Virginia turned to Dora. Surely Dora didn't want a sixteen-year-old boy suddenly thrust upon her.

"About Scott going to Chicago—" she began.

"I sure hope you'll let him come with us," Dora interrupted. "It would



be such fun for Leon." She sighed gustily. "He's such a gadder, and boy, do I get tired."

"Well, but—" Virginia said. "Oh, you'll let him come—sure you will." Dora smiled blandly.

Leon and Scott were already confirming plans: Leon would call at ten in the morning; he and Dora had planned to leave at noon and to be in Kansas before night. Leon clapped Scott's shoulder. "We'll really have ourselves some good times, boy."

"I'll say!" "You don't have to bring a thing." Leon turned to Virginia. "Anything he needs, we'll buy for him in Chicago."

Virginia thought fiercely. It isn't fair, it isn't fair, he has no right to dangle all these bribes in front of Scott's eyes...

But Leon had reached down and caught her hand and was shaking it vigorously. "Goodbye, Ginger. It was great seeing you. Wasn't it, Dotty?"

"Yes," Dora said affably, "awfully nice. And don't you worry; we'll see that Scott has a good time."

Virginia stood motionless in the doorway, all the protests she longed to speak rammed back down her throat.

She and Scott stood side by side till the red taillights vanished up the street. Then Scott sighed noisily. "Boy, isn't it a monster, though? A beautiful, big, shiny monster. I wonder what kind of car I'll get—one of those neat, real light yellow ones, maybe."

VIRGINIA stopped stock-still, arms stiff at her sides. I'm going to stop this right now. I'm going to tell him he can't. I'll—

"Chicago!" he said. "And the World Series. Gee, can you imagine?" He came to her in a burst of exuberance, threw his arms around her, hugged her hard. Her arms went lax.

"Boy, oh boy!" He released her and started in a sprint toward the kitchen.

She stood irresolute for a moment. I can't say it yet, not when it's all so new, not when he feels like this.

"Scott," she called after him, "what will you do about your paper route?"

"I'll give it to Don. He's been wanting one." He turned around, his face suddenly serious. "I won't be earning money for you, Mom, but I'll give you whatever I get for the Filly. And gee, you won't have to feed me or anything."

"Yes," she said, "that's right," and went to her room.

She had to think. Everything had happened too fast. She undressed, putting her things away absently. Scott, from down the hall, called to her, "G'night, Mom."

"Good night, Scott." She was, she realized, a little angry with Scott, too, that he'd let himself be taken in by his father.

Wait, she reminded herself. What can you say, Virginia? Weren't you taken in by him too? When you were older than Scott is now—you were twenty. The promises, the dazzle, the lavish hand. Can you say to Scott that Leon is like that—interested and generous when it pleases him to be? But all these years, where has he been?

Maybe if I remind Scott about the bicycle. He'd remember that; it was probably the biggest disappointment he'd ever had, or ever would have.

Scott wasn't quite eleven. All year she'd promised that for Christmas she'd get him a bicycle. His friends all had bikes, and he longed painfully for one. Early in November, in anticipation of the Christmas bike, he put in his application for a paper route. But that was the November Virginia came down with virus pneumonia. She was

seriously ill and the doctor insisted she have a nurse. The week before Christmas, when Scott's vacation started, she let the nurse go.

The day before Christmas she called to him in the morning and he wasn't there. Not until that night did she learn that the newspaper office had called him, offering him one of their good routes; he had taken it, and was walking it. "Heck," he told her, grinning. "I wasn't going to pass it up. Anyway, it'll be okay by tomorrow."

He can't—oh, he can't still expect the bicycle, Virginia thought in a panic. "Scott," she said, "you know, don't you, that I won't be able to get you a bike?"

The grin left his face as if it had been struck off. He stared at her in shocked disbelief.

"I thought you'd understand, dear; I can't do it. Oh, I should have told you before. I had to pay the nurse, and I still owe the doctor; we're barely going to have enough for food till I get back to work again."

"But I have to have my bike!" he cried in anguish. "I've got my route!"

"I know. I'm sorry, Scott. I just can't, that's all."

She had seen the realization strike him, and tears spurt to his eyes—the quick, dreadful tears of a boy's unbearable disappointment. He went to his room and shut the door. She wanted to go to him, to try to comfort him. But what could she say?

He had got over it by himself. The next morning he brought her his Christmas present—a stool he'd made in woodshop. She admired it and thanked him with extravagance that tried to make up to him for his disappointment.

He stopped grinning. "Gee, Mom," he said, his voice embarrassed but earnest. "I'm awful sorry I cried last night. It was stinky of me. After you being so sick and all. I guess I should've known you couldn't go 'round buying bikes!" She started to cry at that and could not speak. He said rapidly, reassuring her. "I don't mind walking my route. Who knows—maybe I'll get my leg muscles strong and I'll make end on the football team!"

Even now, remembering, she found she was crying a little. It wasn't right for Scott to have to grow up so early, worry about money, do without things, go through such disappointments. And it was Leon's fault. Would she be able to make Scott see that? Now, with all these glowing promises of his father's, Scott wouldn't want to see... And what, she asked herself with a quick shift in the direction of her thoughts, what would be gained if he did?

He'd had few enough advantages; he deserved anything she could give him—or anything his father could give him. She thought of what it would mean to him—the big city and the baseball series, trips and football games, a brand-new car...

HER room was full of sunlight when she awoke. She sprang out of bed. After nine—when did I ever sleep this late! And this morning, of all mornings.

Scott wasn't in his room; his bed was made, his breakfast dishes were in the sink. She looked out the window. Yes, the garage doors were open, and the Filly's snout protruded. Oh, he would be out there, and so many things to do! She shouted to him, but the motor was running and he couldn't hear. She went back to her room and dressed feverishly.

When she started out through the kitchen to call him, he was there, getting a banana. "Hi," he greeted her. "You finally wake up?"

(Continued on page 100)

## Think of the Time You Save With Fitted Sheets

Displays of fitted sheets (see page 94) will be featured at the following stores during the month of January.

### ALABAMA

Birmingham, Burger-Phillips Co.  
Birmingham, Loveman, Joseph & Loeb  
Birmingham, Parisian, Inc.  
Montgomery, Montgomery Fair

### ARIZONA

Ajo, Phelps-Dodge Mercantile Co.  
Douglas, Phelps-Dodge Mercantile Co.  
Phoenix, Diamond's  
Tucson, Jacome's

### CALIFORNIA

Berkeley, John Breuner Co.  
Los Angeles, Bullock's  
Oakland, John Breuner Co.  
Richmond, John Breuner Co.  
Sacramento, John Breuner Co.  
San Diego, Walker-Scott Corp.  
San Francisco, The Emporium  
San Francisco, The White House  
Stockton, John Breuner Co.  
Vallejo, John Breuner Co.

### COLORADO

Cherry Creek, Denver Dry Goods Co.  
Denver, Daniels & Fisher  
Denver, Denver Dry Goods Co.  
Denver, May Company  
Pueblo, The Crews-Beggs Dry Goods Co.

### CONNECTICUT

Bridgeport, Howland's

### DELAWARE

Wilmington, Strawbridge & Clothier

### DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

Washington, S. Kamm Sons Co.  
Washington, Lansburgh & Bros.  
Washington, Woodward & Lothrop

### FLORIDA

Jacksonville, Furchgott's  
West Palm Beach, The Pioneer Co.

### GEORGIA

Atlanta, Davison-Paxon Co.  
Atlanta, Rich's, Inc.  
Savannah, Leopold Adler Co.  
Savannah, Levy's of Savannah

### ILLINOIS

Champaign, Robeson's  
Chicago, Carson Pirie Scott & Co.  
Chicago, The Fair  
Chicago, Goldblatt  
Chicago, Mandel Bros.  
Danville, Neis Bros.  
Springfield, Myers Bros.

### INDIANA

Gary, H. Gordon & Sons  
Indianapolis, L. S. Ayres & Co.  
Terre Haute, Meis Bros. Co.  
Terre Haute, Schultz & Co.

### IOWA

Cedar Rapids, The Killian Co.  
Des Moines, Younkers  
Dubuque, Stangers  
Sioux City, Martin's

### KANSAS

Wichita, Buck's, Inc.

### KENTUCKY

Lexington, The Stewart Dry Goods Co.  
Louisville, The Stewart Dry Goods Co.

### LOUISIANA

Baton Rouge, Goudchoux's, Inc.  
Shreveport, Rubenstein Bros., Inc.

### MAINE

Biddeford, The Peppercorn Sheet Shop  
Portland, Owen-Moore & Co.

### MARYLAND

Baltimore, Hochschild, Kohn & Co.

### MASSACHUSETTS

Attleboro, London's  
Boston, Gilchrist Co.  
Boston, Jordan Marsh Co.  
Boston, Walpole Bros.  
Boston, R. H. White's  
Boston, T. D. Whitney Co.  
Brookline, Gilchrist Co.  
Framingham, Gilchrist Co.  
Holyoke, A. Steiger & Co.  
Medford, Gilchrist Co.  
No. Attleboro, Miller's Dept. Store  
Pittsfield, England Bros.  
Quincy, Gilchrist Co.  
Springfield, Forbes & Wallace  
Springfield, Albert Steiger Co.  
Waltham, Gilchrist Co.  
Worcester, Filene's  
Worcester, C. T. Sherer Co.

### MICHIGAN

Grand Rapids, Herpolzheimer's  
Grand Rapids, Paul Sicketts & Sons  
Mt. Clemens, Priests Dept. Store  
Muskegon, Grossman's Dept. Store

### MINNESOTA

Minneapolis, The Dayton Co.  
St. Paul, The Golden Rule  
St. Paul, Scheneman's, Inc.  
Winona, H. Choate & Co.

### MISSISSIPPI

Laurel, Carter-Heide Co.  
Meridian, Marks Rothenberg Co.

### MISSOURI

Kansas City, Emory Bird Thayer  
Kansas City, Macy's  
St. Joseph, Townsend & Wall Co.

### NEBRASKA

Omaha, J. L. Brandeis & Sons

### NEW HAMPSHIRE

Manchester, A. Machinist, Inc.

### NEW JERSEY

Ashbury Park, Steinbach Co.  
Atlantic City, M. E. Blatt Co.  
Elizabeth, Levy Brothers  
Passaic, J. Abbott & Son  
Trenton, Nevius-Voorhes

### NEW YORK

Albany, John G. Myers Co.  
Binghamton, Sisson Bros., Weldon Co.  
Brooklyn, Abraham & Straus  
Buffalo, J. N. Adam & Co.  
Jamestown, Nelsons of Jamestown, Inc.  
New York, Gimbels  
New York, Goldsmith Bros.  
New York, Macy's  
Poughkeepsie, The Wallace Co.  
Schenectady, H. S. Barney Co.  
Utica, J. B. Wells & Son

### NORTH CAROLINA

Charlotte, Belk Bros. Co.  
Charlotte, Ediri's  
Greensboro, The Meyers Co.

### OHIO

Akron, Polsky's of Akron  
Akron, The Yeager Co.  
Cincinnati, The John Shillito Co.  
Cleveland, The Higgins Co.  
Cleveland, Taylor's  
Marietta, Otto Bros., Inc.  
Youngstown, C. M. McKelvey Co.

### PENNSYLVANIA

Allentown, Hess Brothers  
Allentown, H. Loh & Co.  
Ardmore, Strawbridge & Clothier  
Harrisburg, Bowman's Dept. Store  
Jenkintown, Strawbridge & Clothier  
Lancaster, Bright Stores  
Philadelphia, Gimbels  
Philadelphia, Henry A. Hurst  
Philadelphia, Snellenburg's  
Philadelphia, Strawbridge & Clothier  
Pittsburgh, Rosenbaum Co.  
Willow Grove, Snellenburg's

### RHODE ISLAND

Pawtucket, Shartenberg's  
Providence, The Outlet Company

### SOUTH CAROLINA

Spartanburg, The Aug. W. Smith Co.

### TENNESSEE

Chattanooga, Miller Bros. Co.  
Chattanooga, Loveman's, Inc.  
Knoxville, S. H. George & Sons  
Memphis, Goldsmiths  
Memphis, B. Lowenstein & Bros.

### TEXAS

Dallas, A. Harris & Co.  
Dallas, Sanger Bros.  
Dallas, Titcher-Gottling Co.  
El Paso, Popular Dry Goods Co.  
Houston, Foley's  
San Antonio, Wolff & Marx Co.  
Wichita Falls, McClurkan's, Inc.

### UTAH

Salt Lake City, ZCVII

### VERMONT

Rutland, Economy Dept. Store

### VIRGINIA

Richmond, Miller & Rhoads  
Richmond, Thalheimer's

### WASHINGTON

Seattle, Rhodes of Seattle

### WISCONSIN

Appleton, Green Dry Goods Co.  
Milwaukee, The Boston Store  
Milwaukee, Gimbels  
Sheboygan, H. C. Prange Co.





Classic chignon Frances had always worn was her trade-mark. "I couldn't imagine how I would look without it," she said

# the \$ 5,000 haircut

by Peggy Bell

*When Frances Garman cut  
her famous long hair,  
she more than doubled  
her modeling jobs and her income*



"I shut my eyes when Michel picked up the scissors—my hair hadn't been cut since I was fifteen. But when he promised to cut it so I could have a hairpiece made I felt better"

"All over! And what a relief when I looked in the mirror. It wasn't the old me, but it **was** exciting"



Fashion model Frances Garman had always been a great success as the "sophisticated type." Her waist-length hair worn in a classic chignon made her a favorite of high-fashion photographers. But, when bookings became fewer and farther between, Frances knew something was wrong. She took a searching look in the mirror and decided to cut off her famous long hair and change her type.

"I had worn the same hairdo, the same kind of clothes, posed for the same kind of pictures for so long," she said, "I was even bored with myself. Undoubtedly magazine editors and photographers felt the same way.

"Well, from the day my hair was cut, I began living in a new world. As a model I am no

*"He set it five ways...first parted  
in the center, brushed in wide wings—  
it made me look years younger"*



*"He pinned on a pony tail  
and I looked like my little sister.  
Well, maybe I **could** be  
the junior type after all"*



*"Set in a sculptured effect, my hair looks  
just as formal for evening as it did  
when I wore it in a chignon. And if I add  
a hairpiece, I **can** look the way I used to—  
but it really isn't me any more"*



*Casual version is Frances' favorite.  
"In 5 minutes I can roll up a few pin curls  
in front, and that's all there is to it"*

longer typed. I can look like five different people with a flick of the brush. I can model sportswear, play clothes, junior sizes — in fact almost any kind of clothes. (Naturally, this has made me a more popular model.) And off the job I discover something new about myself every day.

"It's almost unbelievable what a difference a change of hairdo can make in the way you look and feel. Maybe we all need to see ourselves in a new light once in a while, just to keep from being too set in our ways.

"The final proof that I had made the right decision came when I started going around to see people I had worked with before and overheard several ask, 'Who's the new model?'"

*"Every modeling job is a discovery now.  
After years of being 'typed,' it's fun  
to change moods to suit the clothes I'm wearing"*



HAIR STYLES BY MICHEL OF PARIS  
PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOM YEE





# the questions you ask the doctor about **WORMS**

by Dr. John Fach Landon

**1 I am ashamed to say that my two-year-old son has worms. I've tried to give him good care and have been most particular about cleanliness, but now he has worms in his bowel movements. Where have I failed?**

Nowhere probably. Worms are more common than most people think; they happen in the best of families. In medicine the subject is important enough to warrant a specialty, helminthology, from the Greek word *helminth*, "worm."

**2 Are children more susceptible to worms than adults?**

Yes. A recent study shows that from 35 to 65 per cent of the children in various age groups have worms, and, in most cases, pinworms.

**3 What is a "pinworm"?**

It is also called a "seatworm" or a "threadworm." When seen in a bowel movement the pinworm resembles a small piece of white thread less than half an inch long.

**4 How do you get rid of pinworms?**

They should be treated without delay with one of several drugs called vermifuges, which kill the worms. Then the child is given a laxative or an enema. But the drugs *must* be given by a doctor who will prescribe the right dose.

**5 My baby has worms, my mother insists, because he grinds his teeth at night, picks his nose and eats too greedily. Are these habits a sign of worms, as many people think?**

Rarely, if ever. If you suspect that your child has worms don't listen to old wives' tales. Save a stool sample and ask your doctor to examine it.

**6 What are "round worms"?**

This is a large white worm, resembling the earthworm, which gets in the body through its eggs and develops in the small intestines. They do not usually cause serious symptoms and may not be noticed until they show up in the stools. Your doctor will prescribe the correct medication for this condition.

**7 My grandchildren live in the South. I am shocked to learn that one of them has contracted hookworm. Is this a common condition?**

Hookworm is common in some parts of the southern United States. A doctor can diagnose this condition by examining the bowel movements for eggs of the worm. All the drugs used to eliminate hookworm are very strong and must be given only under a doctor's direction. In most cases it is contracted by going barefoot in soil that is infested with the worms.

**8 My ten-year-old boy has a tapeworm. I didn't know children had these worms any more.**

Indeed they do. Tapeworms are common in children, especially in the southeastern part of the United States. There are many varieties, and they enter the body in poorly cooked meat and fish. Sometimes tapeworms produce no symptoms at all; but in most cases, there is diarrhea or constipation, pains in the abdomen, loss of weight, poor appetite and anemia.

**9 My husband says trichinosis is caused by worms. Is that right?**

Yes. A small worm, *Trichinella spiralis*, causes this stubborn disease. Human beings become infected when they eat raw or undercooked pork containing the eggs. They multiply freely in the intestines and then pass by way of the blood to the muscles, where they cause intense pain, followed in some cases by gastric upsets and fever. Trichinosis is curable when treated by a doctor. It may be prevented by the thorough cooking of all fresh pork.

**10 How can I protect my children against worms?**

Since the commonest way of getting worms is through food and drink contaminated with the eggs, be sure to keep your kitchen, utensils and food scrupulously clean and free from the eggs. Train your children to observe sanitary toilet habits; and see that their hands and nails are kept as clean as possible.

(Continued from page 97)

"But, Scott, look what time it is! You should be getting your things ready."

He gave her a look composed of candor and a boy's incredible casualness. "I'm not going."

She stared at him. "Not going? Why not, for goodness' sake?"

He shrugged and began to peel the banana. "Don't want to."

"But, Scott! Last night you wanted to go."

"Oh, sure. Last night I was all steamed up. But that was last night."

She was gripped with sudden anxiety. "What happened?"

"I just changed my mind." He took half the banana at a gulp and started for the back door.

"Scott," she said, needing to delay him, not knowing what to say. "Are you—are you sorry I told your father he could come?"

He looked around in surprise. "Of course not." He swallowed prodigiously, lifted the banana, preparing to take another bite. "Heck, any fellow wants to know what his father's like, how he looks and everything." He shrugged again. "Well, and so now I know." He took another bite and went out.

Virginia stood motionless, stricken with guilt. He saw the way I felt last night. I did let it show—how bitter I was.

She stood another moment, making up her mind. Then she went out to the garage. He had the Filly's rear wheels jacked up and was sitting on the floor tightening wheel bolts. "Scott," she said to the crown of untidy fair hair. "Scott, you don't have to think of me. I'll be all right. I'll be happy knowing you're in a good school, having a car and all the things you've never had."

He looked up; his hand halted, the wrench momentarily suspended. He was grinning. "Hey! You trying to get rid of me?"

She supposed she should match his humor with humor, but she couldn't. Besides, there wasn't time. "No," she said earnestly. "It's just that I won't

have you staying because—because of some idea of loyalty to me."

He raised his brows in a spontaneous grimace. "Loyalty to you? Heck, what about my Filly?"

"Scott..."

"Huh?"

"If I've done anything to prejudice you—I didn't intend it. Your father means well. I was very young, you know—" She paused, floundering.

HE TURNED the wrench in his hand, looked at it from first one angle, then another. "You haven't prejudiced me," he said. "I don't remember your ever saying the least thing against him." Then he looked at her. A boy's eyes, clear and direct and full of a boy's judgment—uncomplicated and perceptive and firm. "It's just—well, I got thinking in the night. Remember he was telling us about that time he went to the Rose Bowl? And they had a big car and a new fur coat and made bets and everything?"

"Yes, I remember."

"That was the '47 game, they said."

"Yes," she waited.

"I just got thinking—that was the Christmas you were so sick and you couldn't get me the bike. Remember?"

Remember? Virginia nodded blindly.

Scott stood up and walked around and got into the driver's seat.

Virginia's voice was shaky. "What are you going to tell him?"

He leaned forward to poke at the dashboard. "I'll just tell him thanks all the same but I can't do it."

Virginia didn't say anything more. She couldn't. *How little*, she was thinking, *how very little we know our own children's minds and hearts!* She turned and went toward the house, blinking hard against tears. Tears pressed out by the sudden fullness and the acceleration of her heart. Scott. He's grown up now; he's on his own. Leon. Leon, she thought, you don't know what you've missed.

She heard the motor start up, rhythmic and loud. The Filly's heart was in high gear too.

THE END

## Dear Kate

Continued from page 23

in time to solve her problems, which were invariably immediate and acute. So she took most of them up with God. He gave her the green light, apparently. Anyway, she frequently sorted periodicals with a just eye on fair distribution of reading matter but a cavalier disregard for subscribers. And she decided, on some tenuous authority, that it was proper—in fact, almost a professional duty—for her to write letters to any hopeful postbox holder whose rent was paid up but who never got any mail. These letters were uniformly cheery, enumerating the recipients' virtues and usually signed, "An Admirer."

At the moment Kate was involved in a very worrisome intrigue. She was carrying on a correspondence with poor, half-blind Mrs. Stavely in the name of "Your loving son, John."

"An Admirer" might have his letters postmarked Somerset, but "Your loving son, John" simply couldn't. So for the sake of realism she sent these under separate cover to Chicago for re-mailing by the postmaster there. She would have handled the matter in a more direct way—by writing John Stavely and demanding firmly that he take care of his own correspondence with his mother—but J. Stavely had

not been heard from since he dusted Somerset from his feet some ten years before. And his mother was old and frail, and her therapeutic need for letters was urgent.

Kate heartily disliked the deceit involved in slipping Mrs. Stavely's replies into her apron pocket when she sorted the outgoing mail. And in full consciousness of guilt she choked on the cookies Mrs. Stavely once sent to her absent son. God condoned all this, Kate felt sure, but still a word of approval from the Postmaster General too would have been comforting.

Kate dusted her domain, set out her ink pads, adjusted the rubber date stamp and counted the money in her change drawer. Then while she awaited the arrival of Dr. Homer Blanchard she caught up on her correspondence.

Dr. Blanchard, the town's physician and surgeon (and reluctant, but tender, veterinarian), always stopped by on his way home from his nocturnal obstetrical missions. Or, if he spent the night in bed, he dropped by before starting his morning rounds. He arrived today in a cheerful mood.

"Hello, Poison Pen." He walked behind the counter to pour himself some coffee.

Kate looked up from her letter. "The Morris baby didn't come last night, I see."

"Where do you see that, if I may ask?" Dr. Blanchard took a gulp of coffee and strolled over to the post-office window.



"I read all your obstetrical histories on your face. You slept last night." Kate put the final flourish on "Your loving son, John."

Brazenly the doctor leaned through the window to see what she was writing. "At it again, I see. Poor Mrs. Stavelly—victim of an unregenerate busybody!"

Kate had long since confessed her duplicity to Dr. Blanchard, her only confidant.

"My letters are probably much more lovingly filial than John's would be. Besides, I just know he'd never send her a dollar every week the way I do. I'm sure the Postmaster General understands my situation. Silence lends consent, you know."

"The Postmaster General wouldn't understand your situation, Kate, if he lived to be a hundred," Doc said. "You've got the damndest situation."

"Please don't say 'damn,' Homer, if you please—not in the post office."

"Well, damn it! I'm not in the post office. I'm in the drugstore."

"I claim, by inalterable right, three feet around my cubicle, Homer. The Government pays rent for this space, you know. This is Federal property."

"Okay—so the Government pays rent and the Postmaster General, I suppose, says I can't swear. But I doubt if the Postmaster General will object if I ante up the dollar every other week for Mrs. Stavelly. I owe it to her, when you come right down to basic facts—I delivered that Stavelly rascal. I was even proud of myself. And I was well-paid for my infamy, too. Six tons of coal—Jed was in Feed and Fuel at the time. I robbed them!"

"Oh, stuff! The way you quack on about your practice, you'd think you had web feet. Why, you never did a better thing in your life, Homer Blanchard, than when you put that baby in Mrs. Stavelly's arms. For twenty years she prayed for a baby. He's a great comfort to her in her old age."

DR. BLANCHARD backed off from the grillwork of the post-office window. "I'm back three feet— Damn it, Kate, you're a fool. He never gave her a happy moment from the day he was born."

"She just lives for his letters," Kate looked dreamy. "He's doing well in Chicago, leading a good life. It came over him all of a sudden what his mother meant to him. And he's engaged to marry a fine, good girl. That's why he doesn't send more money. He's saving for his own little home with Stephanie—I think that's what Mrs. Stavelly said the girl's name is."

"You think—Katie Arnold, you're hoist with your own petard. You sound as if you almost believe all that home-grown nonsense."

"Well, I do—in a manner of speaking, I do."

"You have about as much logic as a half-wit," Homer scowled through his spectacles. "Who writes those fine letters to Mrs. Stavelly? Who puts her boy in church on Sundays and gets him engaged to a sweet young thing? You do—and tampering with the United States mails to do it, besides."

"No worse than how you cured Sarah Millbrook."

"What's a doctor supposed to do—not cure his patients? And think of the fuss there'd have been if I let the banker's wife die."

"Oh, stuff! Of course you should cure them when they're sick, but you know very well that you cured Sarah of absolutely nothing but her imagination."

"Well, I cured the old hypochondriac, didn't I? Joe Millbrook paid

my fee gladly. If I handled that case in New York, I could have called it psychiatry and it would have been worth a thousand dollars. That needle looked gravely critical to Sarah, and it hurt her besides—I saw to that. Moreover, she's a healthy woman to day—that's what counts."

"Well, what I'm doing for Mrs. Stavelly is a horse of exactly the same color. John Stavelly gives his mother a lot of happiness in life. If those letters were signed, 'With love, Kate, do you think they'd mean a tinker to Mrs. Stavelly?'"

"I'm not sure they wouldn't... Anyway, here's five dollars on my account with the Stavellys."

Dr. Blanchard pulled out a battered prescription book and from between the pages extracted a wrinkled bill. He didn't carry a wallet, since there wasn't much to put in one and he was rarely called upon to make change. Besides, he preferred the prescription book. It was leather-bound and had his name in gold on the cover, and he was proud of it—a handsome present from the postmistress. She saw it advertised in the AMA Journal one day when she was leafing through a copy before putting it in the doctor's box. He liked to carry it, although he never wrote prescriptions any more. Somerset hadn't had a pharmacist in twelve years. Dr. Blanchard made up all the formulas himself. It seemed an unnecessary gesture to write out a lot of Latin terms for his patients. They'd long since got over any need to be impressed by Doc Blanchard.

He was like the big old oak in the middle of the town square—strong and "right pretty," if you stopped to think about it, but its shade was taken for granted. And certainly nobody watered it unless the year was particularly dry and somebody happened to remark that the old oak wasn't getting green on schedule.

"Poor old Doc—hasn't settled his coal bill this winter, and they do say he owes almost eighty dollars over to Milt's grocery. Milt's complaining he needs the money bad, and he says it's high time the people of this town wised up and paid their good friend and physician." This usually started the flow, but it was scarcely a deluge. A good many obligated patients, in fact, leaped over their benefactor completely when they paid off, and he never saw the color of their money.

"Milt, here's five dozen eggs," Jeff Mullins said when he came in on Saturday from the farm. "Pay me for three dozen of them and apply the other two on Doc's account. Credit him with one of the hams too. That ought to fix it up with me and Doc for Daisy's ear trouble."

Milt sometimes complained about the complications of his bookkeeping, but after bucking the system for twenty years he became resigned to it. In fact, he was quite expert. He could price a tonsillectomy or a mastoid right down to the last potato.

Doc proffered his money. "Here, Kate—I insist on being in the Stavelly trust."

"Priffle!" said Kate. "Put that five dollars back in your pocket. How are you going to buy your daughter a new winter coat if you throw your money around like that? I meant to speak of it. Nobody pays any attention to that poor child of yours. You should have remarried years ago and got yourself a good decent woman to bring up Sally."

"Does Sally need a coat or something?"

"Yes, she does. Sally was in here yesterday for me to sew a button on her blue reefer. She's too long in the

(Continued on page 102)

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# clubwomen elect...

...eye-catching accessories. Mrs. Oscar A. Ahlgren, National President of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, told us she considers a distinctive hat the most important of all. "In large groups," she said, "women are often identified at a distance by their hats. It's practical politics to wear the same one all the time—one that's simple but outstanding."



**The hat...** beautifully shaped but simple enough to wear with a suit. Add a veil or a jeweled pin and it's dressy enough for late-day. By Sally Victor. About \$55

**Earrings...** handsome double loops of gold metal, are "practical politics." They're unusual, easy to identify. By Castlecliff. About \$7.50 plus federal tax



LESLIE GILL



**The handbag...** big enough to take all your notes and papers without bulging. It's of polished elk, goes with all the daytime clothes. By Coronet. About \$23 plus federal tax

**The luggage...** to carry your convention wardrobe, including shoes, extra handbag. Vinyl plastic-covered 13-inch train case with mirror and cosmetic tray, about \$18 plus federal tax. Matching 21-inch wardrobe suitcase with hangers, about \$25 plus federal tax. Both by Samsonite



**The stole...** shown on page 45 is of natural blue fox, thickly furred and luxurious. You'd wear it with everything in your wardrobe, both daytime and evening, when you don't need a topcoat. This one, by Annis Furs, costs about \$250 plus federal tax. If fur won't fit into your budget a handsome wool stole looks just as impressive

(Continued from page 101)

legs and arms for that coat, and I let the hem out only a month ago."

"She hasn't complained to me about needing a coat."

"Of course not, stupid. She can tell by the weight of your wallet how things are. Neither one of you has good sense. But I spoke to Harley James down at Readley's Department Store, and he says you can have that good brown camel's-hair for half cash. He'll take the rest out in sinus trouble. So—hang onto your five dollars, Homer. Besides, my money is more regular than yours. That's one thing you can say for the Government. It's reliable. They never miss a month or put up some hard-luck story about the mortgage falling due on the White House, and the hours are regular, except for Christmas. Why, I wouldn't be a doctor if they paid me for it—and goodness knows they certainly don't pay you."

The telephone on the back wall of the drugstore jangled. Dr. Blanchard moved slowly away from the post office. "Well, here we go again—probably for me. I hope it's not the Morris baby. A delivery this morning will certainly slash into my schedule. Especially with a primipara. I'll take a woman who's tossed off eight any day. Don't have to go through all that fancy bedside folderol. Besides, the father of eight can always make better coffee."

Dr. Blanchard hung up the phone and smiled. "Just some spots on Janie Dutton," he said. He smashed a brown felt hat onto his rugged gray head, picked up his bag and started out on his rounds.

**A**T NINE Mr. Holmes blew into the drugstore like a nervous gust of wind. He was a small-boned, neurotic man, terribly aroused about the Younger Generation, the evils of Hollywood actresses and what *really* went on at choir practice at the Methodist Church.

"Good morning, Miss Arnold," Mr. Holmes said. "Fine, crisp day."

"Good morning, Mr. Holmes. Indeed it is a nice day."

"I understand the crops are coming along fine."

"Yes, Mr. Holmes, I understand the crops look fine."

Mr. Holmes's and Kate's social intercourse followed a strictly formal pattern. Mrs. Holmes, one hundred eighty pounds of her, was a suspicious and jealous woman. She prowled into the drugstore at unscheduled intervals smelling for Compromise. It was she who insisted upon the grave formality, and it was she who suggested that weather, store inventory, the price of eggs and funerals and the state of current crops were proper subjects for polite small talk when Dearie (Mr. Holmes) and That Woman (Miss Arnold) were caged up together all day.

Sheldon Millbrook, Mrs. Craig Millbrook, was the first customer at the drugstore. Sheldon was a beautiful young matron of twenty-six. She was not only blessed with beauty, she was also a member of one of the town's two dynasties. She was a Harlan before she married Joe Millbrook's younger son.

Curiously enough, the marriage was a love match, but a most fortuitous one. The joining in holy matrimony of the Harlans and the Millbrooks was a consummation devoutly wished for by both clans. It fused some tidy bank accounts, for among the Harlans and the Millbrooks were most of the sharp wits of the town and practically all the money. The males of the Millbrook species were bankers and most of the Harlans were attorneys.

Sheldon Millbrook bought a box of aspirin tablets from Mr. Holmes. Mr.

Holmes was not a subtle man; it didn't occur to him that Sheldon Millbrook had been in at five minutes after nine almost every day for the past six weeks and that she had purchased in that time fifteen boxes of aspirin and an assortment of other inexpensive trifles. Kate, however, was not only subtle, she was imaginative.

As soon as Shelly made her purchase she strolled over to the post office with studied nonchalance. "Might as well see if there's any mail, as long as I happen to be here. Good morning, Miss Kate."

"Good morning, Shelly. You having bad headaches these days, my dear?" Kate's nonchalance was as studied as but considerably more adept than Sheldon's.

"Why, yes—yes, I am having lots of headaches," Sheldon answered, and put her hand to her cheek to cool the warm blush that colored it. "Besides, I'm always losing my aspirin. I'm so careless."

Oh, stuff, thought Kate. "There's nothing in your box, Shelly. And there hasn't been a letter for you from Cleveland for three days, if that's what you are worried about."

Sheldon clasped the edge of the counter with both hands and her knuckles showed white. Her eyes clouded over like blue sea touched by a quick fog. She dropped her voice to a pleading whisper. "Miss Arnold—Kate—do you—you don't ever tell people about letters—where they come from and who gets them and that sort of thing?"

"I think you know the answer to that."

"Oh, I do know; of course I know. You don't." Her hands relaxed but she still spoke in a soft, nervous staccato. "You see, I'm planning a little surprise for my husband's birthday and I have been getting some letters about it, and I want to keep them secret. He usually picks up the mail about ten. I'm sure you wouldn't want to spoil the surprise, would you, Miss Kate?"

Kate's heart melted inside her. Here was the proud, self-confident Shelly Harlan Millbrook looking as child-like and defenseless as fifteen-year-old Sally Blanchard. Don't be a softy at a moment like this, Kate Arnold, she said to herself. That young curly-headed bank examiner who slithered around town for three weeks lives in Cleveland Heights.

"I can't make up my mind, Shelly, whether or not I'd *want* to spoil the surprise. But you can be sure that I *won't* spoil it. Craig's birthday isn't until next August, is it? That's going to be a long time to wait—and between now and then even Mr. Holmes may sharpen up enough to wonder why you come rushing into the drugstore every morning."

**T**HE pieces all fitted together. Kate felt a frightful heaviness in her heart. She had always wanted to see the Harlans and the Millbrooks—some of them, anyway—get their comeuppance, but not Shelly Harlan and not Craig Millbrook. These two were the principal characters in a dreamy romance that she had been following like a serial for years. Kate had savored every chapter of it—ponies, grammar school, bicycles, high school, college holidays, sport roadsters, quarrels, reconciliations—and finally the memorable wedding at the Methodist Church. Kate had been waiting expectantly for the chapter on babies for three years. And now this grim complication in what had been a happy, fairy-tale plot—

"I could, of course, put those letters from Cleveland Heights aside for you, Shelly. It's a little irregular, you hav-

ing a box and all." She grabbed the book of regulations and thumbed through it quickly, as a mere matter of form. "There's nothing here to say I can't. However, I could also send them back marked 'Refused by Addressee.' That's legal too. Says it right here." She pointed with her finger. "Shelly—you think seriously about it for a bit, while I take care of Sam Devers. You decide, but decide cautiously. Here comes Sam now."

Old Sam was seventy-eight years old and lived on a small farm two miles out of town. He shambled in every day to buy a post card to mail to one of his kin. He had twenty-three relatives and took them in order. The postmistress had a list pinned up on the wall for her own convenience. She had to keep track of turns and also write the messages. Old Sam could only sign his name, and he didn't learn to do that until he was sixty and Kate decided he was old enough to write and taught him herself. He was inordinately proud of the accomplishment.

"Howdy, Kate. You're looking good this morning."

"Good morning, Sam. You look in the pink yourself."

"Here's my money." He pushed a shiny penny through the window. Kate had not had the heart to tell him when post cards went to two cents and she was of the secret conviction that he polished his pennies before presenting them. He did. "It's Robert gets the card today, the way I calculate. That right, Kate?" he asked.

"That's right, Sam. And Cousin Carrie Benson down in Kentucky tomorrow."

Kate got out her pen. "Now, Sam, what shall we say to Robert?"

Sam dictated a terse fact about the weather.

"There's a little space left. Shall I say you send your love?"

"Nope—don't want to give them any ideas. I've willed my property elsewhere. Just say, 'Respectfully yours.' Now let me put my name to it."

Sam held the pen tightly in his big, bony hand, wound up his facial muscles, stuck his tongue out the right side of his mouth and chewed on it and laboriously wrote his signature.

"You're a good man, Sam, to remember your kin the way you do." Kate mentally made a note to write to Robert and William and Coxey Devers and prod them into answering their uncle's cards.

Sam strolled over to the counter to have a cup of coffee. He was a great spender—six cents every trip to town—five cents for his coffee and one cent for his post card.

"What you think of the crops?" he said hopefully to Mr. Holmes. Mr. Holmes didn't feel the necessity of communicating verbosely to the five-cent trade, however.

"I'm a druggist, not a farmer," he said curtly.

"Come back and talk to me after you have your coffee," Sam. Kate called to him. "I want to ask your advice about my garden."

The rebuff forgotten, Sam smiled. "I'll be up to spade ground for your annuals, Miss Kate. The soil's just right to turn."

KATE turned back to Shelly, who remained in stricken silence beside the post-office window.

"You are very good to people, Miss Kate," Shelly said with a touch of doubtful hopefulness.

"I try, Shelly, but it's hard sometimes to decide just what is good for people. Now, Shelly, have you made up your mind?"

"Oh, please—I want the letters. Please don't send them back. Put



Mrs. Dorian Mehle of Morrisville, Pa., is all three: a housewife, a mother, and a very lovely lady.

## "I wash 22,000 dishes a year... but I'm proud of my pretty hands!"

You and Dorian Mehle have something in common. Every year, you wash a stack of dishes a quarter-mile high!

Detergents make your job so much easier. They cut right into grease and grime. They get you through dishwashing in much less time, but while they dissolve grease, they also take away the natural oils and youthful softness of your hands!

Although Dorian hasn't given up detergents her hands are as soft, as smooth, as young-looking as a teenager's. Her secret is no secret at all. It's the world's best-known beauty routine. It's pure, white Jergens Lotion, after every chore.

When you smooth on Jergens Lotion, this liquid formula doesn't just "coat" your hands. It penetrates right away, to help *replace* that softening moisture your skin needs.

Jergens Lotion has two ingredients doctors recommend for softening. Women must be recommending it, too, for more women use it than any other hand care in the world. Dorian's husband is the best testimonial to Jergens Lotion care. Even after years of married life, he still loves to hold her pretty hands!

Use Jergens Lotion like a prescription: three times a day, after every meal!



Now—lotion dispenser FREE of extra cost with \$1.00 size. Supply limited.

**Use JERGENS LOTION—avoid detergent hands**

them aside for me." Tears welled in her eyes.

Oh, dearie me, thought Kate. This is awful. She's in love—or thinks she is, which is just as painful—with that curly-haired bank examiner. She said aloud, "All right, Shelly." She sighed. "I see you set great store by the surprise. I'll save the letters—but if I were you, I'd get the matter settled."

"Thank you, Kate—but I can't—I simply can't settle the situation."

"Nothing dared, nothing done, Shelly. There never was a situation that didn't

settle itself somehow. It just might settle with a big splash, you know."

Apropos of nothing, Shelly, tilting her head closer to the window, whispered gently, in a manner that ill befitted the depth of feeling in her voice, "I hate this town. I hate all the people in it. It's dull and smug and mean and humorless. Mortgages, interest, trial balances, the Elks Club, the Ladies' Aid, the town council—and mortgages. I live with mortgages. I despise it. Don't you sometimes despise it too, Miss Kate?"

"Well—no—I can't say I do. I've always found things rather interesting around here—but then, I have my work. By and large, it's fascinating work."

"I guess that's no joke," Shelly turned on her neat heel. "But don't ever write a book about it."

At ten-thirty the businessmen began drifting into the drugstore to pick up their mail, have a mid-morning cup of coffee and discuss the news and the weather.

(Continued on page 106)



# Winner makes all

Marlene Dillman  
of San Francisco,  
winner of McCall's 1953  
Dress-Your-Best Contest,  
makes her own  
spring wardrobe



9632

**Beige is basic**, as Marlene knows. She chose fawn-colored jersey for a sheath dress with a princess line, topped it with a jacket of nubby tweed. Note how she uses a bit of mink instead of a scarf. She poses here on Fisherman's Wharf



9631

**Cutaway collar** and dropped shoulder line give this coat the very newest silhouette. Dark-eyed Marlene picked red, wears it over everything. We photographed her on Telegraph Hill with San Francisco Bay in the background

HATS BY SALLY VICTOR  
PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN ENGSTAD

Back views last page.  
More McCall's patterns page 108

Buy McCall's patterns at your local store, or order them by mail, prepaid, from McCall Corporation, Dayton 1, Ohio. Prices and sizes of patterns are listed on last page

by Helen Carlton

**Smooth, supple gabardine** is back in the fashion picture, makes a favorite on-the-job dress. Pleats on the bodice give the new French emphasis to the bustline. We show Marlene strolling through Chinatown

9641



**Printed wool crepe** inspired Marlene to make a year-round dress, slim and elegant. The sleeves are cut with the bodice; the skirt has hip pockets, trouser pleats. We took this picture on Nob Hill

9630



Here's Marlene photographed by the Eiffel Tower and the Arc de Triomphe in the outfit that won her two weeks in Paris



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(Continued from page 103)

Kate saw Joe Millbrook and his son Craig come in. Craig waved to her. He was a tall, handsome young man, but he was already acquiring the grave, ponderous mask affected by his father. He looked like a man responsible before his time for six over-expanded corporate mergers.

The two Millbrooks sat down at a table and at once began conversing seriously about the rate of interest on a mortgage. Kate listened for a moment, aware of a growing sympathy for Shelly. Then she sighed and directed her attention elsewhere. Consequently she did not hear Craig mention Sam Devers' name nor hear his father's reply.

"I'm sick of giving the old goat extensions," Joe Millbrook announced. "Next Thursday you're going out there with the sheriff and settle the matter for good."

KATE always had a cup of tea at eleven-thirty, just before the hardest work of her day—the distribution of the twelve-o'clock mail. This was no heavier a post, actually, than the afternoon mail, but she had to distribute it during a period when most of her boxholders came in to heckle her.

As soon as young Bill Logan was observed with the mailbag balanced on his shoulder, people poured out of shops and houses and made haste toward the drugstore. Bill Logan didn't make haste, however. He marched with maddening deliberation and dignity, like a plumed knight carrying the Holy Grail. "Make way!" he shouted. "Make way for the United States mail."

Usually the postmistress saved herself and everyone trouble by calling out names instead of putting the letters in boxes.

"Mildred—Mildred Martin, here's one for you. It's from your Aunt Sadie over in Indianapolis. Open it up quick and tell us if the grandchild came and if Sadie's rheumatism is better."

"James Burton. "Well, here's one from that nice boy of Mrs. Stavely's. Who's taking the mail out to the Home?"

"I am, Kate."

"Well, Arthur, you tell Mrs. Stavely I'm anxious to hear the news of John and Stephanie."

"Roney Beasley. Cecil Mason."

"Oh, goodness, here's a heavy one for you, Josephine. That boy over in New Carlyle must think a lot of you."

Josephine Mears, blushing and giggling, pushed her way through the crowd to claim her prize.

"Mrs. M. T. Barnes. You here, Mrs. Barnes?"

"She couldn't come down today, Kate. She's having the Ladies' Aid meeting this afternoon. I'll take her mail up to her when I go home," Mrs. Matthews offered.

"Jamie, step up; here's a whole bunch of letters for you, and three packages and a great big catalogue."

Jamie Carson, aged ten, got more mail than anyone in Somerset. Jamie's right leg was encased in a heavy brace, and his left leg wasn't any too lively either.

The reason Jamie got so much mail was that a year before the Postmistress filled out in his name all the advertising coupons from magazines that offered free descriptive literature or samples. From this beginning he got onto countless "throw-away" lists. His mailbox bulged. Jamie felt very proud of getting twice as much mail as Mr. Millbrook. He read every word that came to him, and filed booklets and letters according to subject matter in big manila envelopes provided by Kate. As a consequence, he had be-

come an amazing storehouse of miscellaneous information and odd curiosa. Many adults in Somerset regarded the small boy as something of a consumers' consultant.

Ben Farlan, the carpenter, went up to him. "You get anything more on that composition wall board, Jamie? I been thinking about trying some. You think it would look good—stand up all right?"

"I think it would be highly satisfactory, Mr. Farlan. I've got the pictures of how they put it on and I have a foot-square sample to show you."

"Well, thanks, Jamie. You busy tonight? I might drop by after your lessons if you have time to talk to me."

"Oh, come, by all means," said Jamie. "I'd like to have you." He was a little confused in his own mind about his status. Sometimes he wondered just what it would be like to be a little boy, or what it would be like to be a man. He lived in a rather lonely interland. Lots of other people were confused too. Mr. Farlan once told Doc Blanchard that he never had a few of the boys in for poker that he didn't feel guilty about not asking Jamie.

For all her respect for Jamie's brain, Kate knew that he was a little boy. She gave him a baseball for Christmas. No one else would have thought

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of giving poor Jamie Carson a baseball, but Kate knew that irrespective of the condition of his legs, every ten-year-old boy needed a baseball badly. Jamie slept with it under his pillow. Sometimes he had wonderful dreams of racing around a baseball diamond, after knocking the ball over the fence.

Doc Blanchard had similar dreams about Jamie—but his were daydreams, reinforced by much midnight reading of medical literature. "If everyone in town who ever asked Jamie a question and got a straight answer would give us a dollar," he had told Kate just the day before, "we could send that kid to Baltimore. Damn it, Kate, what's a poor, blundering, suture-and-scalpel oaf like me supposed to do when he can't do anything?"

"Nothing." Kate's voice had a typically dreamy tenor. "But that idea about the dollar a head, now, that's something I would like to sink my teeth into."

MAL's all up now, friends," Kate called out. "Cecil, will you wait a minute? I want to ask you something. Will you please look up the price of a round-trip ticket to Baltimore for me?"

"Baltimore? You going on a trip, Kate?"

"Oh, no. I'm inquiring for a friend who'll be going one of these days very soon. Round trip, first class. A half fare will do."

"Your friend going to pass himself off as a child?" Cecil Mason laughed. "Yes," said Kate. "Given half a chance I think he can pass as a child."

KENNETH McNEILL, sixteen, was the current coveted prize of Somerset maidens. With unconvincing, boisterous disdain, this stalwart Adonis piloted Sally Blanchard into the Holmes Reliable Drugstore at four o'clock. They worked their way through the crowd of high-school students and seated themselves on two stools at the counter.

"Well, I suppose there's no escaping it. I'll have to buy you something to eat, woman," Kenneth gestured royally toward the counter. "Speak up and tell yon funny man what you crave."

"I don't want any smart talk from young whippersnappers around here." Mr. Holmes set his little mouth in a tight line. The high-school crowd added considerable revenue to Mr. Holmes's yearly take, but Mr. Holmes didn't love his benefactors. The biggest share of his lavish antagonism was directed at Kenneth McNeill. In this particular case, at least, his attitude was shared by most of the adults of Somerset.

Kate, wise in the devious mores of youth, never spoke to Sally until Sally spoke to her. But Sally's eyes always sought the post-office window as she entered the drugstore. Now her expressive face told Kate silently across the room that she had Kenneth McNeill exactly where she wanted him, and that of all the women in the world she was the most extravagantly and ecstatically blessed. He had brought her right into the drugstore and publicly proclaimed her as "his girl." He was ready and willing to invest any amount in her, up to twenty cents, the price of a banana split. This was feminine triumph at its giddy height.

Sally looked like a young madonna, done by a whimsical Renaissance painter with his tongue in cheek. She had dark, tragic eyes—but she used them in a manner appropriate to only a very light-minded madonna. She was long-legged and slim, but much too fleet of foot for a serious *objet d'art*. She had dark shiny hair, but she tossed it like a pony's mane. At fifteen she hadn't yet recognized her effective femininity.

She had on her navy blue reefer coat, purchased for her when she was thirteen. Her long legs dangled far below her hem, and she plucked at her skirt in a nervous effort to cover her knees. As Kate watched, Sally tilted her head back, thrust out her underlip and blew the too-long bangs from her forehead.

Kate frowned and eyed Kenneth with analytical displeasure. No fancy feathered plumage could conceal a bird-brain, she concluded. Still she was grateful to him. He was the first thing Sally had had to excite envy among her schoolmates...

As soon as the kitchen was tidy after dinner, Kate and the cats strolled out to the garden. Strayboy and Snowball trailed at her heels, but Josephus had more worldly plans on his mind. He sat on the back fence, licking his jowls in anticipation.

"Watch yourself, Josephus," Kate said to him. "I want to remind you that God sets great store by sparrows—Bible says so—and I saw feathers on the front porch just today. Try to be a better cat."

"When you putting in your annuals, Kate?" Ralph Huckins called over the fence from the yard next door.



"Sam Devers will be up to spade sometime this week. I almost wish I weren't a spinster, come planting time." She laughed.

"Spinster—ah! You aren't my idea of a typical spinster. You could have married, I expect." Ralph laughed wickedly. "You probably could hook old Doc Blanchard, if you put your mind to it."

"Stuff!" scoffed Kate.

"Or—Sam Devers!" Ralph slapped his thigh. "Old Sam would marry you in a minute. Still, now that old Midas Millbrook is going to foreclose on him, you wouldn't be getting such a prize, eh, Kate?"

"Foreclose on Sam Devers! Ralph Hucksins, where'd you ever get such a notion as that?"

"Oh, it's all over—here and there."

"Well, you just rush all over—here and there—and spread the word that nobody's going to foreclose on Sam. I say it, and it's true."

ALTHOUGH Kate had planned to spend the evening seeing Agnes Thurston, the hairdresser, and shaming her into beautifying Dr. Blanchard's daughter, Sally, she decided her problems were so many and so weighty they should have organization.

She sat down at her old cherrywood desk and dipped her pen.

"In order of importance," she said to herself, "—no, in order of immediacy. They're all important."

She wrote:

1. Sam's foreclosure. Stop it.
2. Shelly Harlan's marriage. Save it.
3. Sally's loveliness. Fix it.
4. Jamie's trip to Johns Hopkins. Arrange it.

Of course, there were lots of other problems around town that she ought to set her mind to. Still, these four situations were her personal responsibilities—her professional responsibilities, even, since they were all, in a manner of speaking, tied in to the post office. Even the Postmaster General could see that. She'd tell him tomorrow when she wrote.

Just at that moment there was a violent knocking.

"Hey, Katie—dammit, let me in." It was, of course, Homer. No one ever demanded entrance as blasphemously as he.

Dr. Blanchard charged into the living room. "This time you're in trouble—real trouble."

"I'm always in trouble, Homer. So are you," she said placidly. "We're that type."

"Listen, most of the trouble I get in, you get me in it."

"Certainly I do; but trouble is only heavy in relationship to the strength of the shoulders that carry it."

"And don't you start giving me any of your scrambled maxims. You can't fix what's happened with a maxim. Mrs. Stavely is completely blind. What are you going to do about that?"

"Oh, Homer, it's come at last. I'm so distressed—but you've been expecting this for years. Besides, why are you angry at me, Homer? I didn't blind her."

"Yes, I have been expecting her blindness, and I've been expecting her death too. But what I never expected was her demand that her son and his fiancée—Stephanie—be summoned from Chicago so that she can feel their faces and speak to them before she dies!"

"Oh, no!" Kate closed her eyes and tilted her head back in despair. Suddenly she opened her eyes with relief. "Oh, well, they can't come. They can't afford it."

"Oh, it's not as simple as that. Look here." Homer reached in his

pocket and brought out a handful of items. "First, here's twenty-two dollars, probably contributed by you, and saved by Mrs. Stavely. Here's her wedding ring—Jed would approve of her taking it off for such a cause, she said. And here are her grandmother's pearl earrings. I'm to get what I can on them. Mrs. Stavely is paying John's and Stephanie's fare from Chicago to her bedside."

"Well," said Kate, setting her lips firmly and blinking back a few tears, "they'll have to come. That's all there is to it."

"Kate!"

"Now, Homer, don't sound like that. Since this has happened, let us try to see that God works his wonders in many strange ways. Really, it's perfect. We can have the wedding right at her bedside. And Shelly Harlan and Craig Millbrook have such nice, smooth, well-groomed faces. Perfect to feel. And Reverend Gardner will have to perform the ceremony. One of the postal inspectors saw him take a drink on the train on his way to Kansas City to see his old mother. Wasn't that lucky?"

"Kate, you're crazy. What diabolical scheme are you cooking up now?"

"Now, just be quiet, Homer. You'll get hypertension. Do you believe in war?"

"No, of course not. Except when necessary."

"See? War is the worst human crime there is—but you have to admit it is sometimes necessary. Compared to war, blackmail isn't much of anything."

"Blackmail!" Dr. Blanchard growled. "You aren't thinking of committing blackmail!"

"Why, in a good cause where everyone is helped and no one is harmed, blackmail's a virtue. I won't call it blackmail, of course. Expediency—something similar but not the same. Shelly and Craig will be influenced into playing the parts of Stephanie and John through expediency."

Dr. Blanchard sighed deeply.

"I have all I need on Shelly," Kate continued. "But not on Craig. I can't remember anything really bad he ever did—nothing worse than dropping paper sacks of water on the new principal from the roof of the grammar school. Do you have anything more mature on Craig, Homer?"

"Kate, granted I'm a blasphemous old reprobate. I've got my ethics. Of course I have something on Craig. I've got something on every living soul in this town—and the dead ones too. Not as much as I have on you, but enough. Nobody's completely virtuous, as I unfortunately am the first to find out. That's why people are interesting."

"That's right, Homer. That's why I like living in a small town. The sins show. In a big place they'd be lost in all the traffic, and I wonder how we'd ever manage to do good if we didn't have showing sins to work on. I hope that what you tell me about Craig is simply awful—bad enough to be worth two maneuvers. I might need it for Sam Devers too."

"I'm not going to tell you anything about Craig. Besides, it would disappoint you. It's not simply awful. I talk a lot to you about things that I am free to talk about—just as you do to me—but we can't let down all barriers."

Kate's eyes gleamed. "If necessary, Homer, to gain your co-operation, I may have to report you to the Medical Association for malpractice."

Homer laughed. "Kate, you can't even threaten me."

"I know quite a few irregular things about you, Homer. You covered up (Continued on page 111)



**Blemishes\*:** "Noxzema has helped my rough, blemished\* skin look much smoother, clearer," says Cathy Brown, Toledo, Ohio. "It's a truly wonderful beauty cream."

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9638

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in **P**rint

9633



A small geometric print on soft rayon emphasizes the easy lines of this tailored dress. Note off-center bodice closing, cross-over pleat on the skirt

A jewel-tone paisley acetate surah turns this button-front dress into an afternoon treasure. The skirt has a pretty flare, wide and graceful

FABRICS BY REIDING CORTICELLI  
HATS BY MARION VALLÉ  
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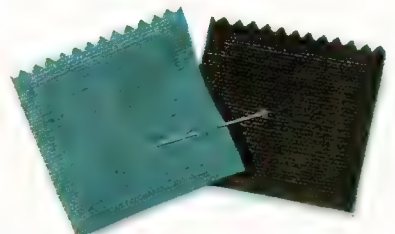
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9628

**Smooth as paint**

from the prim little collar  
to the hem of the skirt.

Double-breasted buttons  
stress the high-waisted look.  
We made it of a soft mixture  
of wool and rabbit's hair



**Empire princess line**

hugs your torso,  
flatters your bustline.

Note how the band around the  
low V neckline calls attention  
to the slim molded waist.  
We show it in checked Lorette



9629

# The **W**aistline rises

... to a point just below the bust,  
fits like a glove through the midriff



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(Continued from page 107)

that Cynthia Marlow committed suicide, didn't you? To save her children grief. I approve—but that wouldn't look so good on a report."

Homer laughed again. "The reason you can't blackmail me, Kate, is that it's not in your character."

"You'll see—blackmail's in my character, all right. I think there's a germ of all known wickedness in everyone. There'd be no triumph in virtue if it weren't so. There's a germ of blackmail even in you, Homer."

"Oh, damn it, I guess there is. But you aren't blackmailing this out of me, understand that! I'm one person who isn't a bit afraid of you, Kate. It's just that in your own psychopathic way, you always seem to do the right thing. Besides, I know you won't actually do any harm with any explosives I commit to you. Just whisper to Craig, 'What ever happened to that Pullini girl?' It's a dirty trick, but that'll make John Stavely out of him for an afternoon, I'm sure, if that's what your plot is."

**MAGGIE PULLINI!** Well, for goodness' sake! So that's what happened to her."

"Don't trip over false conclusions."

"Oh, goodness! Somebody writes her a letter in Chicago on the first of each month, plain envelope, no return address. Typewritten, too. I should have figured that out long ago. There aren't so many typewriters in town. Oh, my! Was it cute?"

"Was what cute?"

"The baby."

"There wasn't any baby."

"Oh, mercy me! What was there, then?"

"Nothing but letters. Craig buys one back each month. Maggie is a sharp operator, and the Millbrooks must maintain their pillars."

"Letters! Oh, mercy, and I'm just finding it out now. Why, Homer—Maggie ought to be ashamed of herself. That's blackmail!"

"I guess you'd know, Katie." Homer gave her a wry grin.

"The thing that worries me, Homer—do you suppose I can make them believe that I'd really give them away?"

"Yes, I think so, Kate. I am probably the only person in this town that really knows for sure that there's nothing inside your sheep's clothes but added lamb."

"We'll soon find out. You run along now, Homer. Go home and tell Sally she's to come in after school so we can go over to Readley's and get her coat. I'll advance the fifteen dollars. As a matter of fact, I'm not feeling so good and I need a little medical care."

"Don't be a fool, Kate. You're sound as a dollar and you know it. As if I'd ever charge you for medical care anyway! But you're right, I don't have fifteen dollars on me at the moment. But I won't borrow from you. That's final. I've got some pride."

"As you prefer, Homer. But remember—pride cometh before winter." She picked up her coat. "I'm going over right now and settle it with Shelly. This is Craig's night at Elks Club, so she'll be alone. Then I must write the Postmaster General about closing up for an hour every afternoon for a week or so until things get sort of ironed out. After all, they are all postal problems."

"Postal problems, Kate? Well, then, just look them up in the regulations."

"Homer, that's the ridiculous thing about the regulations. There's nothing in them at all that a person needs to know. That's why I have to write the Postmaster General so often."

"Does he ever answer your letters, Kate?"

"No. He's a busy man, so I usually just say, 'If you approve don't bother to answer.'"

"I see. You know, Kate, you're a lovable half-wit. Come on. I'll drive you to Shelly's."

Getting Shelly in line was no trick at all. Shelly was a kind person, and she recognized Mrs. Stavely's tragedy immediately.

"Who's to play the part of John?" Shelly asked.

"Craig," said Kate with assurance. "Will you ask him to do it?" Kate figured that there was no need of resorting to extreme methods of coercion except in emergency. She just might need to put up Maggie Pullini as collateral for Sam Devers.

"Oh, I could ask him," Shelly shrugged her shoulders. "But he won't do it."

"Why not?"

"Do you want to know why not? There's nothing in it for him. He's getting just like his father. Besides, he's too stuffy," Shelly laughed nervously, as if to turn her hostile revelation into exaggerated humor.

"Nonsense!" said Kate. "He'd love being John. I'll ask him."

"Yes, you ask him; but, really, Kate, he's about as cozy and agreeable these days as a cat in a nest of mice."

"Maybe he's just bored to death too. Ever think of that? This will put spice in his life. Get his mind off mortgages. He was wonderful as the wise man in the church Christmas pageant last year."

"Yes, he did enjoy that," Shelly agreed, "although he pretended he didn't."

"You could see it sticking out all over him. He overplayed a bit, I thought—making all those soulful grimaces. But that won't bother Mrs. Stavely. She's blind, and a little over-acting may even help. You must wear your wedding dress, Shelly."

"My wedding dress! What for?"

"We're going to marry John and Stephanie at his mother's deathbed."

"You're not serious! That's absolutely ridiculous. Just a visit would be sufficient. I refuse! You're a hopeless romantic, Kate."

"Not as dangerously so as you are, Shelly. I think the wedding is a fine idea. On second thought, don't you really agree?"

"Well, yes—yes, of course I agree."

**KATE** put on her best black next day in preparation for her call on Craig. In it she decided she looked dignified but also a bit sad. Then, after considerable thought, she took the old Paisley shawl out of the hall closet and draped it around her shoulders.

"I feel like a fool, but as long as I don't have a fancy pair of legs and some real good curves to turn the trick, I'll have to fall back on the shawl. Next to curves, there's nothing that pulls at a man's heartstrings like a poor old lady in a shawl—a good shawl, especially, that shows she's known better days."

At two o'clock Kate asked Mr. Holmes to keep an eye on the post office. She went across the street to the bank.

She walked slowly the length of the room, nodding to the clerks and speaking warmly to Joe Millbrook.

"How do you do, Joseph," she said, injecting a weary note into her voice. "My goodness, you certainly don't age the way I do, Joe. You look more vigorous than you did twenty years ago," Kate sighed.

Joe was so impressed with this speech that he got up and helped her by giving her his arm. "Here, Craig,

you take care of our old friend Kate," he said. "Want a check cashed, Kate?"

"No—no, I just wanted to speak to Craig about a little matter. My, you are so gallant, Joe."

It suddenly came over Kate that she'd try to settle Sam's mortgage through Joe instead of Craig. Joe was certainly a foolish and susceptible old man.

Craig offered her a chair.

"Now, Miss Arnold, what can I do for you?"

"Craig, I want to talk to you. You may think this is curious, but I've always admired you. If I'd had a son I would have wanted one just like you," Kate sighed. "But that blessing has been denied me."

Craig felt a little uncomfortable, but still he could see what she meant. Kate had always struck him as being a very intelligent woman. She had probably watched him with her frustrated maternal eye since he was a little fellow. It was sad, that's what it was, downright sad—poor old thing in her shawl.

"Well—I'm glad you approve of me, Kate, because—well, since I can remember, I've been most awfully fond of you."

"Oh, my! I can't tell you how that makes me feel." She paused until Craig felt the necessity of filling the gap.

"Was there something I could do for you?"

"Well, there was something on my mind, but I'm afraid my little troubles are pretty unimportant compared with all the big things you have on your mind—"

"Nothing that bothers you is unimportant to me," Craig said. "There's nothing I wouldn't do for you, Kate."

"Oh, you're so kind, I keep thinking of you as the wise man in the Christmas pageant. You simply lived the part."

"Oh, I'm not so much," Craig said with no conviction.

"Nonsense, you were wonderful. I bet you could be a movie star."

Suddenly it came over her that she'd better stop. This build-up was getting out of hand. Now to ask him to play the role of John would merely give her artifice away. I've established our soul-matedness, she thought. I'll have to come back tomorrow to ask him to play the part. But, goodness, whatever will I say I came for?

"It's my will," she said suddenly. "I have no one, you know, except my cats. I want to put my little estate in trust, and then I'd like—well, then I'd like to leave it to your children, Craig." This hit her suddenly like exploding inspiration. High time Craig and Shelly settled down and had children.

"Why, Miss Kate!" Craig was overcome. Money lightly parted from had that effect on all the Millbrooks—even small sums. "But, my goodness!" he gasped, as the awful realization struck him. "I have no children."

"Well, Craig—" Kate cocked her head coyly—"I'll come back and fix it up about the will after you get the children." She drew her shawl around herself and started for the door.

**CRAIG** gazed after her with awe. Suddenly he became his father's son. He summoned a clerk. "Look up Miss Arnold's balance, will you, please, and also those old mortgage papers on her house."

"She's paid that off."

"I know, I know, but I was wondering what the assessed valuation is on the place."

Then he paused and looked off dreamily into space. His eyes soft-

(Continued on page 113)



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9647



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Back views last page.  
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ened. He reached over and picked up the photograph of Shelly which sat on his desk.

"A baby," Craig mumbled to himself. Then he called after the clerk: "Never mind about those figures. I don't need them after all." He smiled. "A baby! What do you know!" No matter what Kate's balance was, that was a good idea on its own.

On her way back to the post office, Kate happened to see Mrs. Millbrook walking down the opposite side of the street. "If opportunity knocks, open the doors and the windows," Kate mumbled to herself as she quickly shifted her course. She crossed the street and ambled along, nonchalantly looking into the store windows. She almost ran into Mrs. Millbrook before she spoke.

"Why, Sarah, hello! I didn't recognize you until I right smack up against you. You've lost weight. Oh, my dear, my dear, you've been sick again, haven't you?"

"No—no, Kate, I haven't."  
"Oh, Sarah, you're so brave. Just going on courageously. I can see it in your eyes."

"Well . . ." Sarah sighed. "I haven't been feeling so good, Kate. You're right, but I certainly didn't know it showed."

"There, there, Sarah. I just bet Doc can fix you up quick again, the way he did the last time you were having your spells."

"Oh, no, Kate—I don't need to go to the doctor. I can't stand those hypodermics. I'll be all right."

"But, Sarah, how lucky for you! They don't use those any more—not often. Doc was telling me just the other day that he rarely has to use a hypo any more. New painless methods for everything—told me so himself. Now, you take care of yourself, Sarah."

"I guess you're right, Kate. I'll just drop over to Doc's right this minute and get a full checkup."

Kate watched with satisfaction as Sarah turned off toward the doctor's house. There was half a camel's-hair coat headed toward Homer. She sprinted back down the street and into the drugstore. The high-school crowd was already there.

"Sally," she called immediately. "Your father told me to take you down to Readley's this minute to get your new coat."

SHELLY rushed into the drugstore the next morning. "Is there a letter for me, Miss Kate?" she demanded furthrightly.

"Yes, there is," said Kate with a sigh. She pulled it out of a drawer, not the regular Millbrook box.

"I want you to stamp that with—what did you say—'Refused by—?'"

"Refused by addressee," Kate interrupted, and grabbed her ink pad and her stamp. "Oh, Shelly, that's such a good idea. It's done!"

"Kate, Craig will play the part of John for you. I asked him myself last night. He said he'd be delighted to do anything he could for you. It's funny; I didn't know you meant so much to him. It made me realize I hardly know my own husband."

"He probably doesn't know you either. Time the two of you got acquainted. I'd say. You might like each other."

"You know, he was wonderful last night," Shelly lowered her voice. "He even opened a bottle of wine for dinner. I can't imagine what came over him. He never mentioned mortgages once. It was almost like the first year we were married. I'm sorry I spoke the way I did about him. But I suppose it won't last."

"Humm . . . Might. Just might."  
"Well, anyway, I think my headaches are probably all over, and I won't be buying so much aspirin. You know, I really did have headaches."  
"I don't doubt it. Psychosomatic, dearie, that's what Homer calls headaches like yours. Might have cost you a thousand dollars for a cure in New York. Ever think of that? You saved yourself an awful lot of money."

"And trouble too, Kate."  
"Well, trouble is often easier to save than money. I was thinking of the money. If you want to spend some of it in a good cause, maybe you'd like to start the fund for sending Jamie to Baltimore. They can cure him there, Homer says."

"Little Jamie Carson? Why, how wonderful that would be! He's such a fine little boy."

"I knew you'd feel that way about it, and when I tell people what you've done for that child, everyone will want to give too."

"But, Kate, I didn't—I—that is—"  
"Oh, I know, that's just like you, never wanting to take the credit for that great big heart of yours and the things you do for people. But it will help me soliciting when I tell people you've given, so I'm sure you'll understand and let me confess your generosity. That's clear, isn't it, dear?"

"Clear? Well, I guess so. Would one hundred dollars be enough? I don't get my hands on much money of my own, but I'd love to help Jamie."

Kate took this announcement with feigned composure. She had hoped for ten dollars. "My dear, a hundred dollars is just exactly right, and I speak not only for myself but for the Postmaster General when I say that your generosity is greatly appreciated. He'll be pleased to know of this. I'm sure."

"The Postmaster General?"  
"Yes, you see. I wrote and told him I intended to use government time to solicit funds for Jamie—who, after all, you know, gets more mail than anyone in town. I guess you'd call him the post office's most important client."

"And he said it was all right to solicit on behalf of Jamie?"

"He never said; that's how I know he approves. Silence lends consent, you know."

AS SOON as the noon mail was distributed, Kate opened her own letters. There was an answer to her inquiry about the clinic expenses in Baltimore. There was also a letter from the Postmaster General. It was, as usual, mimeographed, and also as usual began, "Dear Postmaster." It told of a banquet for postmasters from all over the country to gather together to weigh some of their mutual problems. It stressed the Postmaster General's deep hope that the response would be great and widespread.

Kate reread the letter several times, then she reached into her purse and got out her bankbook. The total wasn't very impressive.

"Five hundred and five dollars and seventy-seven cents," she spoke aloud. "I could go. That's more than enough. Still, that's just about what it would take, along with Shelly's money, to send Jamie to Baltimore and put him through the clinic."

"You're talking to yourself, Katie," Homer interrupted her speculations. He often came by to share her luncheon sandwiches. She always made a couple of extra, just in case.

"I was just thinking aloud, Homer."

"What's up?"  
"The Postmaster General is having a convention or something. See?" She

(Continued on page 115)

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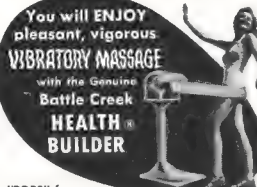


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9634

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(Continued from page 113)

handed him the letter, which he scanned quickly. "I'd like to hear how the smarter, bigger postmasters handle all the things that get me so muddled."

"We'll talk about it. Got lunch ready? I'll get you some coffee." He handed the letter back to her. Then he went behind the counter and, in spite of Holmes's frown, poured two cups and carried them over to the post office cubicle.

"Okay, unlock the door."

Kate did, but she blocked the entrance. "Do you swear you will do no damage nor in any way disturb the mail or government property if admitted herein for the duration of one hour?" Kate asked soberly.

"I swear it! Now, Kate, why don't you swear me in for six months at a stretch? I get sick of this daily oath-taking."

"Homer, you know I trust you, but the regulations say that no one not employed by the post office is supposed to be permitted in that section of the establishment where mail is exposed to view or vandalism. I wrote the Postmaster General about your having lunch here once in a while—"

"And I suppose he said, 'That unprincipled varmint! Swear him in every time!'" Homer strode into the cubicle and set the cups on the desk and pulled up a couple of chairs.

"Now," he said firmly, "you want to go to Washington for this shindig, huh?"

"Oh, Homer, I do hanker to go, but unless I can raise the money for Jamie elsewhere, I wouldn't feel right using it on myself."

Kate told him of Shelly's gift. "That's enough for the rail fare. All we need now is the medical expense money, but I don't trust people to give it. I better save my money, just in case they don't."

"Katie, if I can get Jamie's medical expenses covered, will you promise to go to Washington to the banquet?"

"But you could never get the money for Jamie's trip. You can't even collect your own bills."

"Fellow at Baltimore used to be a classmate of mine. I'll write him and see if he can't get our boy taken care of free. I helped him through a bacteriology exam once. He's an orthopedist. No, damn it! I'll phone him long distance right now."

The call went through fairly fast, and Homer had a long conversation with his friend in Baltimore, punctuated with medical language. "Thanks, thanks, old man, damned swell of you," he ended his conversation.

"Hurray!" he yelled, and sprinted back to the post office. "It's settled. Dr. Morris Long will handle him himself—and for free, if we can get him there. So, Kate, you and the boy will go together on the train. It will make it easier for Jamie to have you along. It's no distance at all between Baltimore and Washington and you can be with Jamie for the operation, if one is indicated."

"Oh, Homer, oh, Homer, sometimes I just love you."

"Well, Katie, that's nice, because I love you all the time. It's like parents always feeling most tender toward their half-witted children, I suppose."

KATE planned to approach Joe Millbrook to get a postponement for Sam Devers that afternoon at three. The foreclosure, according to all the rumors, was scheduled for Thursday, the following day. She was brushing off her shawl in preparation for the pilgrimage when old Sam himself came into the drugstore. He paused in the doorway and looked furtively from left to right.

He hurried up to the postal window. "Oh, Miss Kate—Miss Kate—" He was gasping for breath and his face was pallid.

"Sam, mercy me! What's happened to you?" Kate demanded.

"I want to talk to you, Miss Kate. It's about my property. They come out there today to foreclose on me, I reckon. Craig Millbrook, he come and the sheriff was with him—"

"Don't speak so loud, Sam. You and I will just talk real quiet about this." She stepped outside her cubicle and locked the door. "Now, Mr. Holmes, Mr. Devers and I are going back to the stockroom for a little talk about planting my garden. I'll be nearby if anything important comes up."

SHE led Sam into the back room and they sat down on some packing boxes. "Now, Sam, you catch your breath. Did they actually put any papers in your hand?"

"Nope. I seen 'em coming and ducked behind the barn. Then I run practically all the way to town, taking to the back roads."

"Is this the day they rightly are supposed to foreclose?"

"Yep, this is the day. They give me some extra time twice. I been trying all week to sell my place."

"You don't really want to sell, do you, Sam?"

"Miss Kate, I used to figger to live my life out on that piece o' ground, but when the corn crop was so poorly and I couldn't get me no extra work for wages, I didn't get enough money put by. They hire younger fellows nowadays."

"Oh, my dear friend, how much do you need?"

He didn't answer her question.

"You see, Miss Kate, I want you to know that I always hankered to leave that land to you. Give you something for your old age. If I coulda sold it for a good price, I still coulda left a little something. I feel real bad about it, Miss Kate."

"Sam, you know, that's just the nicest thing that anyone ever wanted to do for me—and it's just the same as if you did it, too. But you're the one that should have that place as long as you want it."

"You don't know somebody hankering for some good land, do you, who'd buy it this afternoon? My fences is all mended and the place is real neat-like. I always kept it up right smart."

"First of all, Sam, how much do you owe on it?"

"One thousand dollars."

"Oh, dearie me! That's quite a lot of money."

"It's an awful sight of money, Miss Kate. I got me just five hundred and seven dollars saved."

"You have! Where is it? In the bank?"

"I should say not. I got it right inside the lining of this here coat." He patted a bulge in his worn old jacket.

"So—then you need four hundred and ninety-three dollars?" She hesitated only a moment, and only a breath of a sigh escaped her. "What's meant to be is meant to be," she said. "Homer's right. I'm not really a black-mailer, anyway."

"What's that you said, Miss Kate? I didn't rightly hear you."

"I just said that I am lending you the money, Sam."

"Oh, no! No, Miss Kate. I wouldn't be taking your savings, ever."

"That's silly, Sam. Just till your next crop comes in. That's a very good investment for me."

"No, it ain't, Miss Kate. I said that to Mr. Millbrook, and he said I might not live until next crop."

"Why, that's the craziest statement I ever heard a supposedly sane man

make! You'll live another twenty years, Sam. I'd like to invest my money in a good farmer like you."

"No, sir! I reckon you got ways of spending your money, yourself."

Kate crossed her fingers. "I haven't a penny in the world of spending any money." She frowned intently and sighed. "Look at it like this, then. You're planning to leave me that property, you say. If I put up four hundred ninety-three dollars you'd maybe have something to leave me. Otherwise you won't. Ever think of that?"

"No—never did."

"See? Just good business."

"Well . . ."

"And if it would make you feel better, I'll take my interest out in eggs and chickens."

"Oh, Miss Kate! I was worried about old Bess too. She ain't a milker no more, you know, but she and me been living there a long time. A body take over that farm now, first thing he'd do would be to butcher old Bess."

"Well, if you won't borrow for yourself, you sure owe it to old Bess. That settles it. You stay right here while I run over to the bank and get the money. But promise me one thing—don't you ever tell anyone where you got it."

"Why, Miss Kate, I'm right proud to tell people what you done for me."

"No, you promise. People might misunderstand—about the inheritance, you know."

This seemed to satisfy Sam. "Oh, well, then, I promise."

Kate left him and re-entered her little cubicle. Once more she looked at the balance in her bankbook and once more she picked up the Postmaster General's mimeographed invitation. She read it over again and then slowly laid it back on the desk.

Quickly she walked across the street and into the bank. Craig rose from his chair and came right over to greet her. "Can I help you, Kate?"

"Yes, please," she answered. "I want to draw out my savings."

"Sure enough, Kate. Going to get your ticket right away? I'm so glad you're going to have such a nice trip."

"Nice trip? Oh—oh, yes."

"Doc told me. Everybody is mighty pleased. The whole town's happy. Time you had a good holiday."

"Well, yes, I suppose so. But I might still change my mind." She wrote her check for four hundred ninety-three dollars, and as soon as the currency was counted into her hand she returned to Sam.

"Here it is, Sam. Now you go right over to the bank and pay up. You'll have a clear farm—and no more worries."

"Just think on it now!" A beatific expression crossed old Sam's face. "I never in my whole life slept a night on clear land."

CRAIG was surprised to see Sam enter the bank. He walked jauntily up to Craig's desk. "Be paying off my mortgage," he announced proudly. "This is the last day, way I figger."

"Here's some of the money and the rest of it's right in here." He patted the jacket. He put down the handful of bills Kate had given him. "Need me some scissors."

Somewhat puzzled, Craig produced a large pair of shears and watched Sam snip the basting threads that protected his fortune. The money was counted out. The papers were properly signed, and Craig delivered the mortgage into Sam's trembling old hand.

After Sam shambled out the door, Craig picked up the money to turn over to a clerk. "Funny," he mused as he recounted the bills. "Five hun-

(Continued on page 116)



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(Continued from page 115)

dred in old wrinkled currency, mostly singles—and about five hundred in fresh new twenties. Wonder where he got his hands on this new money? Well, am I a thick-headed dope!" Quickly he counted the stack of new money. "Four hundred and ninety-three dollars!"

"Hey!" he yelled at a clerk. "You never did get me Miss Kate Arnold's bank balance. Get it right this minute."

"But you told me the other day you didn't want it after all," the clerk protested.

"That was the other day! She just withdrew four hundred and ninety-three dollars. What does she have left?"

The clerk was back in a minute. "Twelve dollars and seventy-seven cents," he said.

"You're sure? That's all?"

"Yes, that's all."

"Queerest business I ever saw!" Craig leaped out of his chair and strode over to his father. He banged his fist on his father's desk. "What do you mean, you Shylock, foreclosing on a fine old man like Sam Devers? What kind of a heart have you?"

"Craig!" his father gasped with real concern. "We didn't foreclose, remember? Devers came in ten ten minutes ago and paid off. Paid you! You crazy?"

"So what if he did pay off! You would have foreclosed. That old boy has saved over five hundred dollars, and he's been paying us interest for twenty years at least. There are going to be some changes around here, and I'm going to make them. When my son takes over this bank, he's going to use both his head and his heart in this business. I'm going to teach him how."

"Your son! Now, Craig, my boy—you're unstrung—you've been working too hard—" But Craig was gone.

SALLY and Homer were standing talking in the doctor's waiting room when Craig burst in.

"Oh, Papa," she was saying. "the coat's just divine. See! You were so sweet to want me to have it. Kate told me how you planned the whole thing without my even suspecting."

"She told you, huh? You do look lovely in it, Sally. You're quite a big girl, now, aren't you? You've done something to your hair, too."

"Agnes did it. It's a new cut, and I've got a permanent. Agnes suggested it herself. She says she's owed you money for ages, and she said it was one way she could pay you a little. People are so nice, aren't they, Papa?"

"Some of them are nice, yes. And now and again you run into a saint."

Craig interrupted their conversation. "Now listen to me, Doc. I've got something to tell you—"

"I'll go, Papa," Sally kissed his forehead. "Thanks for the coat."

"Going out with that McNeill boy?"

"Oh, him! No, I'm going with Nicky Washburn. Funny, I always liked Nicky, really. But the girls all think he's a drip, so I always refused to go with him."

"Isn't he a drip any more?" Homer asked.

"He never was a drip. It's just that I suddenly don't care what anyone thinks—except what I think."

"You and me both, Sally," said Craig. "Now listen, Doc—"

Craig and Homer talked seriously for fifteen minutes. Then they both arose and strode out the door like two determined knights off to the Crusades.

"Remember—keep it secret from her," Doc warned. "We'll just stroll up and down the streets inconspicuously."

"You take the west side of Main and all streets on that side of town, and I'll take the east," Craig said. "I'll see you back here in two hours."

In and out of stores and houses Doc strolled. He held serious whispered conversations behind counters with storekeepers, feed and fuel men, plumbers, etc. He sat in parlors or stood in kitchens and chatted with housewives. Craig did the same. People soberly nodded their heads. Cash registers rang. Crumpled bills were brought out of pockets or carefully extracted from under mattresses. Small change jangled out of old coffee cans from the back shelves of cupboards.

In two hours Homer and Craig again met in Doc's office.

"They all want her to go," Doc said. "Never had so much money in my pockets in my life."

"Some didn't have any money to give," Craig said. "but they all want to help. I got a list of who's willing to do what. Agnes is going to fix her hair. Flo Meadows wants to make her a dress, and Lucy Smalley is making the lunch to take on the train."

They piled the money up on the desk.

"You count it, Craig," Homer suggested. "I haven't had occasion to count over ten in thirty years. I might make a mistake."

Craig's voice rose higher and higher with excitement as the figure grew. "Two hundred and forty-nine—two hundred and sixty—two hundred and seventy-seven. That's it. Two hundred and seventy-seven dollars and sixty-two cents!"

"Well, I'll be damned!" said Homer.

"Me too!" Craig echoed. "Let's get her ticket and Jamie's and give them and the money to her after the big performance for Mrs. Stavely tomorrow."

IT WAS decided after a good deal of careful consideration and consultation by Kate and Homer that Mrs. Stavely should be brought to Kate's cottage for the "drama."

"She really isn't well enough to be moved," Homer said. "On the other hand, she's too sick to take any kind of disappointment, and no telling what foreign objects might be tossed into the machinery if we try this *coup de théâtre* out at the Home."

Kate agreed. "All the other old folks out there believe completely that John is arriving. We'd disappoint them, too, if they saw Shelly and Craig. I'll just close up the post office as soon as the noon mail is up," Kate decided, "and you bring her over here then. I'll write the Postmaster General the full details."

"You can tell him all about it when you're in Washington for the banquet, Kate," Homer suggested slyly.

"Well, yes, of course, I could. But you know, Homer, I've been thinking—maybe I won't go to Washington after all. Sort of a silly way to spend money. Besides, I probably wouldn't enjoy it much if I did go."

"Well, I expect that's up to you," Homer said noncommittally.

Kate rushed home from the post office and dusted all the furniture, arranged bouquets all over the house, and remade the big four-poster bed in the bedroom off the small living room. Everything was in readiness when Homer carried the frail little old lady from his car into the spare bedroom. Kate propped her up with pillows. She bathed her face and brushed her hair and, finally, she pinned a nosegay of garden flowers on her shoulder.

"The mother of the groom always wears a corsage," she said. "Now, dearie, there you are. And the sweet-

est, prettiest lady I ever saw to greet a son and his fiancée. The children will be proud of you—and they'll be here any minute now. Homer has gone to meet their bus, and they'll freshen up at his house before they come over here. Stephanie wants to put on her wedding dress."

"I hope they come soon," Mrs. Stavely's voice was as frail as she. "Kate, this is the happiest day of my life. After today I won't need any more days—but I do need today."

Doc's car finally pulled up at the curb. "Here they are!" Kate ran to the door. To her relief she saw that the Reverend Gardner was in the group. He had protested right up to the last his proposed participation in the deception.

They all trooped into the living room. Shelly was beautiful in her white satin and lace. Craig looked very self-conscious in his best navy blue suit and even more so when Kate slipped the white carnation into his buttonhole.

"Is it you, John?" Mrs. Stavely called out.

"Well, here I go," Craig whispered to the others. "I'm just plain terrified."

"Yes, it's John—Mother," He choked on the words. He knelt at Mrs. Stavely's bedside. The others followed and stood in the doorway. Mrs. Stavely reached out with a groping hand and touched Craig's face.

Craig turned his head toward the others and gave them a last look of tragic appeal for support. Then he took Mrs. Stavely in his arms and kissed her.

"This day has come," Mrs. Stavely said. "This day is here, John—John—" She ran her gentle old hands over his face again. "Where is your girl, John? Where's Stephanie?"

Shelly stepped forward. "Here is my girl," Craig said.

Shelly, too, bent down beside Mrs. Stavely, and again the frail hands reached out. She touched Shelly's cheeks and fingered her veil. "You are beautiful, aren't you, child? You love him, don't you?"

"Yes, she's very beautiful," Craig answered.

Shelly turned her eyes toward her husband, and her own answer was not from the script but from her heart. "Oh, I do love him. I do."

"Then, please—marry him now. Time seems to slip away from us so quickly. But there is still enough of it."

She leaned back against her pillows and closed her blind eyes.

"Quickly!" Homer spoke sharply. "Start the ceremony, Gardner." He stepped over to the bed and sat down beside Mrs. Stavely, and took her wrist in his hand. "It's Homer. Your old friend Doc." He spoke tenderly. "I'll sit here and hold your hand while Reverend Gardner goes on with the service."

Mrs. Stavely spoke again in labored words. "Homer—you're always with me, aren't you, when important things happen to me—"

"Yes," Homer said. "I'll be right here."

"Dearly beloved, we are gathered here—" Reverend Gardner spoke with gentle solemnity.

Craig and Shelly stood side by side, hands clasped.

The ceremony continued. "I, Stephanie, take thee, John—" Reverend Gardner's voice was rich with feeling. "Never mind," Homer interrupted. "Never mind. The play is over. Time has run out." Gently he placed Mrs. Stavely's limp hand on the bedspread. Reverend Gardner stepped to the bedside and bowed his head.

Missing Page



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(Continued from page 117)

in her familiar rich voice threw out her cue to the crowd. "Miss Kate Arnold, Postmistress of Somerset, Ohio!" She gestured toward Kate. "Let's all give her a good hand." She started to clap lustily. Momentarily confused, but quickly recognizing what had happened, all the others joined in. Kate modestly bowed her head and waited for the applause to subside.

"As the Postmaster General has said, I did not expect to be called upon to speak, and I hardly know what to say now that this great honor has been bestowed upon me. This is the second greatest honor I have received in my life. The greatest honor was coming here in the first place—bestowed on me by the people of my town. We're sort of a little town and most of us are rather poor, but they all went together and collected the money so that I might come here to learn more about serving them as postmistress. Some of them didn't have any money, so they gave me my lunch for the train and lent me the luggage for the trip, and one of them made me this dress I'm wearing. So you can see that my speaking to you is quite a responsibility, since I represent all these good people and it's my duty to do them proud. But I don't quite know how." She faltered a moment. "I guess I'll just have to speak about how I feel," she went on.

"Throughout the years, I have written often to the Postmaster General, and at times I thought perhaps he wasn't really paying any heed to my letters. It makes me grateful and humble to think that all this time the Postmaster General *did* know about all of us in Somerset and took this way of telling me of his approval, letting me talk at this great banquet. I always used to tell Doc Blanchard—our doctor in Somerset—silence lends consent, and I'd hear from the Postmaster General quick enough if he didn't approve of what I was aiming to do.

"We have been listening today to a discussion of many problems—big important problems, too. My own problems are, however, quite different. My post office is a small cubicle in the corner of a drugstore in Somerset, Ohio. And yet I read in one of the bulletins sent out by the Postmaster General that there are 19,575 fourth-class post offices in the United States. There are, therefore, I guess, a lot of postmasters whose problems are like mine. It's sort of hard to know what to do sometimes, and the book of regulations doesn't help much.

"Let me tell you what I mean. Now there's Jamie, for instance, and there's Sam Devers, and there's Mrs. Stavely, God rest her! But I better take just one bird in the bush at a time, I guess."

**B**Y NOW, Miss Kate had her audience spellbound, intent on every word. The Postmaster General himself whispered out of the corner of his mouth to his assistant next to him: "What's all this about writing to me? I don't remember seeing any letters from this woman. Look up that file for me first thing tomorrow morning."

Kate went on. She described the milling crowds in the drugstore when the mail was up. She told of writing the cards for Sam Devers and the amount of mail Jamie got and her letters to box holders, and the long correspondence between Mrs. Stavely and John...

"I suppose you all know as well as I do what it means to be a postmaster or a postmistress. But there's been so much talk here about trucks and branch post offices and architects, it was like, almost, we got to forgetting what the mail *means* to people. It's

like Homer says—that's Doc Blanchard—nothing's more important than human communication, and that's just what the mail is. It's news—good or bad. It's life and death. And it's hatred too—but it's also love, stretched across the miles to reach from one heart to another and eliminate loneliness. We who serve as postmasters are blessed by God—and by the Postmaster General who appointed us. We are entrusted with a great responsibility—to the Government, of course, but mostly a great responsibility to our own folks. No matter the size of the post office, our pledge of faith is to the people—to the ones who come in every day and reach out a hand with their heart in it and say, 'Miss Postmistress—or Mr. Postmaster—is there a letter for me?'"

**W**HEN Kate sat down, there was a brief silence. Then suddenly the clapping began. Everyone arose, and the ovation was deafening.

The Postmaster General quieted the audience with a few words. Then he left his place at the table and walked over to Kate. He took her hand in his and shook it warmly.

"Thank you, Miss Arnold," he said. "Why, for goodness' sake!" Kate gasped. "I'm shaking hands with the Postmaster General!"

Flash bulbs went off and two reporters, assigned by their respective papers to the routine dull job of cov-

"Sorry we can't put you in this story, Miss Arnold. You sure belong there," one reporter said. "It would be great publicity for you."

"There are greater things than great publicity," she answered.

"But don't let it worry you, Miss Arnold. You're in with the Washington press forever, as far as I'm concerned."

**W**HEN Kate arrived back in Baltimore, she found that Jamie didn't have to undergo surgery. He had new braces and Dr. Long prescribed some complicated exercises and massage to work the miracle on Jamie. Kate found herself pledging to administer the therapy herself, under Dr. Blanchard's supervision. Already Jamie had abandoned one crutch. He was ecstatic.

When they reached Somerset, the crowd at the station was almost as large as the day they left. They got off the train along with the noon mailbags. Young Bill Logan, as arrogant as ever, shouldered his usual burden in the midst of the happy greetings.

Jamie demonstrated his new braces and preened himself as his old friends admired his new efficiency on one crutch instead of two. "And in six months, no crutches and no braces at all, maybe," he announced breathlessly.

"Now, everybody," Kate said, "just come on over to the drugstore and I'll

"No, it wasn't like that, Homer. Just the Postmaster General spoke—and the New York and Chicago postmasters both said a few words—and me. I did the best I could," Kate said simply.

"Damned if I don't think you're telling me the truth! You never make up lies about yourself—nothing worse than insisting you don't have a cold when you do, or something like that."

"Why, Homer, I never lie about anything. I'll tell you all about it after the mail's up."

She didn't even take off her hat. She just plunged her hands into the bag and began to call out names.

"Cecil Mason—"

"Josephine Mears—Well, Josie, I see you're still getting letters from that boy over at New Carlyle!"

"James Burton."

"Bessie Morris— Oh, Bessie, it's sure nice to see you in here again getting your own mail. Let me see that dear baby." Bessie stepped up to unwrap the blanket that covered the child in her arms. Kate gave the baby a quick hug.

"Roney Beasley—"

Then she paused. "Why, for goodness' sake, what do you know! Here's a letter for me from Washington. It's from the Postmaster General, I do declare!"

Homer elbowed up to the postal window and got a glance at the letter in Kate's hand. "I betcha that one isn't mimeographed. Open it up right now, Kate." Homer was determined to unveil the mystery of Kate's Washington adventure. "You don't mind, do you, folks, if the Postmistress opens her letter?"

"Go ahead, Kate," they all agreed cheerfully.

**K**ATE tore open the envelope. Out fluttered a newspaper clipping. Homer picked it up and scanned the article and the picture of the radiant Kate shaking hands with the Postmaster General. "Electrified her audience... warmed the hearts of her listeners... standing ovation..." he read.

"Damnedest thing I ever heard!"

he muttered to himself. "The most wonderful, magical, marvelous, damndest thing I ever heard of! The Postmaster General really did call on Kate to speak. I wonder how—"

"Oh, my dear friends, listen to this. It's a message to all of you from our wonderful Postmaster General." Kate read from the letter in her hand. "And please tell the good people of your town that I personally appreciate their sending you to Washington. Tell them that you gave us an inspiring message at the banquet. And also tell them that I have reviewed all the problems of Somerset about which you have written me so often and that I am completely satisfied with the manner in which you handle these problems. You are right, silence lends consent—and you have my consent always, but from now on, you probably won't ever again have my silence!"

Everyone crowded closer to read the news report of Kate's speech and to savor each word from the Postmaster General's letter. Only Homer stood back, still frowning with pleased perplexity.

Kate always makes realities for people out of their dreams—and maybe wherever she goes her noble witchcraft is contagious, Homer speculated silently. Maybe her hem brushed the Postmaster General in the crowd and he too caught the lovely magic. But who cares just how or why it happened? I've got a dream of my own, he thought. I wonder what she'll make of it.

THE END

IN YOUR FEBRUARY McCALL'S

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## THE WHOLE FAMILY HAS A BABY

How a Florida mother found a simple answer  
to the problem of jealousy

ering "just another banquet" in Washington, headed eagerly for the exit.

"Hey, hold on!" The Postmaster General called after them. "Before you leave, I have a statement I want to make to the press." He turned back to the audience. "This meeting is officially adjourned." Hastily he followed the reporters to the vestibule. Miss Arnold the singer left her place at the speakers' table and followed him.

"This request that I am going to make of you will be a difficult one for you to grant," the Postmaster General said to the reporters. "I know you got a great story here tonight—one you didn't expect, but—"

"But you'd like us to suppress it, I suppose?" one of the reporters questioned cynically.

"Yes, we would like to have you suppress it," Miss Arnold spoke up. "The part about the mix-up, that is."

"You and me both, sister!" It was the second reporter. "I've suppressed news for a lot of less important reasons. How about it, Ken?" He turned to his companion. "You deprive your old sheet of this story, and I'll deprive mine."

"Okay," his companion agreed. "But let's really spread the old gal for all she's worth, anyway. 'Reaching from heart to heart'—Miss Postmistress, is there a letter for me?" She really hit me, that's what."

get this mail right up, and then I'll tell you all about everything."

Homer strolled over with her, carrying her suitcase. He had worried the entire time she was gone for fear she might run into disillusionment about her idol, the Postmaster General. He even hesitated to ask the fateful question, but finally he did. "Well—I guess you probably saw the Postmaster General, Kate?"

"Oh, Homer, I not only saw him, I shook his hand! He's just the finest man that ever was. And all this time you—and me, too, sometimes—we've been intolerant of him. Every minute, he knew everything that was going on in Somerset, and he approved of it all, just like I said. Silence lends consent. That's just the way it was."

Homer's brow drew into skeptical lines. "Yeah? He tell you so?"

"Oh, yes, Homer, he told me in the most dramatic way! He had me speak at the banquet."

"What?"

"Yes, Homer, the Postmaster General, soon as his own speech was over, he said he just knew everyone would want to hear from me."

"He said *that*?" Homer couldn't conceal his astonishment. "How many were there at the banquet?"

"Seventy-nine—I counted them."

"And you spoke—just a few words, I suppose? All the guests had to say something, huh?"



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## Where To See Betsy McCall's and Barbara McCall's New Dresses

The Margery Daw fashions shown on page 118, *Betsy McCall Has a Tea Party*, may be seen at the following stores. All stores carry sizes 3 to 6x, about \$5; most carry sizes 7 to 14, about \$6 • **Betsy's solid-color dress** of cotton Everglaze piqué has slit-top cap sleeves, three-tier skirt. In bittersweet, maize, aqua and lilac • **Betsy's striped dress** has white turtle-neck collar and cuffs, with full flared skirt. In navy or rouge • **Barbara's dress** of solid navy or red cotton has white piqué Peter Pan collar, white loop trim on puffed sleeves and on the bodice to give double-yoke effect.

- ALABAMA**  
Gadsden, Duncan's Department Store
- ARKANSAS**  
Batesville, Stokes  
Fayetteville, Mary Alice's  
Fort Smith, Sunnyside Children's Shop
- CALIFORNIA**  
Los Angeles, The May Company
- CONNECTICUT**  
Hartford, C. Fox & Co.  
Middletown, Wrubel's, Inc.
- FLORIDA**  
Coral Gables, Curlee's Department Store  
Jacksonville, Furchott's, Inc.  
Pensacola, Diaper Service  
Tallahassee, Junior Fashions
- GEORGIA**  
Atlanta, Davison-Paxon Co.  
Kerton, Gallant-Bell Co.  
Griffin, Kiddie Shop
- ILLINOIS**  
Anna, The Bib and Tucker  
Bloomington, C. W. Klemm, Inc.  
Chicago, Carson Pirie Scott & Company  
Downers Grove, Downers Grove Dept. Store  
Glencoe, Garnett & Company  
Highland Park, Garnett & Company  
Lake Forest, Garnett & Company  
Springfield, Myers Brothers
- INDIANA**  
Peru, Lullaby Shop  
South Bend, Robertson Bros. Dept. Store
- IOWA**  
Cedar Rapids, Cramer's  
Davenport, McGannon's
- KENTUCKY**  
Danville, Cinderella
- MASSACHUSETTS**  
Quincy, Sheridan's  
Wollaston, Miss Abbott's Shop for Children
- MICHIGAN**  
Dearborn, Ninette's  
Detroit, Ernst Kern Company  
Kalamazoo, Aunt Katie's Shop  
Mt. Clemens, The Children's Shop  
Port Huron, Winkelman Company
- MINNESOTA**  
Minneapolis, Powers
- MONTANA**  
Billings, Hart Albin Co.  
Great Falls, The Petite Shop
- NEW JERSEY**  
Clinton, Tots & Teens Shop  
Jersey City, Stillier's  
Newark, Krug's Newark  
Nutley, Janette  
Ridgewood, Arnold's  
Summit, B. H. Franklin, Inc.
- NEW YORK**  
Albany, W. M. Whitney & Co.  
Amsterdam, Gabay's  
Binghamton, Fowler Dick & Walker  
New York, Macy's New York  
Oswego, J. M. Shoppe  
Rochester, McCurdy & Company, Inc.  
Syracuse, E. W. Edwards & Son
- NORTH CAROLINA**  
Asheville, Bon Marche, Inc.
- OHIO**  
Canton, Stern & Mann Company  
Cincinnati, Shillite's  
Rocky River, Gardner's Children's Shop  
Toledo, Your Children's Shop
- OKLAHOMA**  
Oklahoma City, Kerr's, Inc.  
Wewoka, Teens & Tots
- OREGON**  
Pendleton, C. C. Anderson Co.
- PENNSYLVANIA**  
Bethel Boro, Terrace Children's Shop  
Johnstown, Penn Traffic Co.  
Mt. Pleasant, Kid E. Komer  
Overbrook Hills, Halgren's Tots N' Teens  
Pittsburgh, Gimbels-Pittsburgh  
West Reading, Ann Diller Children's Wear  
Williamsport, Brozman's
- RHODE ISLAND**  
Providence, Cherry & Webb Co.
- TENNESSEE**  
Johnson City, Dosser's, Inc.  
Knoxville, S. H. George & Sons  
Nashville, Cain-Sloan Co.
- TEXAS**  
Longview, Perkin Brothers  
Paris, Ayres'
- VIRGINIA**  
Lynchburg, Baldwin's  
Portsmouth, Sears Betty & Bob
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9634	12-20	.50	.60	McCall's Blue			
9635	12-20	.50	.60	1843	McCall's Blue	.45	.50
9638	12-20	.65	.75	12-14; 16-18; 38-40			
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